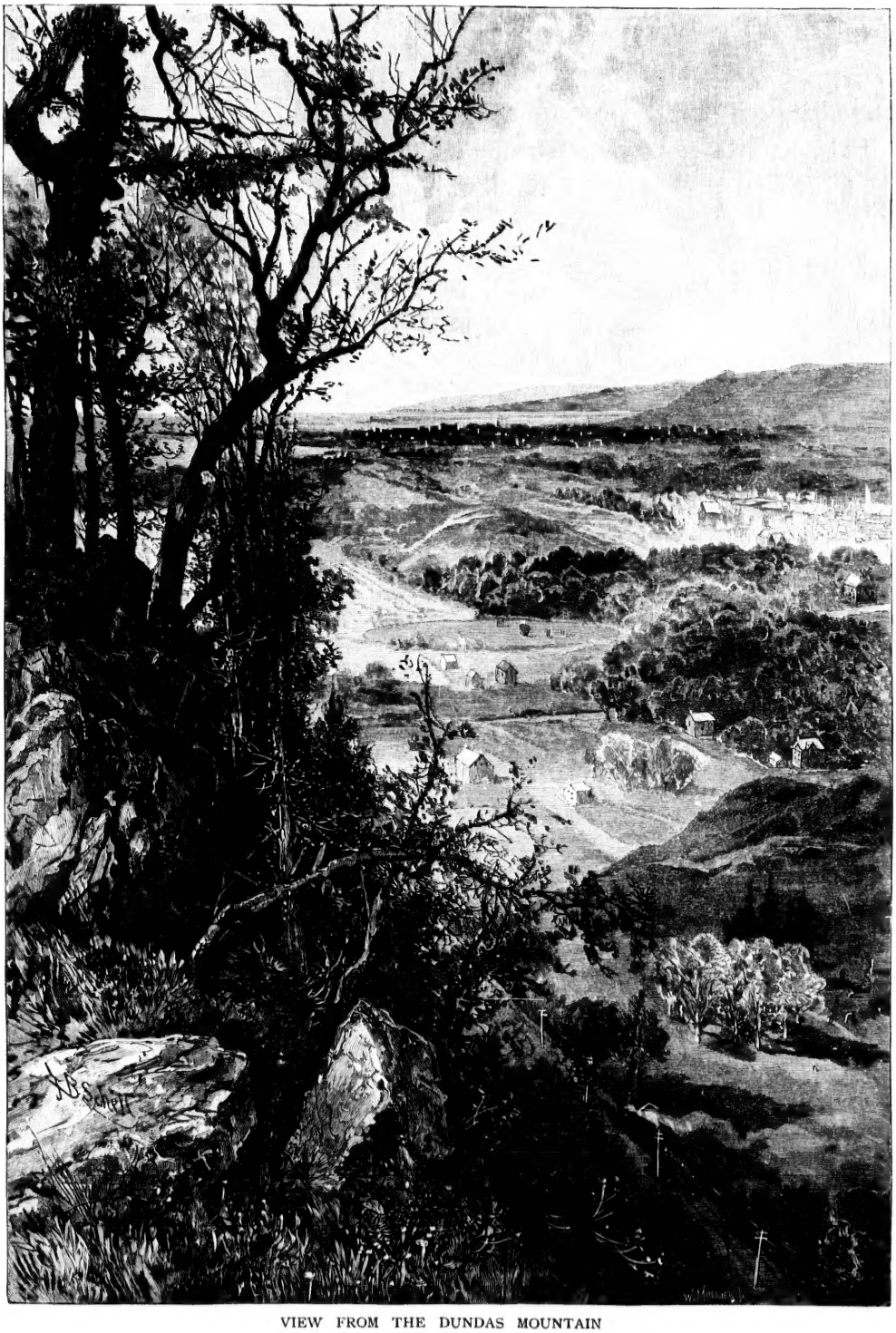

VIEW FROM THE DUNDAS MOUNTAIN

Our Picturesque Northern Neighbor

HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE SKETCHES OF THE SCENERY AND LIFE IN AND AROUND TORONTO, ALONG THE CANADIAN SHORE OF LAKE HURON, IN THE NORTHWEST TERRITORIES, AND IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

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CHICAGO
ALEXANDER BELFORD & CO.
1899

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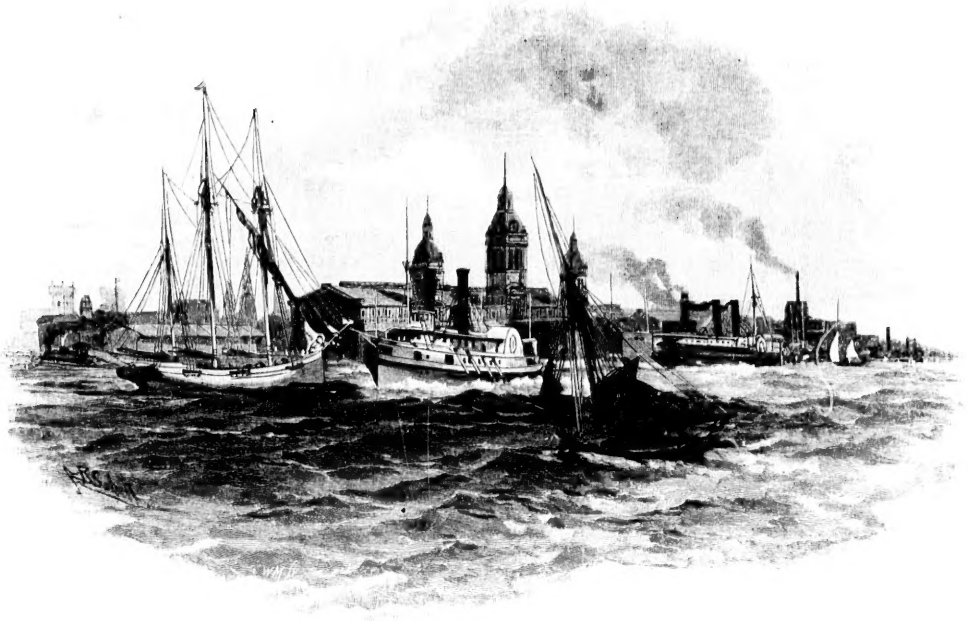


TORONTO AND VICINITY.

THE reign of solitude on the great lakes of the Western Chain has nowhere been more pleasantly broken by the life and movement which indicate the approaches to a great city than in the case of Toronto. Approached from the lake, what seems at first but a bare, low-lying stretch of land, rising gently on the right to a cliffy eminence, gradually breaks into a panorama of great beauty, the scene gaining in attractiveness from a fringe of trees and other objects, now clearly distinguished, on a spit of land which forms a sort of fender in front of the far-spreading city.

To the traveller whose brain has been stunned by the sights and sounds of Niagara, and to whom the restful passage of the lake has brought relief, the view of the "Queen City of the West," with its array of dome and turret, arch and spire, and the varied movement of its water-frontage, is one that cannot fail to evoke pleasure and create surprise. The length of the passage, and the fact that the steamer in crossing the lake is steered by compass, remind him that he is on his way over one of those inland seas that separate the great Republic from the New Dominion; and as he nears "that true North" that Tennyson speaks of, he looks out with a curious interest for

the homes and hives of the people whose history and lineage, if he be an American, strangely recall his own.

Here, on these very waters, now given up to international commerce and the tourist, for years floated the varied craft of belligerent America and the commissioned war-fleet of the Old Land from which the young nation sprang. Here, on vexed seas, expeditions set out to play the game of war, and the wooded shores of either side echoed the cannon's thunder. But how changed is the scene! From yonder mound of earth, which the steamer nears to make the entrance to the harbour, a column of invaders was, in 1813, literally blown into the air. To-day, it may be said, there is not a Canadian who has the incident fresh in mind, nor scarce a Torontonian, with the historic memory, who honours the long-dismantled fort with a visit! Yet, about this spot all the earlier history of Toronto, as a trading and military post, centres. Here, or a little to the west of the present stone barracks—vacant, alas! since H. M. 13th Hussars in 1867 closed the stable-doors and withdrew to England—stood the old French fort of Toronto, or, as it was called officially, Fort Rouillé.

The fort, we learn from a despatch of M. de Longueuil, dated 1752, received its name from the French Colonial Minister of the period, Antoine Louis Rouillé, Count de Jouy. The design in establishing it was to erect a rival trading-post to that which the English of the seaboard had obtained permission from the Iroquois to build at Choueguen, or Oswego, at the mouth of the [illegible]ter river. This English post on the Oswego was long an object of jealous hatred to the French, as it attracted thither a considerable portion of the fur trade of the northern shores of the lake, and was at the same time "an assumption of right and title to the Iroquois territory which lay, it was believed, within the limits of New France."

From Choueguen and the south-east end of the lake many a demonstration was made in these early days against Fort Toronto, both by the English and by war-parties of the Iroquois Confederacy, as, at a later period, from Sackett's Harbour, close by Oswego, came the successive fleets of the revolted colonies. Fort Frontenac (Kingston) was also, from time to time, the object of similar attentions, the results of which, in the chances of war, were very variable,—Montcalm having, three years before the fall of Quebec, captured and destroyed the stronghold of Choueguen, while Fort Frontenac, in 1758, surrendered to the English. With the fall of the latter fort came almost the last hour of French hold upon Canada, and the end of those years of glorious exploration and heroic missionary effort which have immortalized the period of French rule in Canada. In 1759 the Cross of St. George displaced the Lilies of France from the ramparts of Quebec, and four years later the Treaty of Paris ratified the transfer of all Canada to the British Crown.

For the next fifty years we hear nothing of Fort Rouillé or Toronto in military annals. Even as a trading-post it would seem to have fallen into disuse, the Missis-

saguas who found their way to the lake, by the river subsequently known as the Humber, no doubt preferring to cross to Fort Niagara for the exchange of commodities. But with the closing years of the last century there appeared upon the scene the man who was to become the founder of Toronto, Lieut.-General John Graves Simcoe. In 1791 he had arrived at Newark (Niagara), the then capital of the Province, and finding that the old French fort at the mouth of the river was to be given up to the Americans, and that the seat of Provincial government was therefore to be "under an enemy's guns," he determined to look elsewhere on the shores of the lake for a site for the capital. From the still-existing chronicles of the period we learn that, on his cruise in search of an eligible location for the Provincial metropolis, he entered Toronto Bay in the month of May, 1793, and at once selected the place of landing—a spot near the mouth of the Don—as the scene of his future administrative operations, and made his canvas-tent, pitched on the river-bank, the germ of what he hastened to call the Town of York.

A contemporary record happily preserves to us a word-picture of what met the eye from the governor's barge, as it was rowed to the site of the future city—the lineaments of which might well form the subject of a national painting. Colonel Bouchette, Surveyor-General of Lower Canada, and at the time engaged in the naval and hydrographical service of the western lakes, says: "Here General Simcoe had resolved on laying the foundations of a Provincial capital. I still distinctly recollect the untamed aspect which the country exhibited when first I entered the beautiful basin. Dense and trackless forests lined the margin of the lake, and reflected their inverted images in its glassy surface. The wandering savage had constructed his ephemeral habitation beneath their luxuriant foliage—the group then consisted of two families of Mississaguas—and the bay and neighbouring marshes were the hitherto uninvaded haunts of immense coveys of wild-fowl."

In this sanctuary of Nature, Governor Simcoe proceeded to build his civic and legislative altar, and to rear, under the name of Castle Frank, a domestic shrine among the sombre pines of the Don. With the erection of primitive buildings for the meeting of the Provincial Legislature, a beginning was made to clear a site for the town. Under the governor's eye the building of the new capital had its first start, and what at a later date was to be marked as the path of the sword, was meantime being wearily won for the axe and the plough. Outside of the little clearing the spirit of the woods rested upon the whole scene, for the forests covered the Province as with a garment. But the soldier-administrator had a practical eye for his work, and speedily set the troops—the King's Rangers—to the necessary task of road-making, and the opening of lines of communication with the interior. Yonge Street, an arterial line some thirty miles in length, connecting the infant capital with the Holland River and the waterway to the west, was the first and great achievement of the troops. Dundas Street, a

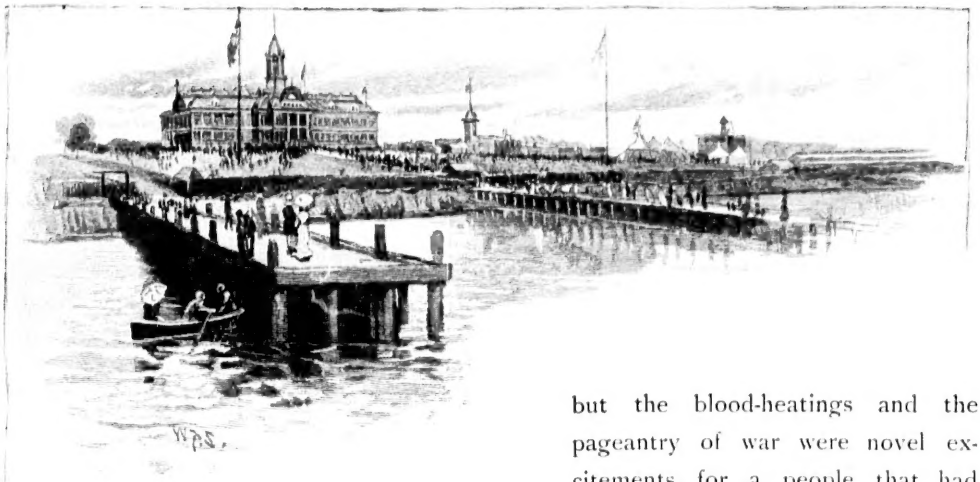
main post-road traversing the Province, and giving access to the large and fruitful region of settlement in the Peninsula, was another sagacious undertaking.

These activities, however, were not of long continuance, for in 1796 Lieut.-General Simcoe was recalled to England, and the building of the town and the opening up of the Province was for a time stayed. For the next few years York, as it was still called, came under the administration of Mr. Peter Russell, the senior member of Governor Simcoe's executive council, and who had previously acted in the capacity of Inspector-General. During President Russell's period of office Parliament was first convened in the new capital, and it assembled annually throughout his *régime*, and through the successive administrations of Governors Hunter and Gore, having little in the way of legislation to grapple with, until the 3rd of February, 1812.

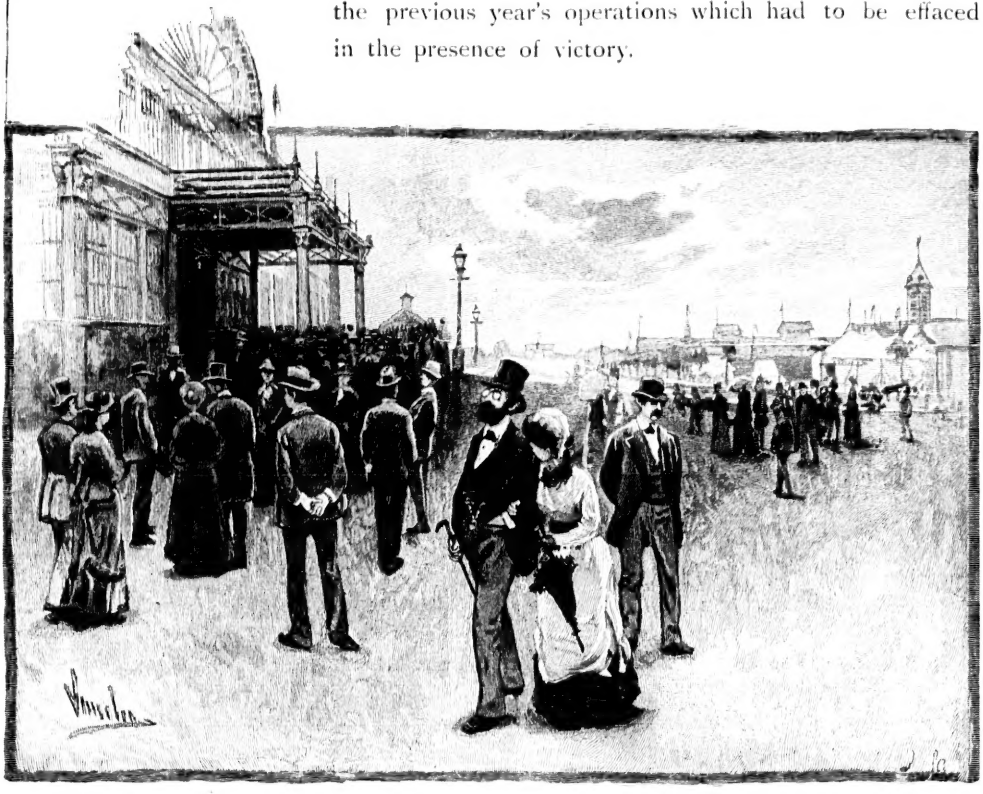
At this date Major-General Isaac Brock, the Provisional Administrator of the Province, in view of impending trouble with the United States, called upon Parliament to enact two measures of grave significance, viz.: the suspension of *Habeas Corpus*, and the passing of an effective militia bill, with the requisite grant to defray training expenses. The necessity for these steps was shown four months afterwards, when the United States Congress declared war against Great Britain, and directed that hostilities be immediately commenced by an invasion of Canada.

There is no need here to recount the history of the War of 1812–15, save as it connects itself with the fortunes of the Provincial capital, and with the fate of its heroic military governor. The war itself was a mistake, both in the motive for invading Canada and in the results expected from the invasion. The biting words in Congress of Randolph of Virginia—"The people of Canada are first to be seduced from their allegiance, and converted into traitors, as a preparation for making them good American citizens"—are an impressive acknowledgment of the former; the issues of the conflict emphasize the latter. From three separate quarters was Canada invaded, yet the year 1812 closed with disaster to the American arms. The loss to Canada was principally in the interruption to trade, in the amount of the war-levy, and in the withdrawal for service in the militia regiments of the labour that was wanted to open up the country. The loss to Britain was the death on Queenston Heights of the gallant Brock.

Toronto had special reason to mourn the death of Brock, not only in his having fallen while leading her citizen-soldiery against the invader, but more particularly in view of the events of the following year. The frosts of the winter of 1812–13 were scarcely out of the ground ere the Americans were ready once more to hurl their hosts against Canadian valour. Young Republicanism had not got over the acrimony of separation, and its soldiery were plunged in a wild eddy of war-ferment, not yet seeing that the broad and beneficent stream of progress in the arts of peace was the true direction for the young life of the nation to take. It has become wiser since;



but the blood-heatings and the pageantry of war were novel excitements for a people that had scarcely risen out of the colonial stage; and there were defeats in the previous year's operations which had to be effaced in the presence of victory.

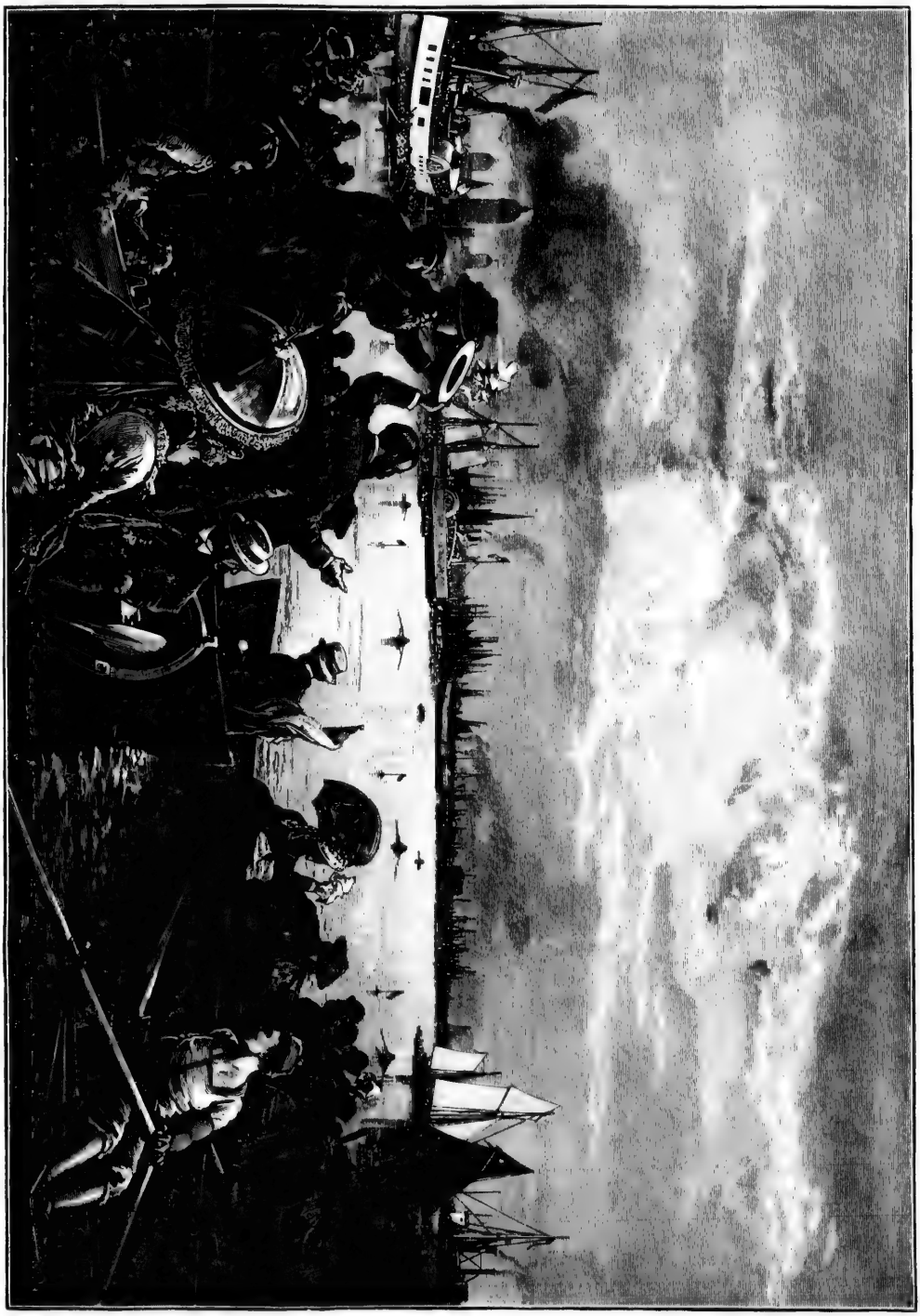


THE EXHIBITION GROUNDS.

Unfortunately for the Provincial capital, its slender defences and the handful of troops in the garrison—now commanded by Major-General Sheaffe—could not avert the fate that menaced it. On the 25th of April, Commodore Chauncey set out from Sackett's Harbour with a fleet of fourteen armed vessels and some 16,000 troops, with the object of capturing Fort Toronto. The attacking force was under the command of Brigadier Pike, directed by General Dearborn, who remained on board the flag-ship. On the evening of the 26th the fleet appeared outside the harbour, and on the following day the troops detailed to attack the fort were landed in the neighbourhood of the Humber River, and, under fire from the ships, proceeded to take the outworks, and to scale the inner defences, which interposed but slight obstacles to the enemy. Conscious of the weakness of his position, General Sheaffe had concluded to evacuate the fort, and had already fallen back upon the town. Passing through it with his few "regulars," he proceeded eastward, leaving the militia to make what farther defence they could, or to treat with the enemy. The latter, finding that the fire from the fort had suddenly ceased, and anticipating a surrender, pushed on in column to take possession. The next moment there was a terrific explosion, and General Pike, with over two hundred of his command, were shot into the air. The powder magazine, it seems, had been fired by an artillery sergeant of the retreating force to prevent it falling into the hands of the Americans, and the fuse was lit, from all accounts undesignedly, at a horribly inopportune moment.

With the evacuation of the fort came the surrender of the town, and its subsequent pillage—a grim pastime which seems to have been carried out in the spirit of the Revolutionary formula: "In the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress!" From this disaster, and a farther one which occurred three months later—the result of another pillaging expedition from Chauncey's fleet—the town was slow to recover. The barracks had been burned, the storehouses plundered, and the public buildings and homes of the people had been laid waste. But time obliterates old scars, and the Toronto of to-day shows no signs of that early conflict. Even the animosities born of the period have long since disappeared. What the century has done for our neighbours in no inappreciable degree it has done for us; and both peoples have reason to be thankful for the blessings of the new civilization it has been theirs so auspiciously to found and advance.

But we have allowed the associations connected with the site of Fort Toronto to delay our entrance to the harbour, and, while plying the reader with incidents concerning the city's past, have detained him perhaps unduly on the threshold of the present. Before leaving the historic site, however, let the eye be caught by the domes, cupolas, and pinnacles that break the line of sky to the immediate westward. Their presence in this neighbourhood illustrates the saying that "peace hath her victories no less renowned than war," for here are to be seen annually all the features of a grand



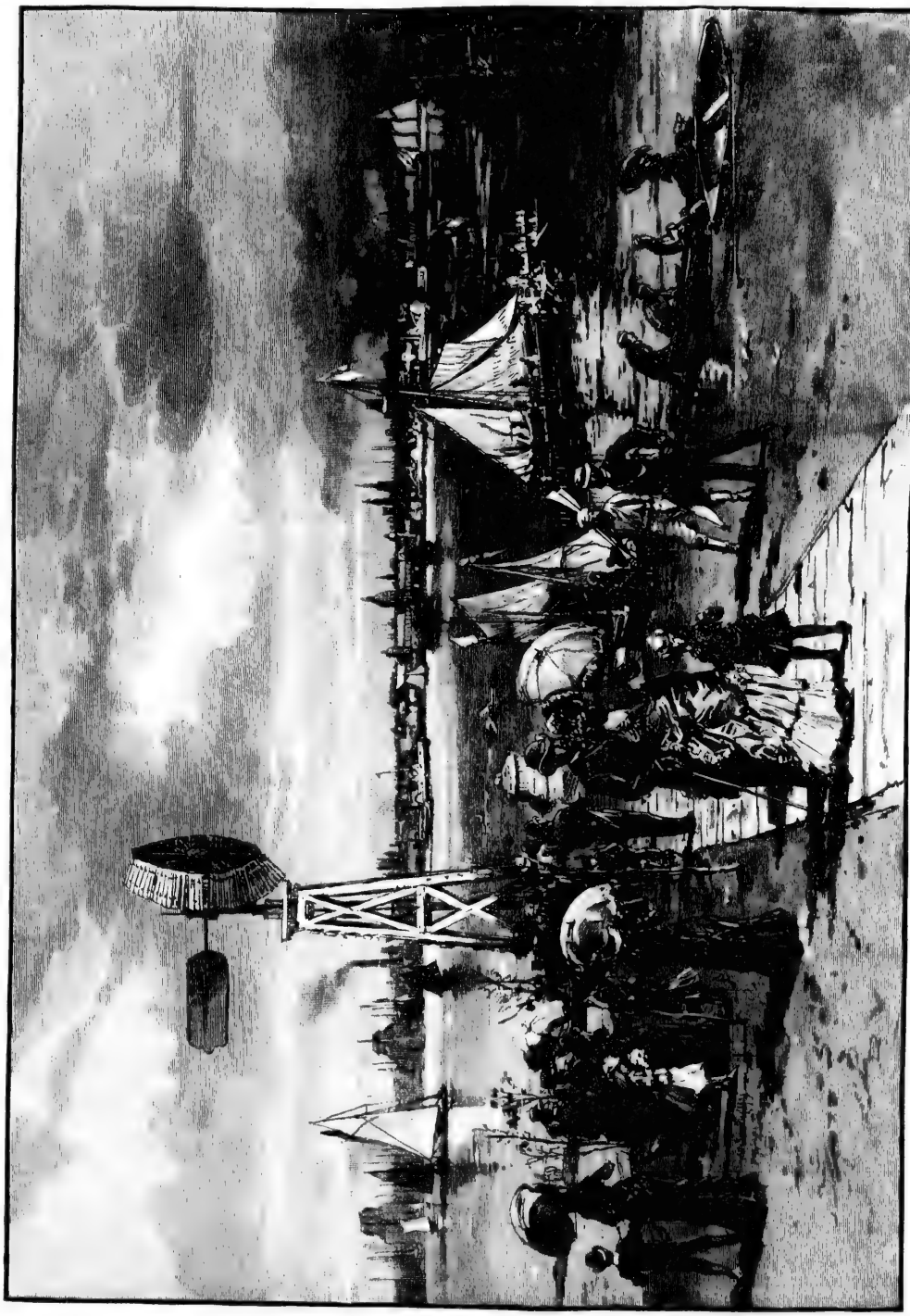
A SCULLING MATCH—TORONTO HARBOUR.

spectacle—the competitive display of the natural products and the manufactures of the Province, with the tens of thousands who throng the enclosures of the Exhibition grounds to see "Canada's Great Fair." From our point of view, train and steamer may be seen rushing past with their loads of living freight, to discharge them at the entrance gates of the park, where for a fortnight each autumn the Industrial Exhibition Association of Toronto lays every activity under tribute, to foster the agricultural and manufacturing industries of the country, to afford evidence of their marvellous growth, and especially to display the achievements of the year. The Association is now a mammoth organization, with a representation of horse and cattle breeders, farmers, millers, dairymen, horticulturists, inventors, artists, manufacturers, and others whose exhibits are scattered through the spacious and well-adapted buildings which grace the sixty-acre park owned by the Society. Though the Exhibition is now held under the auspices of a strong local organization, with large resources at its command, it is but fair to say that the credit of inaugurating and maintaining these annual shows is due to the Agricultural and Arts Association of Ontario, which for nearly forty years has been holding annual gatherings in alternate cities of the Province, to the great benefit of the farming community and the practical advancement of the industrial arts. The present Exhibition Association was incorporated in 1879, and its acquirement of the grounds in which the exhibitions are now held, and the spirit and enterprise shown in erecting the tasteful buildings on the site, and in adding to the annual attractions of the Fair, are greatly to be commended, and well deserve the appreciation so heartily accorded by the public.

As the visitor passes out from the grounds by the south exit, his eye will be arrested by a commemorative cairn or mound, in an angle of the park opening out upon the lake. As outdoor historical records are rare in the New World, and especially so in the modern environment of a Fair ground, he will be likely to stop and decipher the chiselled lines on the massive granite boulder before him. That the old and the new may together meet on our page, we give the inscription before passing on to make the entry of the harbour:

> "This cairn marks the exact site of Fort Rouillé, commonly known as Fort Toronto, an Indian trading-post and stockade, established A. D. 1749 by order of the Government of Louis XV., in accordance with the recommendations of the Count de la Galissonière, Administrator of New France, 1747–1749.
>
> Erected by the Corporation of the City of Toronto, A. D. 1878."

We now steam slowly through the channel and sweep into the beautiful Bay of



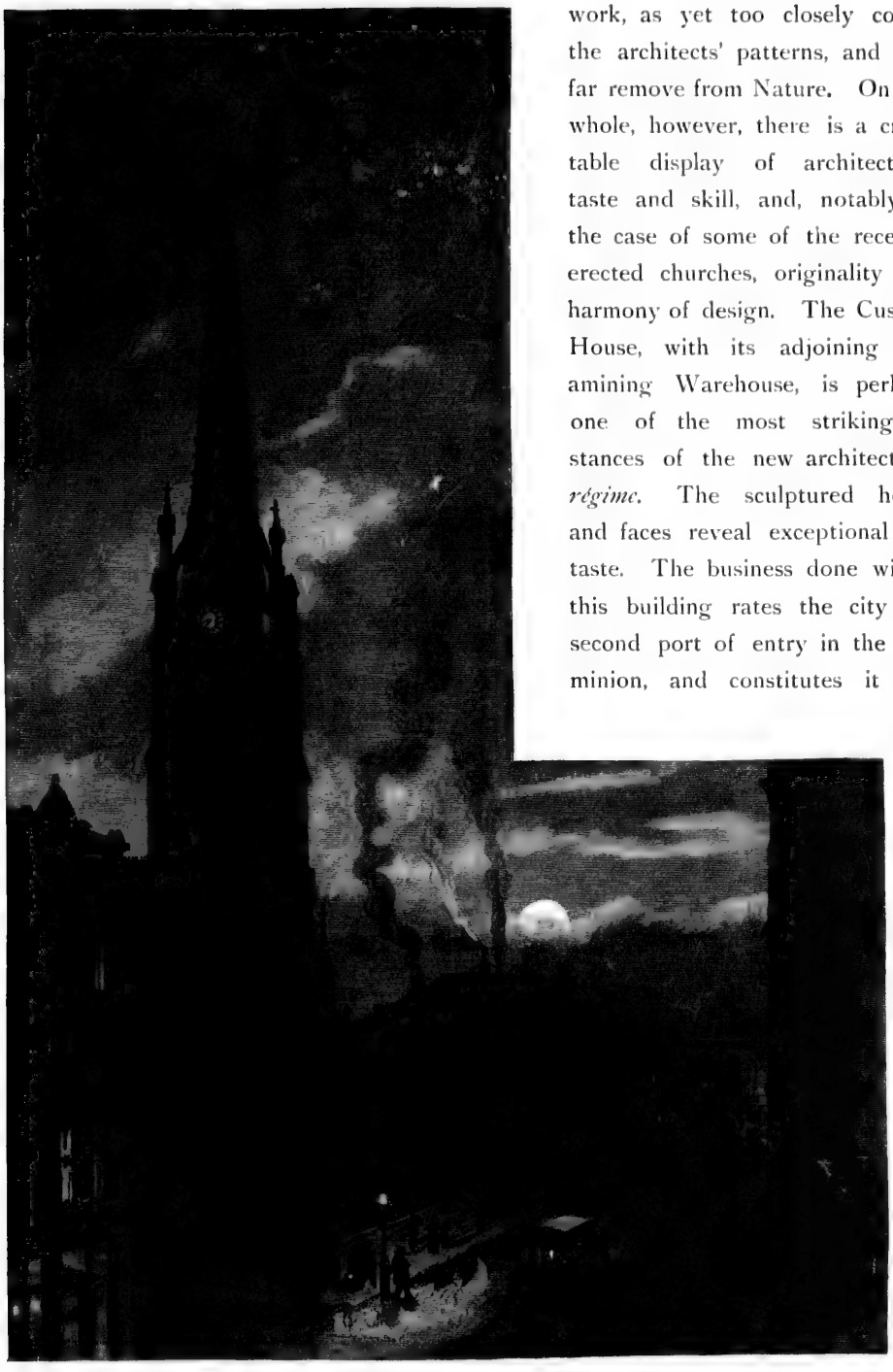
TORONTO, FROM THE ISLAND.

Toronto, whose features have greatly changed since Fort Rouillé, in what may be called the medieval period of Canadian history, stood warder over its entrance. The wash of the lake has years ago narrowed the channel, and made sad inroads upon that spur of land which long kept its integrity as a peninsula, but has now been frayed into islands—still struggling, however, to keep wind and wave from exercising their rude violence in the harbour. What "the mountain" is to the Montrealer, "the island" is to the people of Toronto. Until recently it was regarded simply as a fine natural breakwater, and the occasional resort of a few sportsmen. Now, it has become—to borrow a phrase from the sea-coast watering-places—"a great marine resort" of the townspeople, thousands of whom, all summer long, throng the ferries to its shores, to enjoy the cool breezes of the lake. The once flat and featureless marsh is to-day a waterside suburb of rapidly increasing interest. From Hanlan Point—the island-home of Toronto's noted oarsman—a beautiful view of the city may be had. The features of the island itself, moreover,—the stretches of water-meadow, the hotels, promenades, and quaint summer residences on its shores—present a picture of varied and pleasing outline. Lakeward, stretching out beyond Gibraltar Point,—the site of an old French block-house—is the great basin from which the city derives its water supply. The water is pumped up, through sunken mains laid across the bay and island, by powerful engines situated on the Esplanade. To the east is the fine, airy building of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, a flourishing organization designed to encourage amateur yachting and to supply the means of luxuriating in the adjacent lake. Still farther east, on a modest section of the peninsula, now encircled by the lapping waves of the lake, the Wiman Baths may be seen, their outline sharply mirrored in the sunny expanse of gleaming water in the bay.

But the purposes to which the island and water-surroundings of Toronto may be put, in affording the means of rest and enjoyment to its jaded citizens, are yet almost undreamt of. The whole of the lake-front of the island, and much of the Esplanade, might be converted into a continuous promenade or drive, with floating pontoons and occasional jetties thrown out lakeward, and the necessary adjunct of commodious hotels, at modest charges, for individual and family resort. The preservation of the island, meantime, is a pressing duty, and the Municipal authorities of the city will be criminally responsible if they continue to neglect it. The existence of the bay and harbour is imperilled by indifference. No time should be lost in protecting the island from the enroachments of the lake. Amazing, of course, have been the improvements which even recent residents have witnessed in the development and beautifying of the water-front of the city. The contrast, not only with the rough foreshore of the Simcoe period, and the squalid one of 1834, when Toronto became a city, but with that of even ten years ago, is sharp in the extreme. To-day the view from any elevation overlooking the bay, or the view of the city from the water, is a picture that, had it the

accompanying smoke and fog of an Old World landscape, a Stanfield or a Turner might revel in. And what a scene for the pencil is a rowing match in the harbour, every species of craft gliding hither and thither, or swept aside to form a clear water-lane for competing oarsmen! Equally fine is the view in winter, when the ice-boats wing their arrowy course over four thousand acres of gleaming crystal—their frosted sails afire in the January sun.

But our steamer has meantime been steered to the landing-place, and she glides alongside the wharf to her moorings. At the foot of Yonge Street, and on the adjoining wharves, the commerce of our inland waters empties itself. Coal from Pennsylvania, stone from Ohio, fruits of all kinds, from the Niagara District and elsewhere, are piled upon the wharves, or are being carted off to the yards and warehouses. Here the ferries ply their local trade, and the tourist sets out to "do" Niagara, or, by way of the Thousand Islands, to run the rapids of the St. Lawrence, "take a look" at Montreal and Quebec, and, it may be, find his way to the sea. Crossing the Esplanade, monopolized by the railways, the traveller at once finds himself in the heart of the city. To the westward is the Union Station, the *entrepôt* of railway travel, and thither, or to the steamers at the wharf, a stream of traffic sets almost continuously. Coaches and cabs are flying to and from the hotels. The street cars glide past, diverging, a short way on, towards various points. Pic-nicing parties or excursionists, bound for the ferries or for neighbouring towns, file by; and wagons with their burden of freight lumber along, adding to the noise and confusion. Massive warehouses and piles of buildings block in the traffic, though the vista of crowded streets opens everywhere to view. The city, which covers an area of eight or ten square miles, is built on a low-lying plain, with a rising inclination to the upper or northern end, where a ridge bounds it, which was probably the ancient margin of the lake. Within this area there are close upon one hundred and twenty miles of streets, laid out after a rigid, chess-board pattern, though monotony is avoided by the prevalence of boulevards and ornamental shade trees in the streets and avenues not given up to commerce. What the city lacks in picturesqueness of situation is atoned for in its beautiful harbour, and in the development of an æsthetic taste among the people, which finds expression in finely-embellished private grounds, and the increasing interest taken in public parks and gardens. Nor is this taste less apparent in the public buildings, which, in recent years, have been largely brought within the sphere of art. We have now less flimsy sheet-iron ornament, and more of decorative work in stone. Individuality is asserting itself in the designs of many of the street-fronts, which, though they afford little room for the more ambitious combinations of the architect, present sufficient scope for the display of taste and the avoidance of weary repetition. Colour, especially in stone, is being noticeably introduced, and adds much to the grace and cheerfulness of the new exteriors. In some instances, the ornamentation, particularly in intaglio and relievo



TOWER AND SPIRE OF ST. JAMES'S CATHEDRAL.

work, as yet too closely copies the architects' patterns, and is a far remove from Nature. On the whole, however, there is a creditable display of architectural taste and skill, and, notably in the case of some of the recently erected churches, originality and harmony of design. The Custom House, with its adjoining Examining Warehouse, is perhaps one of the most striking instances of the new architectural *régime*. The sculptured heads and faces reveal exceptional art taste. The business done within this building rates the city the second port of entry in the Dominion, and constitutes it the

great emporium of the Province. The value of the present annual importations is nearly twenty millions of dollars, upon which a duty of four millions is levied. The amount entered for exports for the year can be safely estimated at between five and six millions.

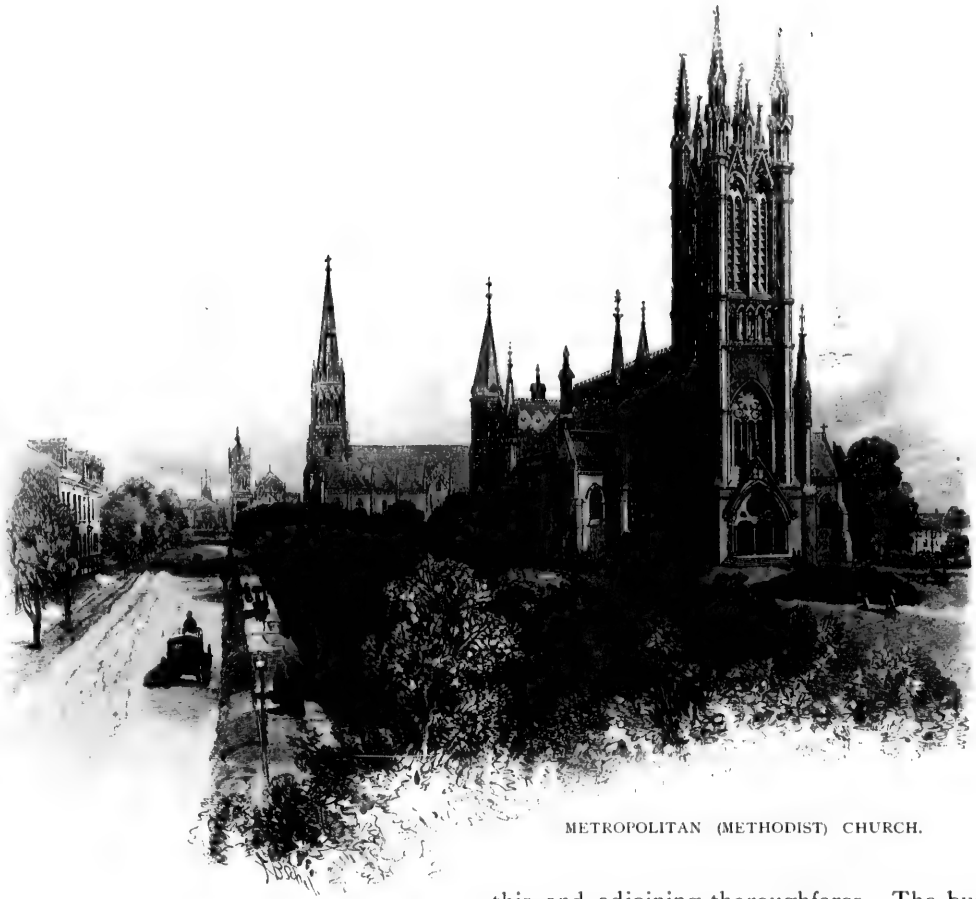
Crossing Front Street, which runs parallel with the bay, and, from its proximity to the railways and the wharves, is now an important business thoroughfare, we pass the substantial stone edifice of the Toronto agency of the Bank of Montreal. The building has a quiet Threadneedle Street air about it, and like the conservatism which one meets with in the busiest haunts of the Mother Country, is old-fashioned enough to preserve, within its railed southern enclosure, some half-dozen umbrageous trees, from which the ubiquitous sparrow pours forth his incessant chatter. On the opposite side is the American Hotel, and a block and a half westward, on Front Street, is "The Queen's." At the intersection of Wellington Street, we come upon the Bank of British North America, and to the east and west of it, are the headquarters of other financial corporations—the Ontario, Imperial, Toronto, Standard, and Federal Banks, the local agencies of the Quebec and Merchants, together with the central offices, surrounded by congeries of wires, of the Great North-Western Telegraph Co., and the mammoth warehouses of many trading and manufacturing firms. Pursuing our way up Yonge Street, and passing the head office of the Bank of Commerce, we reach the city's most central point, the intersection of Yonge and King, at the south-west corner of which stands the Dominion Bank.

Here the stranger, after accustoming his eye to the movement of the streets, will endeavour to take in the scene before him. A continuous double stream of pedestrians moves east and west, and, in like manner, up and down Yonge. Canadians are frequently twitted by their cousins across the line for the rigidity with which British influence and social habits are preserved in the Dominion. The expression, "How English is Toronto!" may often be heard; still, our English customs have not kept Canadian sentiment wholly monarchical. Nor has our English speech proved a better bond. It has already failed, in an earlier era in the history of this continent, to knit together those of one race and blood, though the links of connection may be longer in snapping with us. But whatever fortune betides the Dominion, it will be long ere Britain and British ways cease to be cherished in the hearts and on the soil of the Canadian people.

It is not easy, even for the visitor, with the sights and scenes before him, to dismiss from his mind the origin and national characteristics of a city, whose past is so intimately related to a people from whose loins its citizens have sprung, and from a nation whose colony it still is. The nomenclature of the streets, the traditions of the people, the men and women who have lived in it, and the physique and beauty of face and form of the present population—all speak of the motherland across the sea, and of

customs, habits, and institutions here faithfully reproduced. Nor are the streets themselves, and the public buildings that adorn them, less eloquent of the old land whence came its sturdy life. True, there is no portcullised gateway nor embrasured walls which the military spirit of the Old World has elsewhere reared as a stronghold and defence for the New. Toronto has neither the history that attaches to Quebec, nor the position that has given to that city its fame. But her past, nevertheless, is not lacking in incident, though her annals, since the stirring era of 1812–15, are mainly those of peace. She has seen little of martial life, save the displays of her citizen-soldiery in times of civil embroilment, or in connection with the volunteer corps of recent days. During the time when the Imperial troops were quartered in the town, King Street saw many a pageant which would have quickened the beat of the British heart; but the sights its walls have mainly looked upon have been the column-march of industry and social progress, occasionally varied by the fevered outbreaks of a chafing but restrained democracy. To scan the thoroughfare to-day, with its stream of life, its almost congested traffic, and the stores and magazines of commerce that line its either side, is to recall an earlier epoch, and, with a smile of amusement, to contrast it with the rude aspect of its first beginnings. Who that now looks upon its metropolitan characteristics—its civic dignity upborne by ulstered and helmeted constables making nocturnal notes by the glare of an electric-light; its great newspaper offices ablaze with the flame of fevered journalism; its theatres turning a stream of fashion into the streets; the cabs and street-cars;—can fail to cast a thought backwards to the hugger-mugger life of an earlier social era, and to the forlorn condition, with its abounding pitfalls, of the same thoroughfare in the primitive days of "Muddy Little York."

But we must leave these memories of the past to note in brief detail the sights of the modern city, and, turning one's vision from the glittering length of King Street by night, to present some aspects of this and other thoroughfares by day. For convenience, we will find it handier, in our notes by the way, to describe the features of the town in two sections; first, those to be met with in a tour, starting from the corner of King and Yonge, round the eastern and north-eastern portions of the city; and secondly, from the same point of departure, to take within our observation the places of interest lying to the west and north-west. Setting out from our central point, and passing the retail stores, some of them with fine brown-stone fronts, that extend eastward on our right from the corner of Yonge, we come to Toronto Street, the upper end of which is terminated by the Post Office, an imposing building in the Italian style of architecture, finely situated on the north side of Adelaide Street. The central position of Toronto Street, and the proximity of the Post Office, have attracted to the neighbourhood a number of Building and Loan Societies, Land and Insurance Companies, and other monetary and business corporations, whose offices draw crowds to



METROPOLITAN (METHODIST) CHURCH.

this and adjoining thoroughfares. The business done at the Toronto Post Office now exceeds that of any city in the Dominion. Its financial transactions amount annually to close upon two millions of dollars. There is a box and a street delivery, and a most efficient system for the collection of letters mailed in pillar boxes over every section of the town. The building is constructed of Ohio stone with a finely carved *façade*, surmounted by a dome and clock, and over the entrance the Royal Arms. The edifice on Toronto Street, which was formerly the Post Office—a fine specimen of Grecian architecture—is now used as a branch office of the Receiver-General's Department for the Dominion. Adjoining it are the Masonic Buildings—in the style of modern Munich art—the upper portion being devoted to the purposes of the Masonic fraternity. Opposite, on Court Street, and abutting on the County Court buildings, are the headquarters of the Police Department and the Fire Brigade. The Police Force is composed of a fine body of men, one hundred and twenty strong, well-drilled, accoutred and uniformed, and ably officered. Equally well-equipped is the Fire Brigade,

an organization of exceptional importance to the city. There are ten fire stations in various parts of the town, and a complete system of fire-alarm signal boxes. Attached to the brigade are a large number of hose-reels, salvage wagons, horses, and the necessary apparatus for fire escape. Water is supplied from hydrants connected with the Water Works system, which tap the mains at all convenient and necessary points. The water is obtained from the lake at a point regarded as beyond the contaminating influence of the city sewage. Recently the suggestion has been made to draw the city's water supply from Lake Simcoe, about fifty miles northward. The water would be exceptionally pure, and the supply as large as desired; while the fall from Lake Simcoe to the level of Lake Ontario, about four hundred and forty feet, would give sufficient pressure for the extinguishing of fire in the loftiest building. Surplus water could be stored in reservoirs in the neighbourhood of Yorkville, and the waste turned to æsthetic purposes in the Valley of the Don. The Gas service is general, and is provided by a private com-

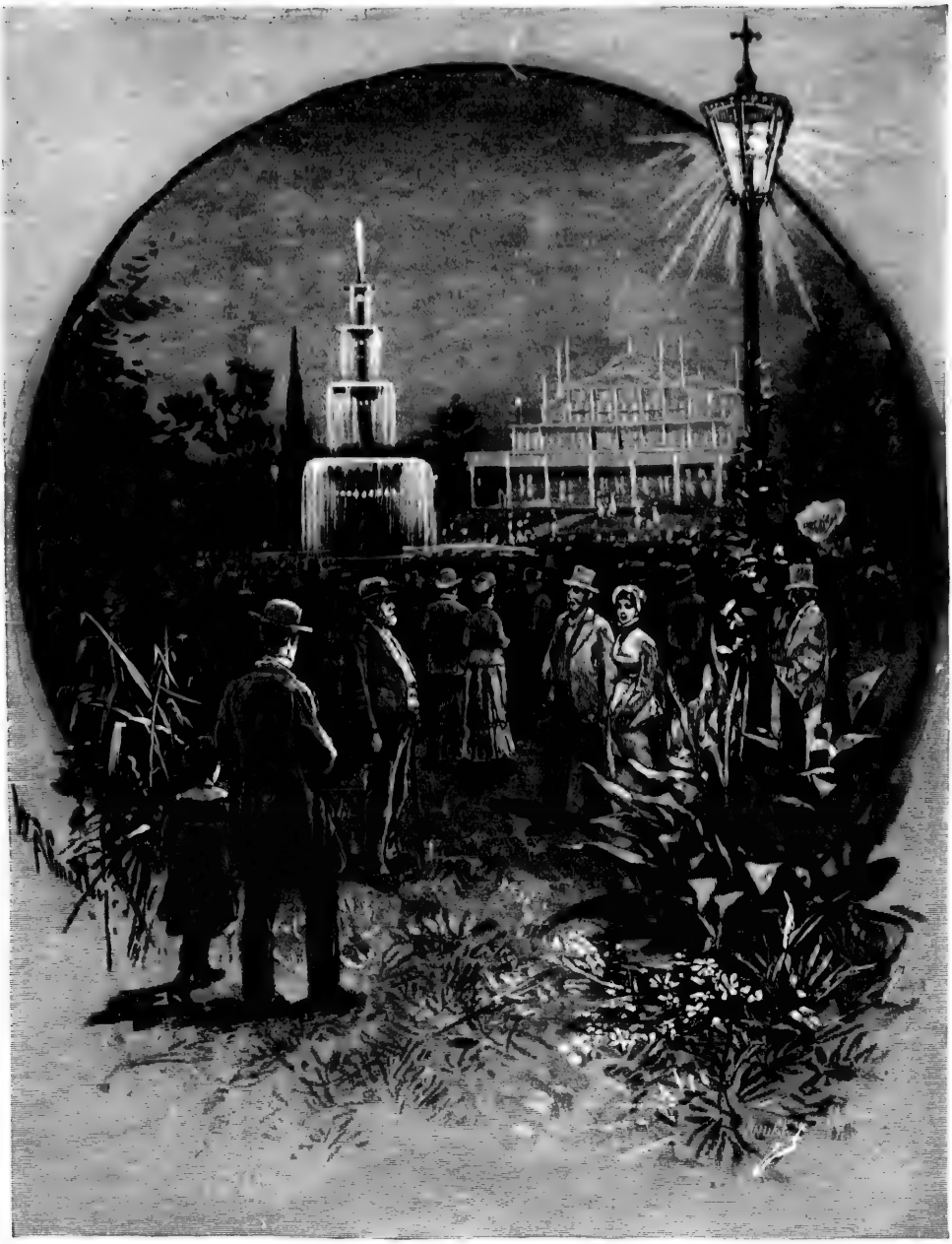
TORONTO STREET, AND POST OFFICE.

pany. All the chief streets, avenues, parks and public places are well lighted at the city's expense.

Regaining King Street and turning eastward, we are again reminded of Toronto in the olden time—a lithographed drawing, familiar to the pioneers of the towns, having preserved to us a glimpse of the portion of the city through which we are now passing. The site was long known as Court House Square, and the picture represents the scene as it was fifty years ago :—in the left foreground, a pretentious Jail and Court House, with the "parish stocks" and a primitive ox-wagon in front; a few promenaders and a line of modest buildings extending eastward on the right; and in the central background the church and wooden spire of St. James. In this place of public resort, the youth and fashion of the town, the brawling politician, and many of the more staid of the populace lounged. Here the political orator was wont to hold forth, and the ecclesiastico-political discussions of the time were freely ventilated. Had we a pre-historic *Grip*, how rich a portrait-gallery would have come down to us! Every figure in the "Family Compact" administration would have been limned,—each successive governor, the local placemen, exhorters, and wirepullers, and most characteristic of all—the rampant reformers and agitators of the stormy period! What a volume would this have been to place alongside Kay's "Edinburgh Portraits" or Cruickshank's "Caricatures," to jostle our "Hogarth," or to get mixed up with one's early volumes of *Punch!* But the Family Compact, like the figures of the Dundas despotism in the Tory Government of Scotland at the beginning of the century, have not lacked annalists to preserve some record of their doings, nor an antiquarian, so imbued with the past, as to faithfully reproduce for us the men and their age.*

But the rumble of street cars around us, and the graceful spire which shoots its gilt summit into the sky in our view, recall us to modern times, and to the evidences on every side of material prosperity and almost unrealizable civic growth. At the intersection of King and Church Streets stands St. James's (Episcopal) Cathedral. In the early days of the city, when Toronto was known as "Little York," there stood a plain structure of wood, a few yards back from the road, and almost surrounded by the primeval forest. This was the first church of St. James. It was described by a writer previous to the war of 1812 as "a meeting-house for Episcopalians." Here, under the rectorship of Dr. Stuart, and subsequent to the year 1813, of Dr. Strachan, whose name for over fifty years was a household word throughout the Province, did the modest little building do duty as the Parish Church. In 1832, a more imposing structure was reared, but this was destroyed by fire in 1839, shortly after it had been

* In the pages of Dr. Scadding's "Toronto of Old," the citizen of the Provincial Metropolis has for all time a mine of historic and biographic lore connected with its early days, which few cities of the New World have been fortunate enough in such measure to possess. To this work and its author the present writer gratefully acknowledges his indebtedness for some of the material made use of in this sketch of the city.



HORTICULTURAL GARDENS.

designated a Cathedral by the appointment of its rector as First Bishop of Upper Canada. The following year, the date of the union of the two older Provinces, a noble building was erected, surmounted by a wooden spire. Ten years later,

when fire scourged the city, some sparks ignited the tower, and the grand building once more succumbed to the flames. The stately pile which now meets the eye was begun soon afterwards by the much-tried congregation; but it was not ready for occupation till 1853. The building is in the Gothic style, of the early English period, and is built of white brick, dressed with Ohio stone. Its length is about two hundred feet, the width of transept ninety-five feet, and the height to the ridge crestings eighty-four feet. The building is divided, after ecclesiastical fashion, into nave and aisles, with apsidal chancel and vestries at the north, and vestibules and the great tower at the south end. There are galleries on three sides, that on the south being appropriated to the organ and choir. The chancel is fitted up with a bishop's throne, stalls for the canons, and an elaborately carved pulpit and reading desk. Underneath the chancel lie the mortal remains of the first Bishop of Toronto, and of the long-time Rector of the Cathedral, the greatly beloved Dean Grasett. The tower and spire are the most distinguishing features of the edifice, their combined height, including the vane, being over three hundred feet. In the tower is a costly peal of bells, and an illuminated clock, whose dial, when night flings her mantle over the city, can be read far out on the lake. The cost of the whole edifice was not far from a quarter of a million of dollars.

To the north of the Cathedral, and within its enclosure, is St. James's School House, and immediately beyond it, on the corner of Church and Adelaide Streets, stands the Mechanic's Institute. The Institute has a well-supplied reading-room and a fair collection of books, though the city stands much in need of a well-endowed Public Library, especially rich in the department of works of reference. But literary institutions, it must be said, have so far failed to interest the moneyed class in Toronto.

Still following King Street to the eastward, we come upon the St. Lawrence Hall and Market, and to the south of the square, the headquarters of the Municipal Government and City Offices. Here the stranger will be less struck with the appearance of the neighbourhood than with the scenes and incidents of the market-place. To this, the largest market in the city, are brought the farm stock and garden products of the many rich homesteads throughout the adjacent country; and, looking at the class that come to do business at its gates, it is easy to judge of the character of the Ontario yeoman. From his speech and accent, you surmise either he or his ancestry came from the motherland. He is almost invariably comfortably clad; his horses are sleek and clean; his wagons bright and in good order;—and their contents denoting the frugal, well-to-do husbandman. His wife has also a comfortable and contented look, with the occasional accompaniment of the tone and air of independence. A glance at the displays of the market would surprise the *bons vivants* of the Old World.

Colborne Street, which here runs into the market-place, is rich in the historic social life of early Toronto. The first theatre of York, tradition says, was extempo-

COLLEGE AVENUE (QUEEN STREET).

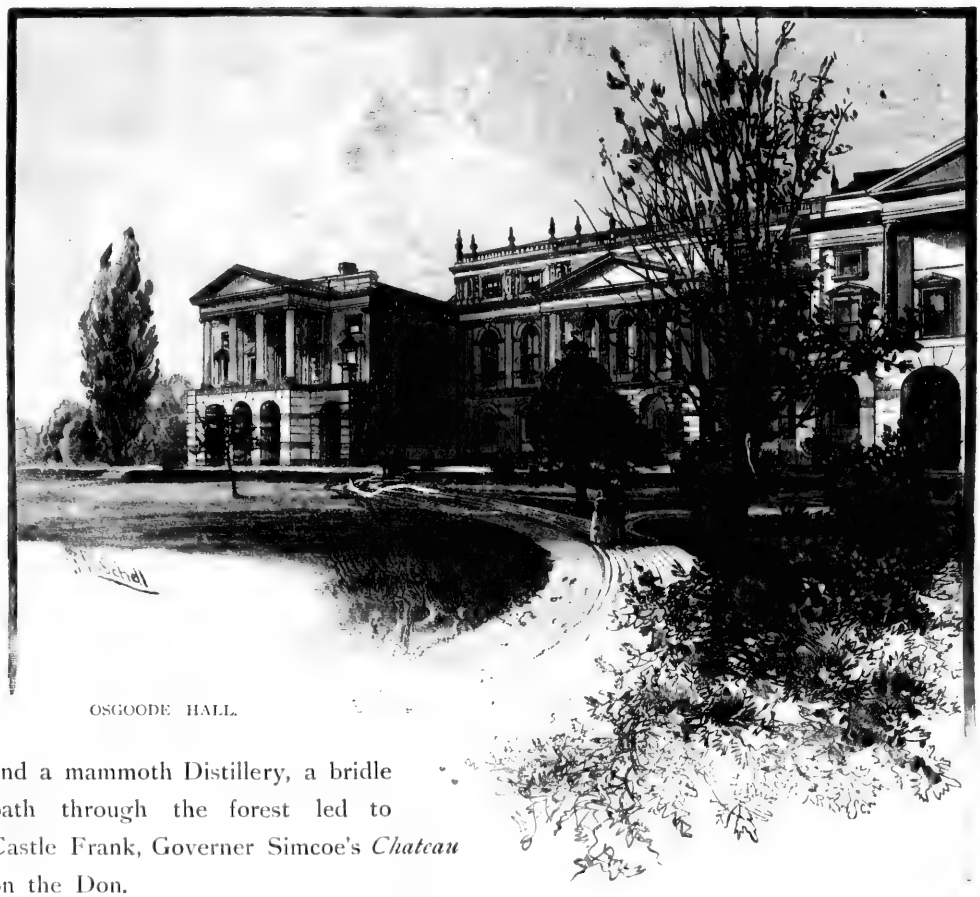
rized in the ball-room of an hotel which stood on the north-east corner of the street. Here the fashion of the time used to hold its assemblies, and the potent, grave, and reverend signors of the town, along with their sons and daughters, were wont "to indulge in a little insanity." The market-place itself is not what it was in other days. Then it was the May Fair of the city, the nucleus about which all the rest clustered. But Toronto, like most other cities, has thrown her gates open to the west, and is now making the greater part of her progress in that direction.

LACROSSE GROUNDS.

The buildings about the market wear an old, and some of them a dilapidated, appearance. This is the character especially of much of the town to the east of the present spot. Even the City Hall, near by, barely escapes this classification. It is a blot upon the city's public buildings, being no less unsightly and dingy than ill-ventilated and unwholesome. It stands upon ground said to be permeated with poisonous matter, and some of its rooms and offices are a menace to life. The value of the ratable property within the city limits in 1882 was over sixty millions. The population is 87,000; or, including the suburbs, over 100,000. In 1812, the population was under 1000; in 1834, when the city was incorporated, it was 9000; in 1850 it had reached 25,000; and in 1870 it was more than double the latter number.

In rear of the City Hall are the Drill Shed and Armories of the local volunteer regiments, including the "Queen's Own Rifles," and the 10th "Royal Grenadiers." These two crack corps hold a first rank in the militia of the Dominion. Both regiments have seen service, the former being present at Ridgeway, in June, 1866, when the Province was invaded by Fenians. The Queen's Own has the largest muster-roll, and is generally admitted to be the best drilled and most completely equipped regiment in the Canadian militia. The city has a well-appointed troop of Cavalry, the Governor-General's Body Guard; and a Field Battery of artillery. The headquarters of both troop and battery are at the old Fort, on the Garrison Common.

To the eastward of our present halting-place, there is not much to interest the sight-seer, unless he has the tastes of an antiquary. The region that lies between the St. Lawrence Hall and the Don River is the original site of the town; and some of the decrepit buildings of the district were once the homes of its wealth and fashion. In the names of the streets of the neighbourhood—Caroline, Duke, Duchess, George, Princes, and Frederick—the loyalty of the "first settlers" to the Hanoverian Dynasty, and other members of the royal house, finds expression. What inspired the compliments, the Historiographer of Toronto reminds us, was the fact that "when the Canadian town of York was first projected, the marriage of the Duke of York with the daughter of the King of Prussia, Frederica Charlotta, had only recently been celebrated." In the designation of Parliament Street local associations connected with the First Parliament of the Province are perpetuated. The site of the primitive Westminster is near by, though now denuded of the fine grove of forest trees which once overshadowed it. For a period of nearly thirty years, interrupted for a time by the burning, in 1813, of the buildings by the Americans, the laws of the young Province were enacted within its walls. Again, in 1824, the Parliament Buildings fell a victim to fire, after which the Legislature moved westward, and what is now known as the Old Jail occupied the site. Still eastward, on Front, or as it was then styled, Palace Street, stood Russell Abbey, the residence of one of the Governors of the Province; and from this neighbourhood, now in the grip of the railways, the City Gas Works,



OSGOODE HALL.

and a mammoth Distillery, a bridle path through the forest led to Castle Frank, Governer Simcoe's *Chateau* on the Don.

Turning up Berkeley, we come again upon King Street, the continuation of which to the east, sixty years ago, was locally known as "the road to Quebec." In 1817 communication by stage was established between York and Kingston, and from the latter point on to Montreal and the ancient capital. The stage service between the two former points was a weekly one; and with an allowance of twenty pounds of luggage one could secure a seat on the lumbering vehicle for the sum of eighteen dollars. The incoming of a mail from Lower Canada used then to be advertised in the *Gazette*, and the annual arrival of postal matter from England was an event in the life of the infant settlement. Pursuing our way eastward, we come to the bridge over the Don, whose slow-footed stream trails its sinuous length at the foot of the picturesque heights to the north of the road, clad with sparse but grand old trees. Below the bridge, the river trends off to the westward, and mixes its dull waters with the reeds which, with the detritus of the island, shoal the eastern end of the harbour.

A short drive beyond the Don, through Leslieville, the pleasant site of extensive

market gardens, brings us to Norway, Ben Lamond, and the commanding elevation of Scarboro' Heights. On the road hither, on some bright summer afternoon, may be seen the Toronto Hunt Club, coursing over hill and dale; or, it may be a line of racing horses and trotting vehicles hastening to the driving-course at Woodbine Park. Close by is Victoria Park, a resort in summer of the townspeople, and which is generally reached by way of the lake. At Norway an extensive tract of sunlit verdure and gleaming water is spread before the eye. On the one hand is seen Lake Ontario, stretching beyond the range of vision into the blue; on the other, one of the fairest agricultural districts in the Province, dotted here and there with comfortable farm-houses and magnificent farms. Along the rim of the lake lies the Queen City, whose distant features the artist has cleverly caught and turned to pictorial account. In the foreground, nestles here and there the residence of some wealthy citizen, who believes that "God

KING STREET, WEST.

made the country and man made the town," and has moved out to where he can hear the wild birds sing in the groves, and be fanned by the untainted breezes of the lake.

Regaining the Don, we direct our steps northward, and passing by Riverside, another outflow of the city, and by the fine buildings and adjoining farm of the New Jail, we continue our ramble through the woods in the direction of Yorkville. Here it is designed to utilize the great natural beauties of the place by laying out a segment of a cordon of parks, which it is hoped will one day surround the city. In the neighbourhood of the jail, a bridge crosses the Don and connects with the eastern end of Gerrard Street. Situated on the latter is the large building of the General Hospital, and, what must be to the poor patient in its wards in unpleasantly suggestive proximity, the Medical Schools, with their dissecting rooms.

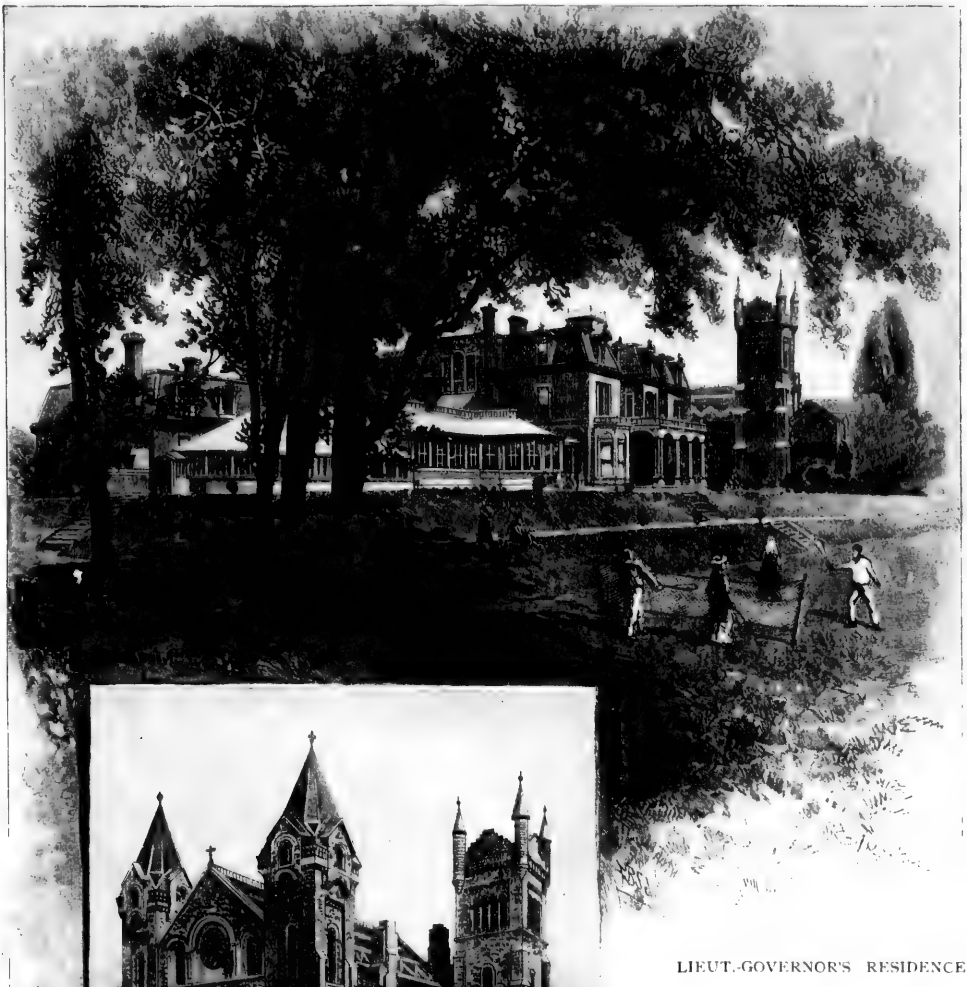
On the heights which we pass to the left, lie two of the city cemeteries. Here sleep many of "the rude forefathers of the hamlet"—the old time "Little York;" and the sombre pines sing the requiem of peace. In scarce a lovelier spot could sorrow come to drop a tear, or love's footsteps hasten to strew the flowers of regret.

But we move on round the hill towards the picturesque environs of Rosedale. Here the twin valleys of the Don have been spanned by graceful bridges, and the finely-wooded plateau has been opened up for suburban settlement. To the west is the incorporated village of Yorkville, the most important of the city's outlying districts. To the north is Deer Park, another pretty off-shoot of the town, the beautiful cemetery of Mount Pleasant, and the extended line of Yonge Street, the great highway through the County of York. In this neighbourhood stood the famous "Montgomery's Tavern," the rendezvous of Lyon MacKenzie's insurgent force, and near by is the scene of the brief action at Gallows Hill.

Returning within the limits of the city, the stranger will note the fine avenue of Bloor Street, and the elegant residences on many of the streets that branch southward from it. Of these Sherbourne and Jarvis Streets are the most attractive; Jarvis, with its handsome villas and fine boulevards, presenting a stately appearance. At the corner of Wellesley and Jarvis are the grounds of the Toronto Lacrosse Club, a favourite resort of the athletic youth of the town, and, on gala days, of their fair admirers. The field is kept in fine order. Upon it many an exciting contest has taken place between the local and outside clubs, the home team generally succeeding in carrying off the laurels.

Decending Jarvis Street, several handsome churches, built for the most part of a delicate pink stone, with white dressings, add greatly to the grace and beauty of this thoroughfare. A little way down are the commodious buildings of the Collegiate Institute, the historic Grammar School of Toronto, and one of the best and most efficient of the Secondary Schools of the Province.

Occupying a square in the immediate vicinity are the Horticultural Gardens,



LIEUT.-GOVERNOR'S RESIDENCE.

ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH.

the shrine of Flora, and in some respects the most attractive resort in the city. The Gardens cover an area of ten acres, and are laid out with taste, and with a fine eye for floral adornment. They are open to the public from 6 A.M. until dusk. Within the enclosure is the Pavilion, a tastefully designed concert room, with promenade balconies and an arboretum. The Gardens were opened in 1860 by H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, on the occasion of his visit to Canada. The young maple which he planted to commemorate the event has since grown to a goodly tree.

In the centre of St. James Square, a short distance westward, is the pile of buildings, of white brick, with stone dressings, devoted to the purposes of the Department of Education for Ontario, including the Normal and Model School Buildings. On the Gould Street front are tastefully laid out grounds, parterres bright with flowering plants, relieved by trees, shrubs, and statuary, with convenient approaches from the south, east, and west. The main building has a frontage of one hundred and eighty-four feet, with a depth at the flanks of eighty-five feet, and is two storeys in height. The *façade* is in the Roman Doric order, of Palladium character, having for its centre four stone pilasters the full height of the building, with pediment, surmounted by an open Doric cupola. The corner-stone of the edifice was laid in July, 1851, by His Excellency, the Earl of Elgin, the then Governor-General. Passing in at the main entrance the visitor finds himself in a large hall, intersected by a corridor, the entire length of the building. Opposite the entrance is a semi-circular theatre or lecture-room, with busts of notable personages on brackets round the walls. The lower floor is used as offices by the Minister of Education, by the officials of the Department, and by the members of the Educational Council. Here, also, are the lecture-rooms and *ateliers* of the Ontario School of Art, an institution that is very appreciably aiding the dissemination of art-taste in the community. On the upper floor is a large and miscellaneous collection of pictures and statuary, copies of Assyrian and Egyptian sculpture, a museum chiefly devoted to Canadian ornithology, with a department containing school apparatus and furniture. The buildings which adjoin the Education Office and Museum are used as a City Model School for the youth of both sexes, and a Normal School for the training of teachers. For thirty years these buildings in Normal School Square have been the nursery of the educational system of Ontario, a system originated, and for nearly the whole period administered, by the late Rev. Dr. Ryerson. Toronto, as a city, has largely felt the influence of Dr. Ryerson's labours; and the many efficient Public Schools of the town are memorials of his life's work, as well as marks of the public spirit of the community, aided by the liberality of the Provincial Legislature. However much the State has done for education, Voluntaryism, at the same time, has not withheld its purse. The amount of scholastic work undertaken by the Denominations, and the support given to the charities and philanthropic institutions of the city, may be pointed to as irrefragable evidence of true Christian zeal.

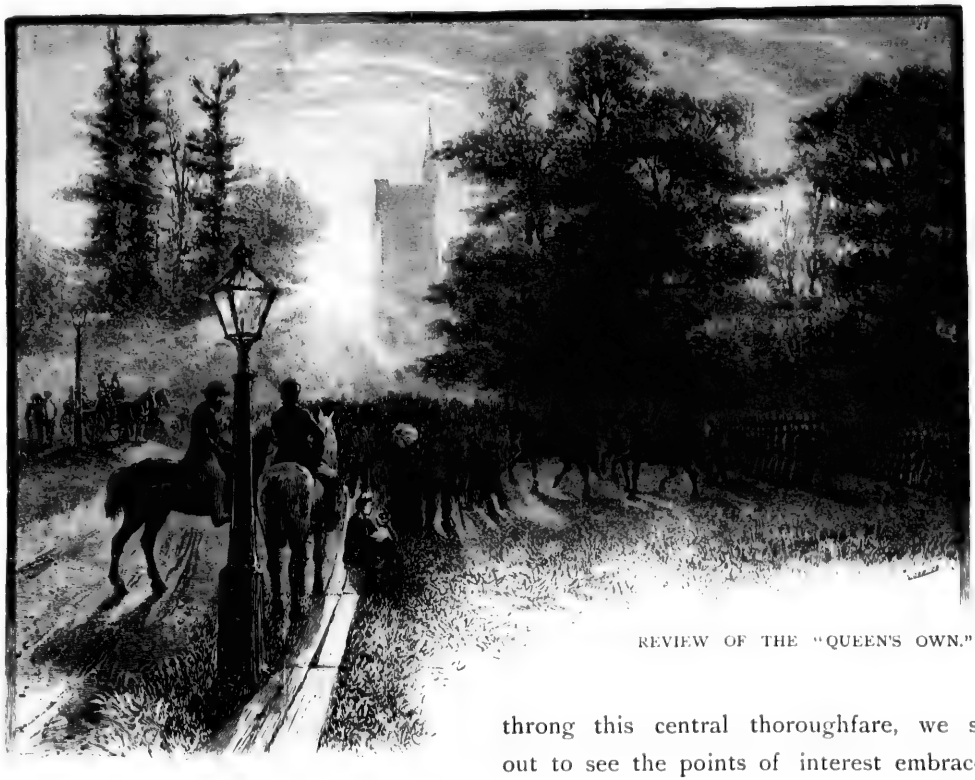
Leaving the Education Department, and going south by Bond Street, we pass at the corner of Wilton Avenue, the Congregational Church, a fine edifice in the style of Early English Gothic, with a handsome tower and spire at the south-west angle of the building. A little farther down is the Loretto Convent, with the Archiepiscopal See-House to the rear, on the Church Street front; and at the intersection of Shuter, is St. Michael's Roman Catholic Cathedral. When the late Bishop Power, forty years ago, purchased the site for the Cathedral, he was deemed foolish, we are told, for pro-

posing to erect a church in what was then "the bush." Now the edifice is almost in the heart of Toronto, the city encompassing, and reaching far beyond it, in every direction. The building, which extends from Bond to Church Street, with an entrance also from Shuter, is massive and lofty. It has a fine tower and spire, beautiful stained-glass windows, with organ and instrumental orchestra. There are several valuable paintings, two finely-carved pulpits, and five elaborate altars in various parts of the interior. In connection with the church and its parish work are the several religious orders, the Christian Brothers, the Sisters of Mercy and the Cloistered Nuns,—the Brothers taking part in the educational work of the Separate Schools throughout the city, and the nuns teaching in the Convents.

The Metropolitan (Methodist) Church, in McGill Square, is among the largest ecclesiastical edifices on this side of the Atlantic. It is one of the sights of the city; and surrounded by its fine grounds, with neat iron fence, its fringe of trees and shrubs, with parterres of flowers, is a great ornament to Toronto, and the just pride of the religious body. The building is of fine white brick, with cut-stone dressings, and is in the Franco-Gothic style of architecture of the Fourteenth Century. Its extreme dimensions are two hundred and fourteen by one hundred and four feet. At the south-east angle is a tower, sixteen feet square and one hundred and ninety feet in height. There are other towers a hundred and twenty-two feet in height, one on either side, at the junction of the main building with the lecture-room. The internal arrangement of the building, the general design, and the harmony of the parts, excite the admiration of all visitors. The seating capacity of the church is about two thousand four hundred; and its total cost, including the site, and a magnificent organ, approached a hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

Immediately south of McGill Square, and reached from our present halting-place by way of Clare Street, is the Canadian Institute, on Richmond Street. This institution, which is mainly supported by the *savants* of the city, and those interested in scientific research, has a fine library and lecture-hall; its members publish a journal of transactions. West of the Institute, Yonge bisects Richmond Street a block and a half off. Making one's way thither, the visitor will find himself again in the centres of trade, and drawing to the point from which he set out on the eastern tour of the city. In Yonge Street, if it be summer time, he will miss the abundant shade which the trees in most of the streets afford. As we pass southward to regain King, the Grand Opera House, on Adelaide Street, West, will not be unlikely to arrest the eye. Hither or to the Royal Opera House, on King Street, come the operatic and dramatic companies, American and foreign, that star it over the Continent. Occasionally, local histrionic talent appears creditably on the boards; and from the Toronto Philharmonic Society the citizens have entertainments of high character.

Regaining our point of departure, and pushing our way through the crowds that

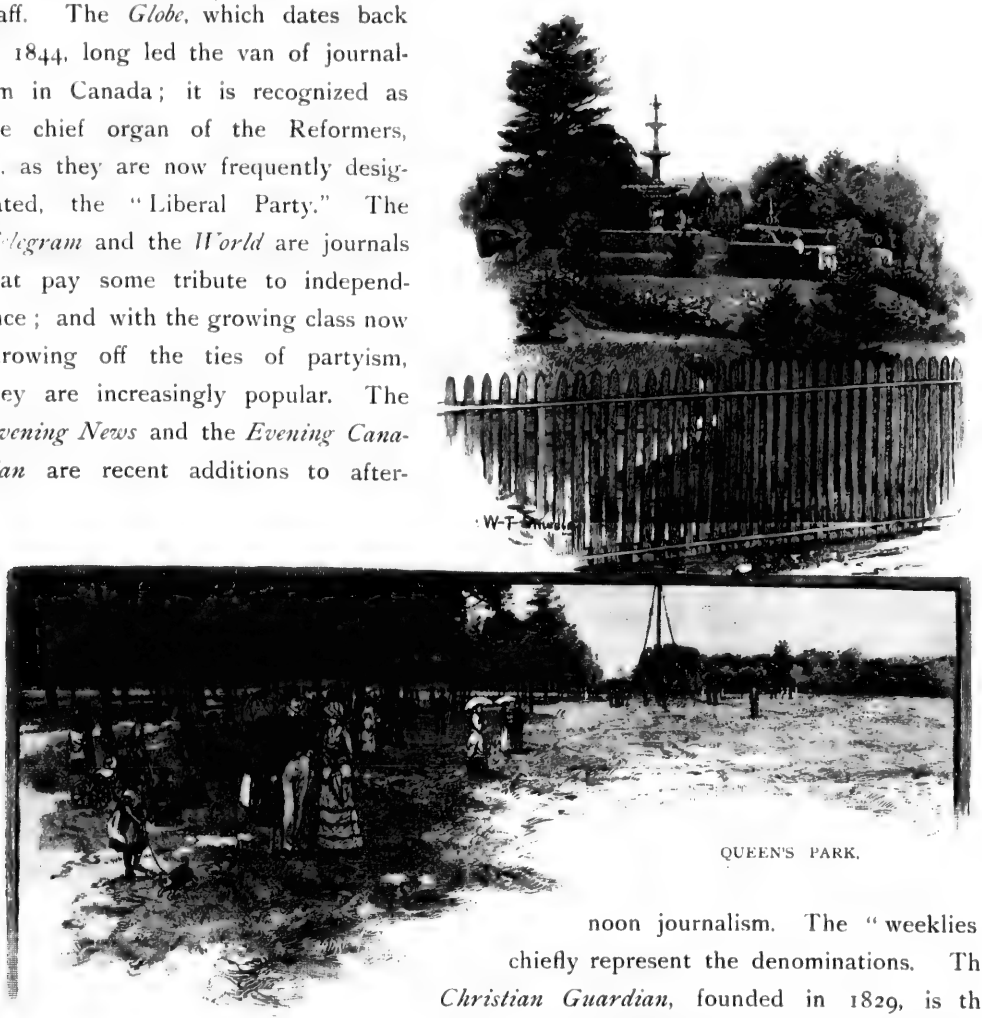


REVIEW OF THE "QUEEN'S OWN."

throng this central thoroughfare, we set out to see the points of interest embraced in the western half of the city. And here one cannot but regret that the streets that play so important a part in Toronto's commerce, and whose intersection forms so central a point in the city, should not have had some great square or *place* as a *point d'avantage*. Could the block be razed that is bounded, say, on the north and south, by King and Adelaide Streets, and on the east and west by Yonge and Bay, or its site have been kept in its virgin state, we should have had a grand square and promenade with converging streets and branching traffic; its four-sided face adorned with stately buildings, and its centre set off by fountains and public monuments! But we have to deal with the city as it is, and not with what it might be; still less with what it is not. In the Toronto of to-day there is little occasion, however, to bemoan the "might have been," for the realization of what *is* would be no easy matter, not only to the founders of the city, could they revisit the scene of their early toil, but to those who sleep of a later generation. Even to the contemporary who revisits the city after a few years absence, the progress and improvement everywhere apparent occasion remark and susprise. Nor are the lofty buildings that break up the sky lines about one, and render the streets picturesque, alone the subjects of comment. The contents of the stores, on all sides, and the character of the native manufactures, or of the importations from

abroad, are also striking evidences of local wealth and progress, and of the advance of art and skill.

The activities of the journalistic profession in the Provincial Metropolis are also matters of pride to its citizens. The growth of the newspaper press of Toronto, particularly in the last ten years, has been very marked. The building erected by the proprietors of the *Mail*, the chief conservative organ of the Western Province, is at once an instance of enterprise and of the public favour which enterprise wins. The *Mail* was established in 1870, and is a vigorously conducted journal, with writers of trained and disciplined talent on its staff. The *Globe*, which dates back to 1844, long led the van of journalism in Canada; it is recognized as the chief organ of the Reformers, or, as they are now frequently designated, the "Liberal Party." The *Telegram* and the *World* are journals that pay some tribute to independence; and with the growing class now throwing off the ties of partyism, they are increasingly popular. The *Evening News* and the *Evening Canadian* are recent additions to afternoon journalism. The "weeklies" chiefly represent the denominations. The *Christian Guardian*, founded in 1829, is the organ of the Methodist, and the *Evangelical Churchman* of the Episcopal body. The *Irish Canadian* speaks for Roman Catholicism. The titles of the *Canada Presbyterian* and the *Canadian Baptist* at once



QUEEN'S PARK.

disclose their connections. *Grip* is the representative of humor and the cartoonist's art; and Commerce has a special organ in the *Monetary Times*. Periodical literature, as yet, has to struggle to maintain itself, though at periods when there is a quickening of the national life, it sensibly extends the area of its influence, if not of its support. The marketable literature in the country is still mainly foreign; and enterprises like the recently deceased *Canadian Monthly* find it as yet difficult, if not impossible, in the latency of national spirit, to secure adequate support. The professional periodicals fare better. Law, medicine, and education have each their representative organs, and maintain themselves with ability and credit.

Toronto literary and journalistic life has not as yet developed its club; though the growing professional status, and the increasing emoluments of writers for the press, will no doubt see it rise at an early day to that dignity. Special interests of a social, professional, or commercial character, combine, however, to support one or two city clubs. The Royal Canadian Yacht Club we have already mentioned, has its habitat on the Island. The National Club, situated on Bay Street, has a large membership drawn from the professions, and from the captains of industry and commerce. The Toronto Club, on York Street, draws its membership from much the same source, with a sprinkling of the more leisured class, and some few sticklers for caste. The United Empire Club, which, as the headquarters of Liberal Conservatism in the city, styled itself the Canadian Carleton, has recently disappeared. Its building, centrally situated on King Street, West, might be secured for a much-needed Merchant's Exchange, or, better still, a Free Public Library. The various societies, national and benevolent, have their respective lodge-rooms and halls in almost every section of the city. There are also a number of rowing and swimming clubs, curling and skating-rink organizations, with several gymnasia, and that latest craze of athleticism, a Bicycle Association.

Next to the clubs, in the record of social progress, come the hotels. Toronto has left behind her the era of the primitive York hotels, a storey and a half high, in which the travelling public of the day used to think itself luxuriously lodged, if the sign-post in front of the inn didn't inform the passer-by that the "General Brock," or other named patron, possessed "accommodation for man and beast." The "Queen's," on Front Street, and the "Rossin House," which we pass on King Street, at the corner of York, may claim to rank with the large and well-managed hotels of the American cities. Others, including the "Walker," the "Revere," and the "American," deserve favourable notice.

Pursuing our way westward, we come, at the corner of King and Simcoe Streets to a fane of truly metropolitan character—St. Andrew's Church—whose noble *façade*, Norman towers, and elaborately-carved triple doorway recall some grand Minster of the Old World. Its massive solidity, with its great hundred and twenty-feet tower, thirty-

two feet square at the base, in the style of the Norman architecture of the Twelfth Century, gives an aspect of stately magnificence to the building, which, with its fine site, has scarce a parallel among the ecclesiastical edifices of Canada. The church is built of Georgetown rubble, with Ohio stone facings, varied, in the relieving arches and bands, by the red-brown blocks of Queenston. The windows are arched, as are the entrances, the latter having finely-polished red granite pillars supporting them. In the southern end of the building—a shapely semi-circle—are the school-rooms and lecture-halls, which are "so contrived as to add to the general effect which the contour of the building is intended to produce." The church was erected in 1875, and opened in February of the following year.

In grounds of much attractiveness, tantalizingly shut in from view on three streets, stands the residence of the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario. In some respects it is a a pity that the area occupied by Government House and grounds, and the squares to the north and south should have the Province as their owner, as this monopoly stands somewhat in the way of the development of the city to the westward. Still, so far as the Governor's residence is concerned, were the fences reduced in size and latticed, the purposes to which Government has put the square would not be so objectionable, while the site might continue to form an agreeable break in the monotony of the streets. The residence is in the modern style of French architecture, and has an elegant appearance from within its fenced enclosure. The interior is handsome, with grand hall and staircase, spacious reception rooms, and a fine ball-room and conservatory. The grounds are extensive, and are beautifully laid out with flower-beds and shrubbery, terraced walks and velvety lawn.

Art has contrasts no less discordant than Nature; and in the square to the south the stranger will be as much disappointed with the poverty of the Parliament Buildings of the Province as he will have been delighted with the residence of its Governor. The buildings require as little description as do the railway freight sheds to the south of them. However, for what they are worth, there they are. In the meantime they do duty as the Halls of the Legislature; and we must not forget that the Province had once a humbler St. Stephen's. The buildings still shelter some of the Government departments and the Provincial Library, together with the Legislative Chamber, the throne, and the mace!

The House consists of eighty-eight members, six of whom form the Executive Council, and direct the public business of the Province. Politics in Ontario, as elsewhere in the Dominion, is the great game of the people. It is pursued with often feverish intensity, and partyism not unfrequently degrades it to personal ends. In the heat which faction and its trumpery concerns occasion, we sometimes recall Dr. Goldwin Smith's words, in alluding to the interruption to legislative business in England by the annual *furore* of the Derby Day. "Give us," says the professor, "a Parliament

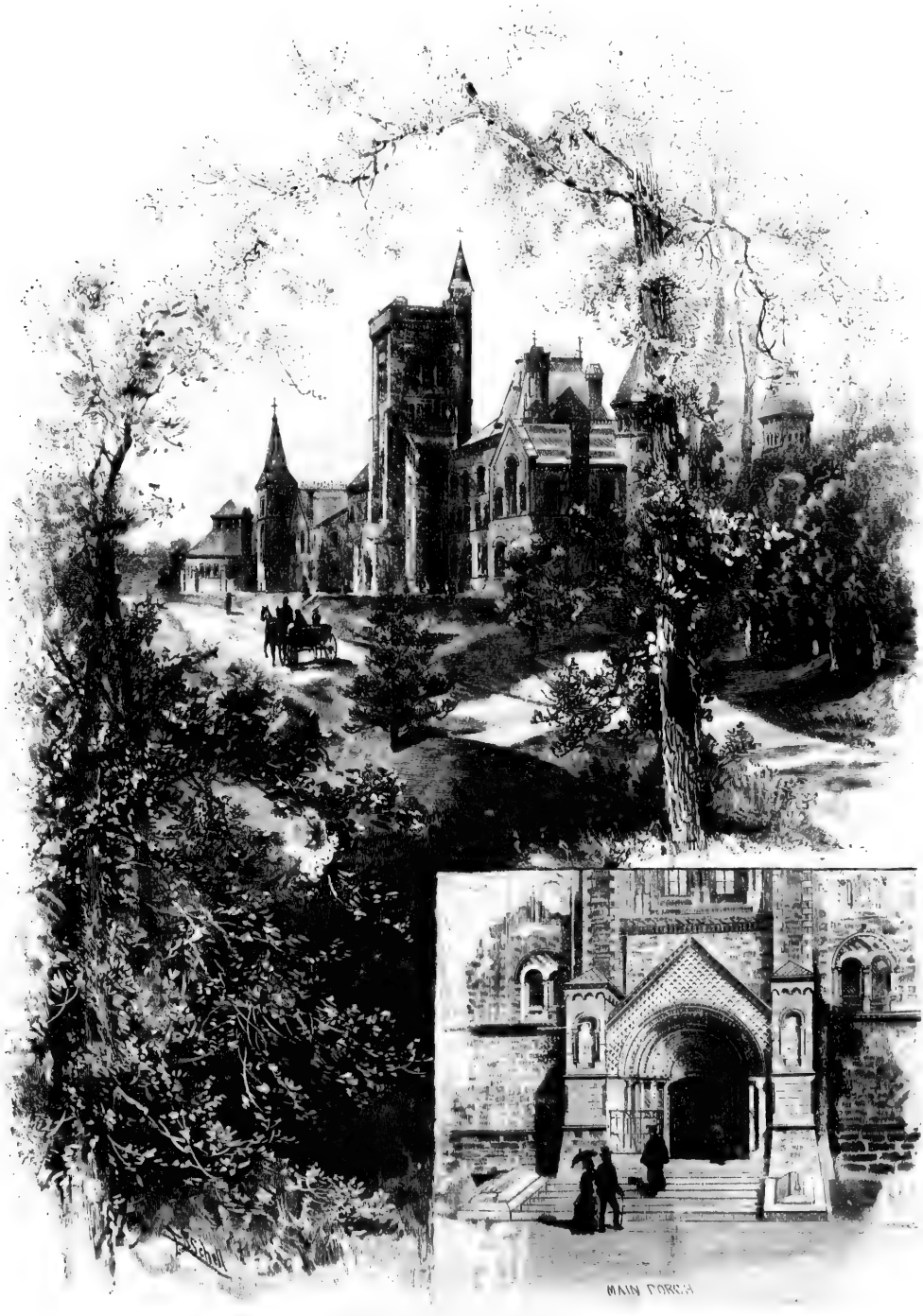
capable of being the organ of national aspiration and effort; let great questions be once more handled in earnest by great men; let our political chiefs once more display the qualities which touch a nation's heart; and the soul of England will soon cease to be absorbed by a horse race." In these remarks there is a lesson for those in Canada who are engrossed by the party game, and are disposed to substitute for statesmanship the small issues and the wirepulling of the Machine.

On the Esplanade, to the east of Parliament Square, is the Union Station, the passenger depot of the Grand Trunk Railway, and the terminus of a number of the smaller lines. Here we again meet the gleaming waters of the bay. Close by was the scene of the landing, in 1860, of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales,—a spectacle of memorable beauty. On but one other, and a sad occasion, has the water-front of the city seen such a gathering. It was six years later, when every household, in a frenzy of horror, drew to the waterside to receive the dead from the field of honour at Limeridge.

Regaining King Street, and turning to the west, we come upon Upper Canada College, and the fine grounds that surround that historic institution. The building itself has no architectural attractions. The charm of the place is its foreground, with its bright, green sward, and the foliage of the trees that overhang the sidewalk. The College, which was founded by Sir John Colborne in 1829, has the good fortune to be well endowed, and is under the direction of a committee of the University Senate. Attached is a boarding-house; and the institution has a well-equipped staff. Many of the leading public men of the country have acquired their early education at the College: it consequently has some traditions. Some educational reformers now regard it, however, as out of line with the Secondary School System of the Province; and its right to exist has recently become a matter of fierce debate.

A few strides to the westward of the College bring us to John Street, and to the site of what was once the General Hospital, and for some years, subsequently to the burning of the Parliament House, in 1824, the home of the Legislature. In 1847, when the city was scourged by an epidemic of typhus, the fever wards of the hospital were literally choked with the smitten immigrants. Turning northward on John, we skirt on our right the fenced enclosure of the College cricket-ground. Here, if anywhere, with its front on King, is the proper site for the new Parliament Buildings. Proceeding northward we pass Beverley House on the right, the Clock Tower of the Queen Street Fire Station on the left; and beyond are the spire and finial cross of St. George's—the vista being closed by the foliage of the Grange. Within the beautiful grounds of the latter, tradition says that, sixty years ago, bears attacked the carriage horses of its owner. One of the finest elms in the city still looks down upon the scene.

At the intersection of Queen Street, we turn eastward towards Osgoode Hall, the high court of Themis. Here, within a stately iron fence, inclosing some six acres of



UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO.

ornamental grounds, are the great Law Courts of the Province, and the Library and Convocation Hall of the Law Society of Upper Canada. In his work on "North America," the late Anthony Trollope remarks that Osgoode Hall is to Upper Canada what the Four Courts of Dublin are to Ireland; and he gives the palm, in the matter of interior decoration, to our Colonial Halls of Justice. He praises, in no stinted language, the beauty of the library, vestibule and staircases, and has glowing words for the Courts themselves. The place is the Mecca of Toronto sight-seers. Under its roof they feel alike the influence of art and the majesty of law. The portraits of the judges that look down from the walls impress the visitor with a sense of the power that inheres in learning and dignity. The Hall takes its name from the Hon. Wm. Osgoode, the first Chief Justice of Upper Canada, who was appointed in 1792. The Law Society dates its incorporation thirty years later; it has a well-endowed library, and maintains lectureships in Common Law, Equity, and Real Property.

Glancing eastward from the Hall, the tourist will observe, near the corner of Yonge, the fine spire and edifice of Knox Church. Though erected in 1847, the church is far from being eclipsed, architecturally, by recent structures. At the corner of James Street stands Shaftesbury Hall, the commodious building of the Young Men's Christian Association; and on Trinity Square, at the top of James, is the representative home of High-Churchism, the Church of the Holy Trinity.

Adjoining the grounds of Osgoode Hall, and facing the College Avenue, is University Street, or, as it was formerly called, Park Lane. The latter designation was no doubt given it in imitation of the Belgravian thoroughfare which forms the eastern end of Hyde Park, in the British metropolis; but the fitness of the appellation, in Toronto, is due to the fact that the street skirts one of the finest natural avenues on the Continent, and not to any architectural beauty. The street, however, ought to be one of the favourite portions of the town for residence. Turning into the avenue on a summer day one gets a glimpse of sylvan beauty such as rarely meets the eye. A mile of chestnuts and maples flanks a carriage-drive and pathway which, in the vista, open out upon the Queen's Park. For the tourist the city has no sight so charming, unless it be a view of the bay on a still afternoon when the setting sun paves it with flame. Half way up the avenue, on the left, the fine tower of Erskine Church, and the spire of St. Patrick's, may be seen through the trees; adjoining the former is the chapel of the Reformed Episcopal body. On the right the spire of Elm Street Methodist Church breaks through the foliage, and close by is the fine front of Grace Church.

Presently, the intersection of the Yonge Street Avenue is reached, and we pass from the grateful shade of the long line of chestnuts into the verdurous sunlight of the open park. Within a terraced enclosure at the entrance a fountain is playing; and a maze of flowers and shrubbery distracts attention from the angry look of a couple of

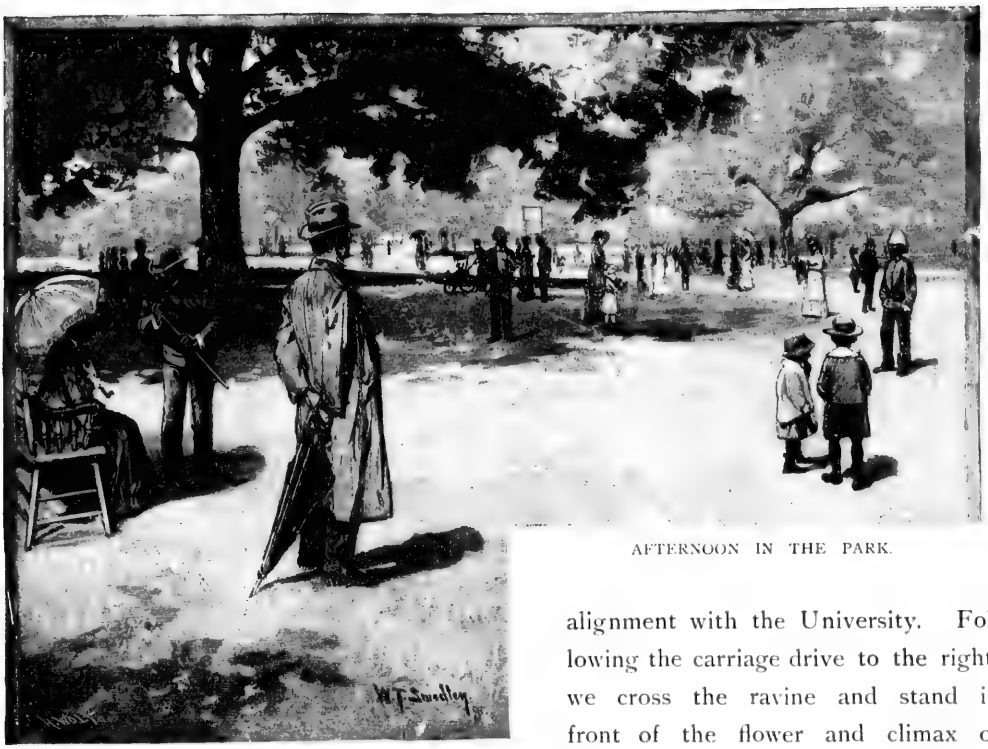
Russian guns. Beyond is a fine stretch of vigorous turf, studded with stately oaks, occasionally interspersed with cedar and maple. In a half circle, on the east, are elegant villas, and, on a line with the flag-staff, are the arrested buildings erected for a Provincial University during the administration of Sir Charles Bagot. The buildings were never put to the purpose, however, for which they were designed, and for a time they were used as a female branch of the Lunatic Asylum.

Queen's Park forms part of the endowment of the University of Toronto; but in 1859 fifty acres of it, together with the two avenues that lead from the city, were given to the corporation on a long lease for the purposes of a public park. How thoroughly the citizens take advantage of the park as a place of resort the strolling crowds testify. On Sunday afternoons in summer, indeed, a too free use is taken of it by the motley crowd that gathers under the trees, whose religious excitements would vex the soul of Matthew Arnold. Here the uneducated liberalism of the age delights to harangue knots of the populace, and to overhaul the world's religious ideas back to the flood. On week-days it is delightful to escape to the park from the hubbub and glare of the city. Skirting the ravine the pathway winds among scenes of great picturesqueness and of quiet, rural beauty. On a jutting of the bank, overlooking the dell, the stranger pauses before a monument encircled by an appropriately-designed iron railing. This, he learns, was erected in memory of the Canadian Volunteers who fell at Ridgeway in defending the frontier against Fenian raiders. Turning from the spot the associations which the monument calls to mind are quickened by the sight of a regiment marching by in column of companies, and about to execute some military evolutions in the open plateau of the park. It is the corps—the "Queen's Own Rifles"—that bore the brunt of the fray at Ridgeway, and from whose ranks fell out the young life commemorated by the monument.

Passing northward, we continue our stroll towards Bloor Street, the upper limits of the park. On the right are the buildings of St. Michael's College and St. Joseph's Convent. Opposite the park exit stands the Church of the Redeemer, and to the immediate westward, within the University grounds, is McMaster Hall, the college of the Baptist denomination. The building has a massive and unique appearance. It is built of a rich, dark-brown stone, with dressings of black and red brick—a reversal of the usual methods of the architects and builders. The College is the gift of the donor whose name it bears; it possesses all appliances for the theological training of the ministry of the denomination.

From Bloor Street, or what used to be known as the Sydenham Road, the adjoining suburb of Yorkville extends north and east over the area that lies between our present halting-place and the ridge that bounds Toronto on the north. To the west lies Seaton Village, and all about are the suburban residences of wealthy merchants.

Again within the gates of the Park, we retrace our steps until we are on an



AFTERNOON IN THE PARK.

alignment with the University. Following the carriage drive to the right, we cross the ravine and stand in front of the flower and climax of Toronto's architecture. The University buildings are the glory of the city. An English writer remarks that "the University of Toronto is perhaps the only piece of collegiate architecture on the American Continent worthy of standing-room in the streets of Oxford." Admittedly, in its architectural features it belongs to the Old World, and it deservedly ranks next to the Parliament Buildings at Ottawa. It is a Norman pile of noble proportions and of exquisite harmony. There is a massive tower and a richly-sculptured doorway. The hall and corridors are in keeping with the academic character of the buildings, and great joists and rafters are freely exposed to view. On the ground floor are the lecture-rooms and laboratory, and on the upper floor, the museum and library. To the rear, on the east, is the Convocation Hall; and on the west are residences for students. The buildings were erected in 1857–8, at a cost of over half a million of dollars. They have a frontage of three hundred feet and a depth of two hundred and fifty. The tower is one hundred and twenty feet in height.

In its early history the University was known as King's College, a Royal Charter having been secured for it in 1827 by Sir Peregrine Maitland, with an endowment from the Crown Reserves set apart for educational purposes. The University established under this charter was essentially a Church of England institution, and remained so until 1849, having for the previous six years been under the presidency of that sturdy-

brained Scot, the first Bishop of Toronto. The Provincial Legislature, however, abolished the Theological Faculty, and Bishop Strachan in 1850 obtained an act of incorporation for, and proceeded to found, the University of Trinity College. In 1849 University College was established as a teaching body, distinct from the University of Toronto, the latter being confined to its degree-conferring powers. The corporation of the University consists of a Chancellor and Vice-Chancellor, together with the members of the Senate and of the Convocation. The government of University College is directed by a Council, composed of the President, the Vice-President, and the Professorial staff. The former president was a distinguished classicist and epigraphist; the present head has earned distinction in the departments of Ethnology, Archæology, and General Literature. There are eight professors attached to the College, besides three or four lecturers and a Classical and a Mathematical tutor.

Facing the University, across a spacious lawn, is the School of Practical Science. Here, also, is the chief seat of Astronomical Observation for the Province. Language is inadequate to characterize the taste which sanctioned the erection of this glaring red building on such a site. It unspeakably outrages all the harmonies of the place. In

THE NORTH IRON BRIDGE, AND RAVINE, ROSEDALE.

rear of the School of Practical Science, and facing the College Avenue and McCaul Street, is Wycliffe College, the Divinity School of the Evangelical Section of the Anglican Church. The College is affiliated with Toronto University.

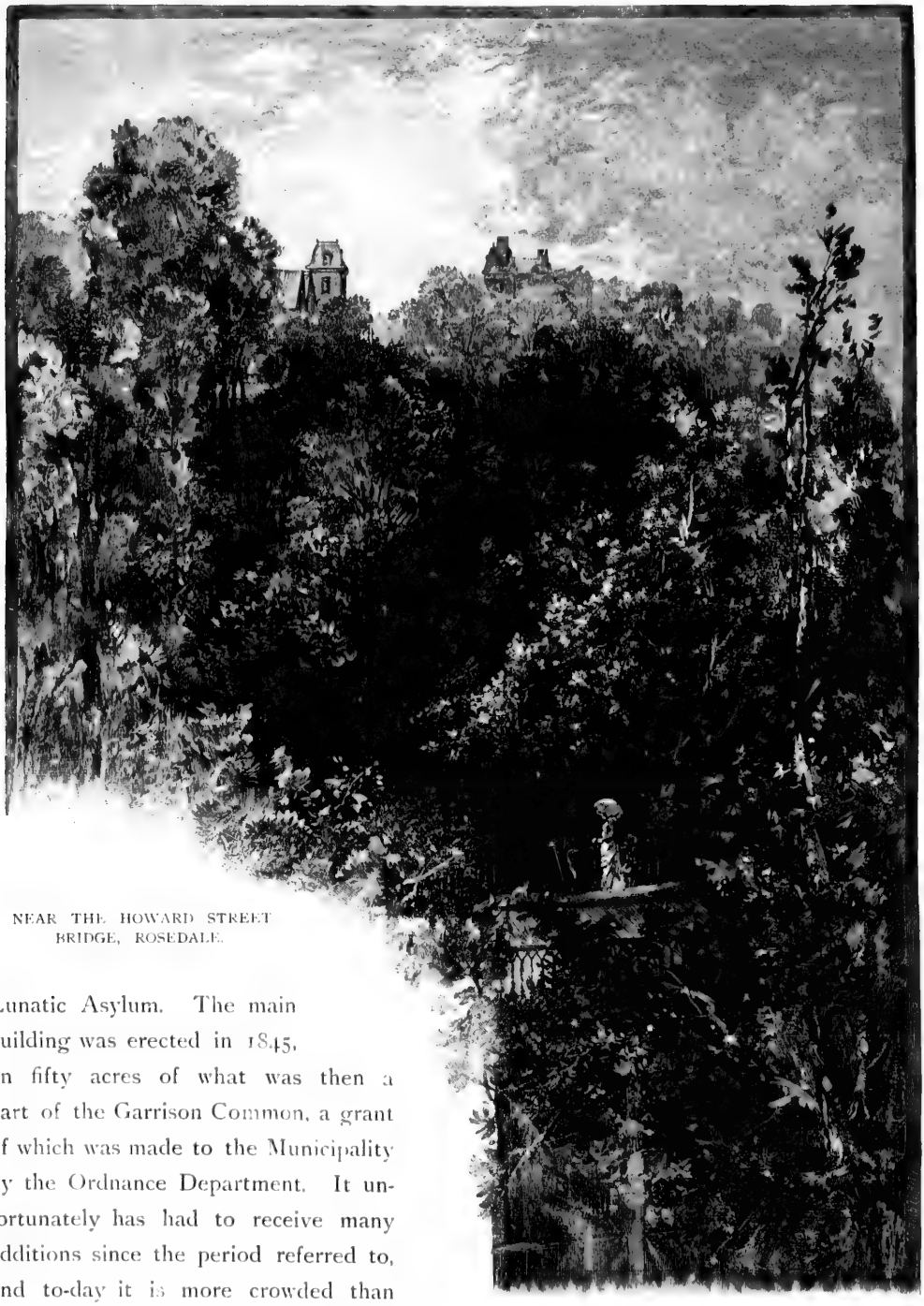
Regaining College Street, and turning to the right, we reach the great western artery of Spadina Avenue, and see the setting sun bring into glowing relief the belfry of St. Stephen's in the Field and the tower of the Fire Station adjoining. Away to the west and north the city is fast bringing within its embrace an area of large extent, and creating thousands of comfortable homes for its ever-increasing population. College Street has now communication across the beautiful ravine in rear of Trinity University with Brockton, and supplies the "missing link" between the heart of the city and Dundas Street, the great inland highway of the Western Province.

Finely situated, at the head of Spadina Avenue, is the new home of Knox College, a handsome building devoted to the training of students for the Presbyterian Church. The College was founded in 1846, and long had its habitation in Elmsley Villa, to the northward of the Central Presbyterian Church on Grosvenor Street, and what was once the vice-regal residence of Lord Elgin. It has a partial endowment, and an able faculty, whose zealous work will always secure for it hearty support. The new buildings were erected at a cost of $120,000.

Descending Spadina Avenue, we catch a glimpse of Toronto *super mare*, and of the summer traffic of the lake beyond. The lower portion of the avenue is known as Brock Street, from which Clarence Square branches off to the left, and Wellington Place to the right. On the latter are situated the Conventual buildings of Loretto Abbey; and just in rear stood the once residence of Vice-Chancellor Jameson, in whose wainscotted parlour gossipping whist-parties used to meet, in the cradle time of the city's life, the talented authoress of the "Legends of the Madonna" and "Characteristics of Women." In this Colonial home were no doubt written Mrs. Jameson's Canadian reminiscences, "Winter Studies and Summer Rambles."

Turning westward on Queen Street, and passing St. Andrew's Market and the Denison Avenue Presbyterian Church, we come upon the beautiful grounds and ecclesiastical-looking edifice of Trinity College. The University was founded in 1852 by Bishop Strachan; and by Royal Charter it is empowered to confer degrees in Divinity, Arts, Law, and Medicine. Convocation consists of the Chancellor, the Provost and Professors of Trinity College, together with those admitted to the degree of Master of Arts, and all graduates in the other faculties. The building is of white brick with stone dressings, and has a frontage of two hundred and fifty feet, with deep, projecting wings. It has numerous class-rooms, a Convocation Hall, Chapel and Library, and stands in a park of twenty acres, with a background of romantic beauty.

A little westward, on the opposite side of the street, is the great enclosure of the



NEAR THE HOWARD STREET BRIDGE, ROSEDALE.

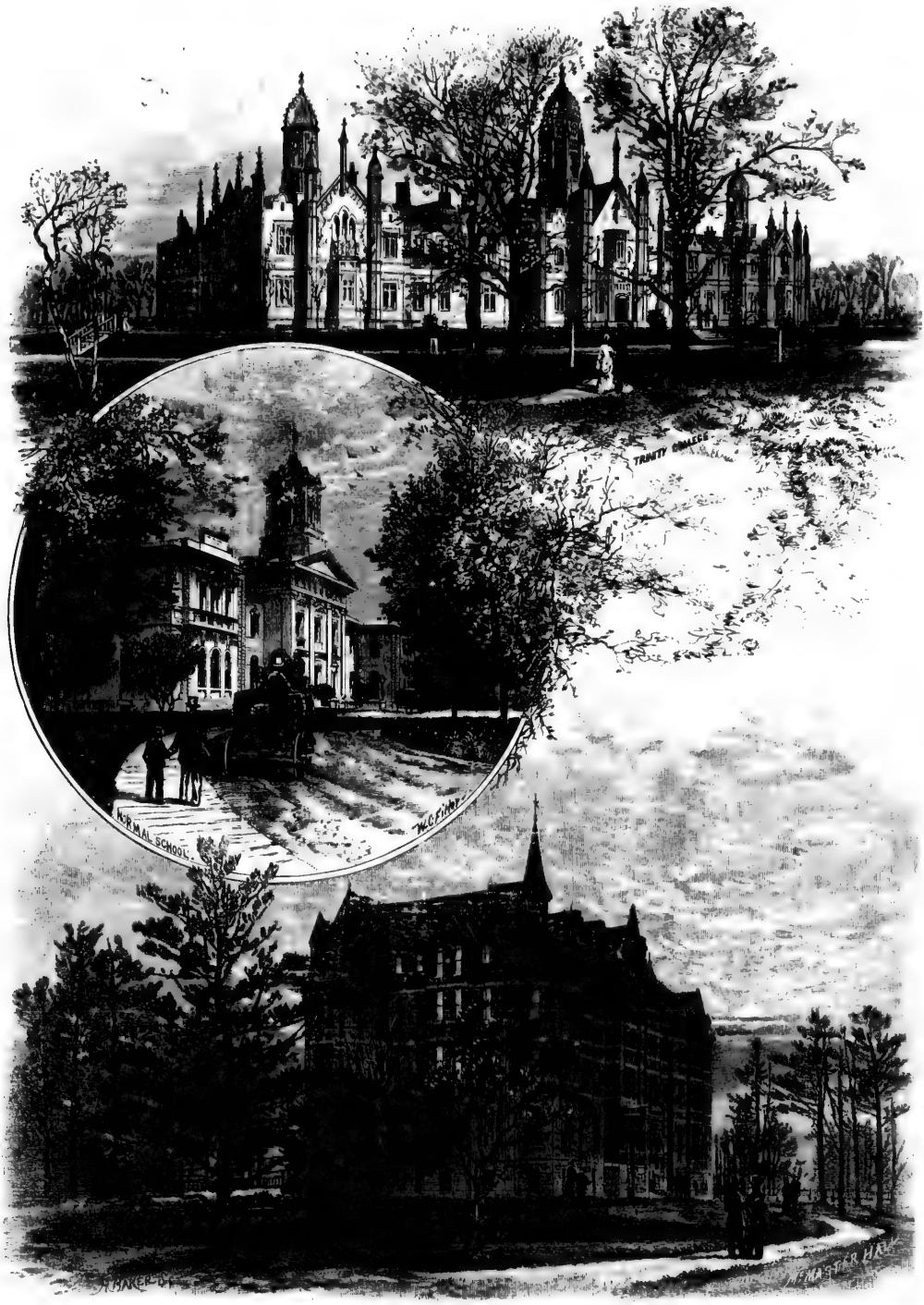
Lunatic Asylum. The main building was erected in 1845, on fifty acres of what was then a part of the Garrison Common, a grant of which was made to the Municipality by the Ordnance Department. It unfortunately has had to receive many additions since the period referred to, and to-day it is more crowded than ever. To the south of the Asylum are the Central Prison, the Mercer Reformatory, and the spacious grounds of the

Industrial Exhibition Association. Near by are the Home for Incurables, and one or two of the refuges for the sick and suffering of the city's poor.

West and north of the Asylum a new Toronto is rapidly rising in the suburban villages of Brockton and Parkdale; and when the afternoons think of passing into the evenings a stroll through these pleasant annexes of the city, a saunter in the groves of High Park, or an indolent "pull" up the dull-bosomed windings of the Humber, will be not the least of the enjoyable experiences of the rambler. Here, to the west of the city, one gets the fresh breezes of the lake; and stretching out from the Garrison Reserve, or from the pretty land-locked bay at the mouth of the Humber, the gleaming expanse of Ontario's waters may be seen for many a mile. The neighbourhood is now being made attractive by the opening up of High Park, a beautifully wooded area, with picturesque drives and inviting bridle-paths, which has recently been donated to the city. From the Humber the lake shore road gives communication, by way of the Credit River and Oakville,—a region which, of recent years, has become famous for its strawberry culture,—to the head of Burlington Bay and the city of Hamilton. Near the terminus of Queen Street, and before reaching Parkdale, Dundas Street trends away to the north-west, and forms the great highway, projected by Governor Simcoe, to the London District, and onward to the Detroit River at the western end of the Ontario Peninsula.

At this outlet of the city, where was once an unbroken forest of oak and yellow pine, a network of streets and avenues, with handsome villas and rows of contiguous houses, covers the area and, as we have said, creates a new and populous Toronto. Though the northern and eastern sections of the town had long the start in the race, Brockton and Parkdale are fast overtaking them, and bid fair, at no distant day, to extend the borders of the capital to the winding vale of the Humber. There, it may be, the coming years will see some western "Castle Frank" shoot its pinnacles through the foliage of the river that bounds the city on the west, and may recall to a younger generation the summer *château* of Toronto's founder, which reared its walls a century before on the stream that bounds the city on the east.

But the features of the city's progress have not been material alone, nor is the natural beauty of its surroundings the only source of pleasure. Recent years have made Toronto a centre for the intellectual interests of the Province. Time, wealth, and leisure are necessary conditions of this development. What is to be the distinguishing type of the national character a centre like Toronto must have it largely in its power to determine. In its commercial growth and development the coming time will give it a position among the first cities of the Continent. We would fain hope that its intellectual eminence will be correspondingly great. The aspiration reminds us of some words of Lord Dufferin, at the Toronto Club banquet in 1877: "After all," said His Excellency, "it is in the towns of a country that ideas are generated



EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.

and progress initiated; and Toronto, with her universities, with her law courts, with her various religious communities, her learned professions, possesses in an exceptional degree those conditions which are most favourable to the raising up amongst us of great and able men, as well as robust and fruitful systems of religious, political, and scientific thought." Possessed of these conditions, her citizens should not fail to make the fullest and worthiest use of them, but give free play to those formative influences that make for the highest weal of the community, and that will most effectively contribute to her civic fame.

The past history of Toronto is the best augury of what her future will be. It is only three-quarters of a century since the tract of land now embraced in the city was covered by the forest, and the whole region, as the records of the Indian Department of the Government declare, passed at a cost of ten shillings from the red man to the white. The successive transforming steps from a wilderness to a capital city now read like a fable. But to the pioneers of the town, slow and toilsome, we may be sure, were the initial stages; and only stout arms and heroic endurance set the city upon its feet. Then, when Nature was subdued, what contests had to be entered upon, and how fierce were the struggles, which gave to the country its liberties and shaped for it its constitution! Think, too, from what, in the way of kingcraft and Old World diplomacy, it had to emancipate itself! "Mind what you are about in Canada!" were the irate words addressed by King William IV. to one of his ministers. "By ——, I will never consent to alienate the Crown Lands, nor to make the Council elective!" But a happier star is now in the ascendant. The days of colonial pupilage are over; the strifes of the cradle time of the Province are gone by; and it is now the era of progress and consolidation, of national growth and the formation of national character. We have no troublesome questions to vex us and to waste time over: we have a high mission to fulfill, and a distinctive life to develop. Education is spreading, and its refining influence is everywhere operative. Party and sectarian animosities are on the wane; and the influence of reason in journalism and politics is asserting itself. Let there be but more patriotic feeling, a fuller national sentiment, with a more expressive public spirit, and a better determined civic life, and the metropolis of the Province will take its proper position among the varied communities of the Dominion.

TORONTO, FROM KINGSTON ROAD.

FROM TORONTO, WESTWARD.

LEAVING Toronto, and proceeding westward in search of the picturesque, we take the Credit Valley Railroad for the "Forks of the Credit." In little more than two hours from Toronto, and when within a half-hour of Orangeville, we find ourselves nestling in the bosom of the Caledon Hills. "The *Forks*" would be more correctly named "The *Prongs* of the Credit." The westerly prong pierces a deep and romantic ravine between vertical walls of red and gray sandstone. Parallel to the eastern prong, but receding from the stream, rise undulating hills of the same formation. The sandstone is compact, uniform and free from impurities; it yields to the chisel and the lathe beautiful architectural and decorative effects. Quarrymen are now merrily at work. Their ringing steel and powder-blasts are frequently heard; and with this mimicry of

war they affright the gentle echoes that sleep among those quiet and romantic glens. A little distance up the left branch of the Credit we are challanged by a high sentry-tower,—"the Devil's Pulpit," it is locally named. Ascending this we gain a commanding view of the Valley of the Credit; and away towards the east we range with our eyes the wooded height of land that separates the fountains of the Credit from those of the Humber. The sweet, cold, shadowy waters of the Credit have always been the very paradise of fish. The headwaters swarm with speckled trout. If we are ambitious of larger prey we must follow the river below the Fork through its long, quiet stretches, passing Brampton, the County seat, with its agricultural activities and industries. After leaving Streetsville with its humming looms, the fishing may become more serious and exciting:—four-pounder black bass, and nine-pounder pike. Still descending the river, we strike Governor Simcoe's old military highway, Dundas Street, and we see, hard by, the old Indian burying-place, where rest with their weapons of the chase beside them some of the keenest sportsmen the world has ever bred. The Indian village has now vanished, but here was once the focus of western Salmon-fishing. Here within the frame of the Credit woods the torches of the fire-fishers nightly lit up such pictures as Paul Kane came from Toronto to preserve on his canvas. But one day the Mississagas sold their heritage and departed; and curiously enough, with the disappearance of the Indians, disappeared also suddenly and forever the salmon which the Great Spirit had so bountifully provided for his poor, improvident children.

Leaving Port Credit, we coast along the shore, just glancing wistfully as we pass at Oakville and its luscious strawberry-meads. Were we to land and taste of "that enchanted stem" we should, like the lotus-eaters, abide there all summer. Many do so.

Bearing westward we reach the Head of the Lake, the "Fond du Lac," which it was long the dream and ambition of French explorers to reach. The discovery of Burlington Bay was reserved for La Salle in this wise. Champlain's inroad into the lair of the Iroquois tiger had forever closed to him the exploration of Lake Ontario, and thus Lake Simcoe and Georgian Bay and Lake Huron had all been repeatedly visited long before Ontario had been explored. In 1669 the fearless spirit of La Salle overleaped all barriers, and dashing into this inland sea with a flotilla of seven canoes he explored it to the very head. Quoth the *Ancient Mariner:*

> "The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
> The furrow followed free;
> We were the first that ever burst
> Into that silent sea."

Coasting along the south shore of what he named "Lake Frontenac," La Salle discovered the mouth of the Niagara and, first of all Europeans, he heard the awful

voice of the cataract. Thence along the beautiful woodlands of Lincoln and Wentworth, with views disclosed, now of descending streams, and again of peaceful bayous fringed with cedars and inlaid with white and gold pond-lilies. At length a sylvan lake of enchanting beauty was reached. Without the aid of the Light House and Canal that now give the largest steamers easy entrance to Burlington Bay, La Salle led his flotilla within its sheltering arms. It was the 24th of September, 1669. The dense underwood up the hill-sides, and the stately forests covering the heights, formed an amphitheatre of the richest foliage, which was already kindling with the gold and crimson fires of the Canadian autumn. While resting here, La Salle was astonished to learn from the natives that another French explorer had just reached a village on the Grand River beyond. This proved to be no less a personage than Joliet—hereafter to become La Salle's victorious rival in the race for the finding of the Mississippi. Could a more picturesque incident be conceived than the meeting of these young men who were presently to become so famous? Joliet explained that he had been sent by the Intendant Talon to discover certain rumored copper-mines in the Northwest; the Jesuit missionaries Marquette and Dablon had volunteered to accompany him. Stopped by a *sault* in their upward progress, the missionaries had remained to found the Mission of St. Marie. Joliet returned, but with an absorbing passion for adventure, he selected for his return an unexplored route, which added to the maps of New France our western peninsula of Ontario. Joliet discovered the river and lake which have since been used to commemorate the mild military achievements of General St. Clair; he then explored a strait (Detroit) that gave the young explorer entry into a vast lake (Erie), hitherto unseen of white men. Coasting along the Canadian shore of Lake Erie, he discovered and ascended the Grand River, and he was now standing near the site of the future Mohawk Church, showing La Salle the first map of Peninsular Ontario!

A century and more passed over. New France had been cut adrift by Old France. Joliet's maps of the Lakes and of the Mississippi, which were designed to gratify the *Grand Monarque*, had supplied Edmund Burke with arguments on the question of the Pennsylvania boundary. Then came the disruption of the American Colonies and the influx of the Loyalists into Canada. In the vanguard of the refugees arrived Robert Land in 1778. His was a romantic story, but too long to tell. He selected the Head of the Lake rather for the game and the scenery than for the fertility of the soil. His first acre was ploughed with a hoe, sowed with a bushel of wheat, and harrowed with the leafy bough of a tree. For years he was his own miller, bruising the wheat into coarse meal. Good news came one day that a French Canadian had "enterprised" a mill at Ancaster. So, when Land's next grain was threshed out with the flail, he strapped a sack of wheat to his back and toiled up the mountain footpath seven miles, awaited his turn at the log grist-mill of Jean Jacques Rousseaux and then joyously

THE CREDIT RIVER.

descended the mountain carrying a sack of flour lighter by the miller's tithe. Land's homestead stood on the south-east corner of William and Barton Streets and his farm covered three hundred acres of the eastern part of Hamilton. Other hardy yeomen took up farms beside him. The surnames of the pioneers are preserved in Hughson Street, Jackson Street, Ferguson Avenue, etc., and their Christian names survive in James Street, John Street, Robert Street, and the rest. The quiet fields where these yeomen so proudly took a straight furrow with their new Ancaster ploughs, have since yielded a harvest of commercial activities and mechanical industries. The gentle sounds of the country are succeeded by the shrieks of rushing locomotives and steamboats; by the thud of the steam-hammer, the roar of foundriès and glass-furnaces; the whir of the countless pulleys that minister to the workers in wood, iron, brass, copper, zinc, tin and silver.

Parallel to the present beach, but away at the farther end of Burlington Bay, is an historic terrace of "conglomerate," or natural concrete. It represents the ancient lake-floor, though now lifted a hundred feet above the water. In 1813 the tide of invasion swept over the western Province up to the very foot of Burlington Heights. It was in those anxious days that Hamilton was born. The Heights were not then deeply excavated to receive a railroad, nor were they pierced by a canal. The only access was over an isthmus defended by field-works. On one side, a stone might have been dropped a hundred feet sheer into Burlington Bay; on the other side, into the deep marsh which had already acquired the nickname of "Coote's Paradise." The fortune of Upper Canada turned on the possession of this hill. Here General Vincent found a safe retreat when forced to withdraw from the Niagara frontier. It was from this eyry that Harvey swooped down upon the American camp at Stony Creek, and Fitzgibbon dashed upon the retreating invaders at Beaver Dam. A dangerous naval demonstration was made against the Heights, but it ignominiously failed. So the summer of 1813 passed hopefully away. But the October winds brought from Moravian town the low moaning of a grave disaster, and then Proctor found in Burlington Heights a welcome refuge.

The massing of men and military stores during the war no doubt prompted the formation of a permanent settlement. In 1813, George Hamilton laid out his farm in village lots, but the peace of Ghent came, and the stir and bustle on Burlington Bay expired with the watch-fires on its Heights. Hamilton had a future, but she must bide her time. Ancaster had taken an early and vigorous start; then Dundas had sprung up, a still more dangerous rival. The cutting of Burlington Canal in 1824–5 opened communication with Lake Ontario and secured to Hamilton invaluable geographical advantages. The year 1832 was to test whether Hamilton was simply "ambitious," or possessed the qualities that justify ambition. One awful night in the summer, a gaunt Asiatic stalked into the gaol, without undoing bolt or bar, and served writs of *Habeas*

BY THE LAKE SHORE.

Corpus that would brook no delay. When morning broke, it was clear to the townsmen that cholera was within their borders. The gaoler was himself hurried away: then the magistrates set free the surviving prisoners, except one who was already within the shadow of the gibbet. All summer long this dreadful presence stalked up and down the streets, entering the houses or peering in at the windows; but with the coming of the blessed frost, he disappeared. The pestilence barely gone, the midnight sky, one night in November, was suddenly lit up as bright as noontide, and Burlington Bay seen from afar gleamed like burnished gold. Before the fire could be subdued, many of Hamilton's best buildings were shapeless ruins. These calamities of 1832 might well have disheartened a young town, but within a few months Hamilton had not only recovered lost ground, but had planned a system of markets, and had provided for wider streets and a police patrol. Fire-engines were procured and great public wells were sunk. As in the towns of Old England and of New England, the town-pumps were long the centre of gossip and became the bill-boards for official notices. The Fountain in the Gore marks the site of the last survivor of those garrulous old town-pumps, from which Hawthorne has drawn so delightful a "Rill" in his "Twice-told Tales."

In the early days, Allan McNab was the leading spirit in every stirring incident. He was the foremost representative of the Gore District in Parliament. When cholera

invaded the gaol, it was Mr. McNab who released the surviving prisoners and assumed the responsibility. When the conflagration of November broke out, it must needs begin in Mr. McNab's building. At the outbreak of our domestic "unpleasantness" in 1837, Colonel the Hon. Allan McNab was Speaker of the House of Assembly, and Colonel Fitzgibbon (whom we met at Beaver Dam) was Clerk. Within thirty minutes after receiving a despatch from Sir Francis Head's courier, McNab was mustering the militia, and within three hours he was steaming away for Toronto in command of "The Men of Gore." On the morning following his arrival, he led the charge up Yonge Street that dispersed the "rebels." He organized the flotilla on the Niagara River which, under Captain Drew's dashing command, cut out the *Caroline*, and sent her blazing over the Falls.

One of the great thoroughfares of Hamilton commemorates Sir Allan's long services to his adopted city; and numerous minor streets serve by their names to indicate how closely the fortunes of Hamilton have been identified with his romantic career. McNab Street runs the whole depth of the city from the Mountain to the Bay, and midway it passes the Market. Less than a century ago the Market Square

MARKET DAY, HAMILTON.

was densely overgrown with shrubs and was a noted covert for wolves, so that even then there was an active market for venison. Here are now assembled, under the vigilant eye of the City Hall, the tempting products of the famous Gore and Niagara Districts. Returning into McNab Street and sauntering towards the Bay, if we glance in upon the streets which branch off from the busy thoroughfare, by the time we reach the water we have in the names of the streets read Sir Allan's autobiography in brief—the names of the friends, military and political, by whose aid he had risen.

Then Lochearne Street, branching off Dundurn Street, reminds us that Sir Allan had in memory his grandfather's seat on Lochearne in Perthshire when he named *Dundurn Castle*. From this baronial eyry on the Heights the old eagle in his later days would come out into the sun, and, looking down upon the young city, would plume himself upon its growth and prosperity. Certainly the Great Western Railway which thundered by and shook the cliff beneath his feet was won for Hamilton chiefly by Sir Allan's diplomacy and persistence. Hamilton has since, under the advice of sagacious journalists, stretched out her arms to Lake Erie, and Lake Huron, and Georgian Bay, and has grappled those commercial allies to her with "hooks of steel"; but the foundation of this far-seeing railroad policy was laid in the Great Western Railway, which first gave Hamilton her commercial preëminence over Dundas and other rivals.

Hamilton is nobly endowed, not alone for commerce, but for grand scenic effects. The high escarpment of the Niagara formation, over which the great cataract takes its plunge, closely follows the shore of Lake Ontario from the Falls to the edge of Burlington Bay. Here it suddenly sweeps back from the lake in a deep curve, forming a magnificent amphitheatre, and leaving at its base a broad stage gently sloping towards Burlington Bay. A finer natural site for a great city could scarcely be imagined. Then the irregular plan of the early village has been most happily turned to the best artistic effect. George Hamilton opened a straight thoroughfare east and west, called it Main Street, and attempted to make his village crystallize in regular blocks along this thread. An older nucleus, however, existed in the Gore, or *trivium*, towards which converged King Street, James Street, and the York (Toronto) Road, now York Street. Fortunately the crystallizing forces of the village were stronger than its founder and first lawgiver: an air-space was secured to the future city. The Gore is one of the most striking and delightful features in Hamilton: it is a truly refreshing surprise to find a beautiful public garden in the very heart of the business part of the city. This triangular inclosure is laid out in parterres of rich flowers and foliage plants; a noble fountain diffuses a grateful coolness, and restores to this changed landscape the old music of the running brooks that once used here to sing merrily on their course to the Bay. A graceful drinking-fountain invites the thirsty wayfarer; and when the city is *en fête* and the lamps of the Gore are all lit up, one given to musing recalls his

BURLINGTON CANAL.

PIER END LIGHT.

early readings of Baghdad and the Gardens of the Khalifs. It was surely a happy inspiration to thus soften the austerity of business, to mellow the dryness of finance, by the gentle, refreshing influence of fountains and flowers! Those merchants and manufacturers and bankers and lawyers that look out on such scenes must consciously or unconsciously be elevated in their tastes. Such influences were deeply considered and carefully provided in the old Greek cities, but our minds are only just beginning to recognize these powerful, if silent, forces. Now mark the buildings,—especially the

newer buildings,—surrounding or neighbouring on the Gore. Every citizen in this neighbourhood seems to feel the sentiment *noblesse oblige*: our buildings *must* be worthy of the place. This artistic sentiment is clearly seen in such buildings as the new offices of the Hamilton Provident and Loan Society and those of the Canada Life Assurance Company. And the feeling has inoculated the County Council, who have joined hands with the city and erected in Prince's Square a Court House, which does signal honour to both corporations. The Educational Institutions of Hamilton have always been among its chief glories. The Public system of schools commences with numerous, well-equipped Ward Schools, and is crowned by a Collegiate Institute, which is the largest organization of the kind in the Province. There is a Young Ladies' College, conducted under the auspices of the Wesleyan Church, and an extensive system of Roman Catholic Separate Schools.

Hamilton is the seat of two Bishops' Sees,—the Anglican Bishop of Niagara, and the Catholic Bishop of Hamilton. The lofty cathedrals and churches lead up the eye as well as the mind above the smoking steeples of industry. The merchants have built for themselves princely homes on the terraces of the Mountain. Then, looking down upon all from the mountain-brow, and piteously gazing out on a landscape of unsurpassed beauty, is a vast Asylum for the Insane—that mysterious, inseparable shadow of modern civilization!

In 1858, when starting off on his story of "Count or Counterfeit," the Rev. R. J. MacGeorge described Hamilton as "the ambitious and stirring little city." The sobriquet of "the ambitious little city" was thenceforward fastened upon Hamilton, the middle term being craftily omitted. A quarter-century has elapsed since "Solomon of Streetsville" wrote his burlesque, and time, which cures all things, has removed all reproach as to the city's size, but as to the rest, Hamilton is more stirring and more ambitious than ever. Ambitious? Why not? For ambition is

> "——the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
> To scorn delights and live laborious days."

Dundas was the most dangerous rival of Hamilton in the race for commercial preëminence. But Ancaster was still earlier in the field, and at one time was the centre of commerce, manufactures, and postal communication for the whole district. In his pedestrian tours through the Western Peninsula, Governor Simcoe would extend his already prolonged march in order to enjoy the cheer and the bright ingle-side of his Ancaster inn. As the fruit of Simcoe's tours, we have the great military highway which he drew and intended to open from Pointe au Baudet on the St. Lawrence, through Kingston, York (Toronto), the Head of the Lake (Dundas), Oxford (Woodstock), London, and so to the River Detroit. This great road he named "Dundas

Street," after Henry Dundas, Viscount Melville, who during Simcoe's governorship was Secretary-at-War in the Duke of Portland's cabinet. From this Street, which still at Dundas is called "The Governor's Road," the town took its name. The vast marsh which occupies the lower part of the picturesque Dundas Valley was a noted resort for water-fowl, and the military officers stationed at York (Toronto) revelled in the sport that it afforded. Early in the century, Captain Coote, of the Eighth or King's Regiment, devoted himself to this sport with so much enthusiasm that, by a well-aimed double-barrelled pun, which brought down at once both the water-fowl and the sportsman, the marsh was nicknamed "Coote's Paradise." By extension, the name was applied to a village that clustered around the upper end of the marsh, and thus in our earliest Parliamentary records we encounter "petitions" from "Coote's Paradise," and legislation based thereon.

Recent geologists tell us that some æons ago the water of the upper lakes discharged, not over the precipice at Niagara, but swept in a majestic tide down the strath of Dundas; and that the great marsh and Burlington Bay are but the survivals of this ancient epoch. Among the early burgesses of Dundas was one Pierre Desjardins, who, like the mighty canal-digger, Lesseps, did a good deal of original thinking for himself and for others. He saw the trade of the Western Peninsula falling in a thin cascade over the mountain at Ancaster and Grimsby and the rest; "*eh bien, mes amis,* why not turn the whole current of that trade down this ancient waterway of the Dundas Valley?" So Peter went to work, dug his canal the whole length of the marsh, and wound it around Burlington Heights, which was easier than carrying it through. The Great Western Railway presently began its embankments, and, by arrangement with that great mound-builder, the Desjardins Canal pierced the Heights. The remains of a mammoth were disinterred, startling the Irish navvies with the consideration, "What game-bags the sportsmen in the ould times must have had!"

With the opening of the Desjardins and Burlington Canals the keenest rivalry began between Dundas and Hamilton, old Ancaster looking down amusedly at this race from her seat on the Mountain. The odds seemed in favour of Dundas until the opening of the Great Western Railway,—headquarters at Hamilton. The race was then over! Soon the water-weeds began to encroach on the Desjardins Canal, and the very name was beginning to get unfamiliar when the frightful accident of the 12th of March, 1857, gave the place a renewed and a most tragic interest. The afternoon passenger train from Toronto, after entering on the drawbridge that spanned the canal at Burlington Heights, was heard to give a piercing shriek, and a moment afterwards was seen to crush through the bridge and plunge into the canal forty feet below. The evening was bitterly cold. All through the night, and through the next day, and next night, the doleful task proceeded of breaking up the sunken cars and removing the now headless passengers. What spectral vision of death the engineer Burnfield saw before him on

the bridge when he sounded that piercing cry will never be known, for, with a heroism worthy of Curtius and old Rome, he plunged with his iron steed into the abyss.

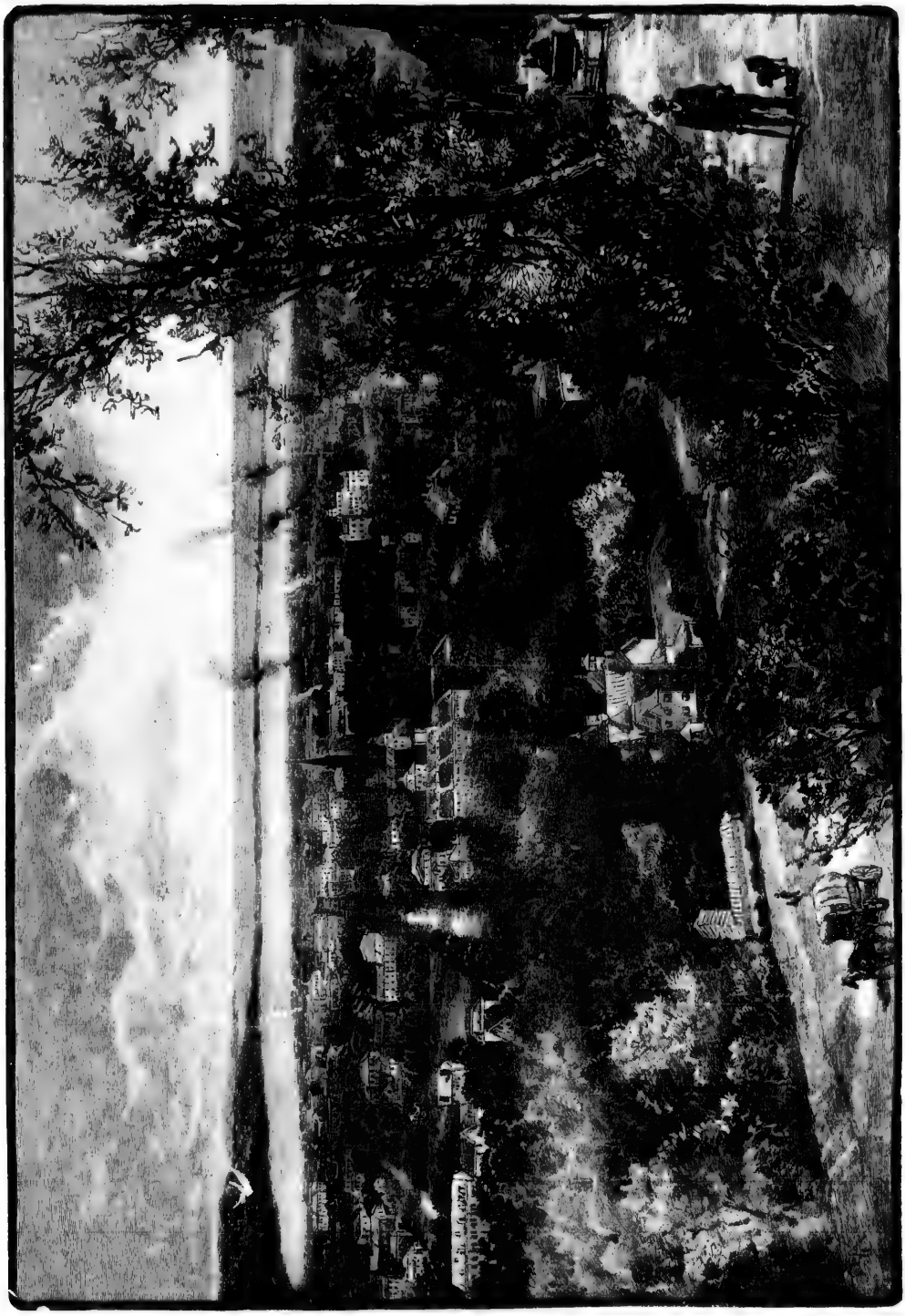
When it became apparent that railroad enterprise had altered the "manifest destiny" of Dundas, the town wisely devoted itself to manufactures rather than to navigation, selecting those manufactures which form the great staples of commerce and the prime movers of industry,—cotton manufacture, paper manufacture, the building of engines and boilers, the making of wood-working machinery, of carding machines, and of steel and iron tools, from the axe to the giant lathe. A fraternal relation has been established with its old commercial antagonist, Hamilton, by the laying of a steam tramway. No vicissitude of fortune can deprive Dundas of the greatest of her ancient glories, and that is her glorious scenery, which involuntarily brings every tourist to his feet as the train sweeps along the mountain terrace. Since the day, more than two centuries ago, when La Salle, first of Europeans, gazed upon this scenery,—the ravine, the neighbouring cascades, the whole valley,—there has been but one verdict, and against that verdict Dundas need fear no appeal!

Leaving the Dundas Valley, we cannot do better than strike across the country for the Grand River. We take the ancient Indian trail, by which the first white

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY STATION, HAMILTON.

DRINKING FOUNTAIN IN THE GORE.

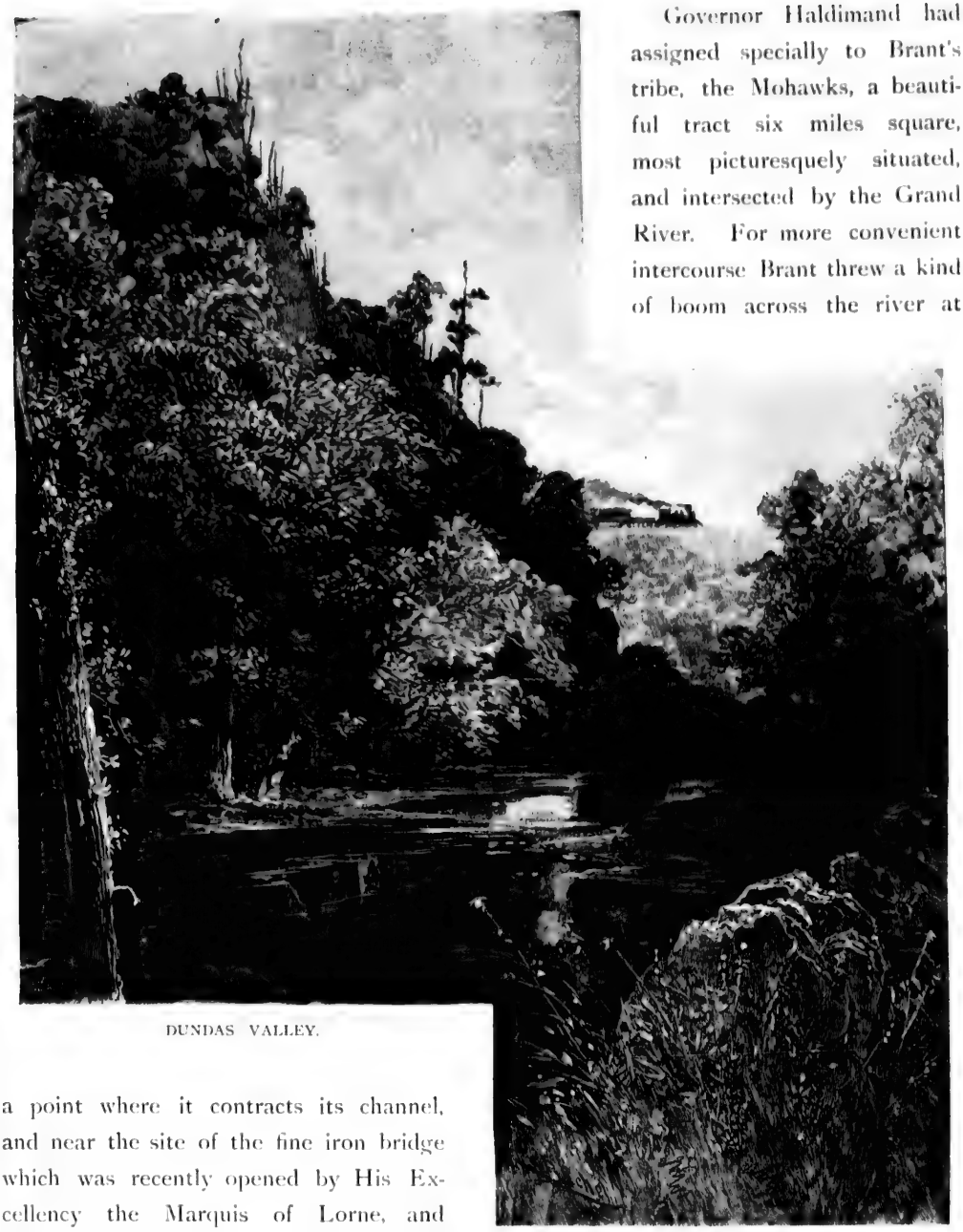
wayfarer through these solitudes, Joliet, made his way homewards to Quebec from the newly-discovered Sault Ste. Marie. It was through these glens, and through the archways of some of these very trees, that the young explorer joyously strode along with the first rough map of our Western Peninsula in his pocket. Following this old Indian trail through a series of picturesque landscapes, we strike the charming river which the French, from the size of the embouchure, named the "Grand," and which Governor Simcoe vainly attempted, by solemn statute, to re-christen the "Ouse." This district fell within the western riding of his County of York. The English County of York is traversed by the Ouse; *ergo* this river ought to be, not the "Grand," but the "Ouse." By a similar logical process, "Toronto" should be York, and became York accordingly.



HAMILTON AND BURLINGTON BAY, FROM THE MOUNTAIN.

Happily in neither case did the new label adhere. We have struck the Grand River, where the old Mohawk Church stands sentry over the tomb that incloses the mortal remains of Brant, the greatest of Indian chieftains. This church is all that now remains of Brant's ambitious and once famous Indian village, which for a half-century contributed so many picturesque pages to the narratives of tourists. Musing over Brant's tomb in the deepening shadow of the Mohawk Church, one's thoughts are borne with the murmuring river to the lake shores that often witnessed the prowess of those terrible warriors; and thence onwards to those shores beyond the seas where French and English statesmen often anxiously awaited the decisions of Indian council-fires. While cultivating the alliance of the Hurons around Georgian Bay, Champlain was betrayed into the fatal error of making an inroad into the lair of the Iroquois south of Lake Ontario. The British Government, on the other hand, has always shown a marked and humane consideration for all the aborigines of the Colonies, without reference to tribal divisions. Brant is affirmed to have been the son of one of the four Indian chiefs who visited England in 1710. Queen Anne had these novel visitors comfortably cared for in London, and attended by two interpreters. Students of Addison's *Spectator* will remember the amusing paper in which are given alleged extracts from the journal of one of these "Indian Kings":—the Indian's mythical account of the building of St. Paul's Cathedral, and his philosophical remarks on English politics and fashions. Queen Anne became so interested in the evangelization of the Red Men that she presented to the aborigines of the Mohawk Valley a communion service of solid silver, which went through all the turmoils of the Revolutionary War uninjured, and was brought over by Brant on his emigrating from the Mohawk to the Grand River. The service is still carefully preserved and is used at Communion. It is regarded by the Indians with great veneration; for, by historical as well as religious associations, it visibly links them to the great past of their race. Is it wonderful that the more thoughtful of this ancient race should now spend their lives in sad day-dreams on the epoch when the Iroquois were undisputed masters of all the Great Lakes, and of all the noble rivers and of the rich woodlands and their sunny glades from the Ottawa and the Hudson to the Mississippi? Lahontan, writing in 1684, estimated each of the five cantons of the Iroquois Confederacy at fourteen thousand souls, of whom fifteen hundred bore arms. A sixth "nation," the Tuscaroras, was admitted in 1714, bringing with it another warlike contingent. By their sagacity and eloquence at the council-fire, as well as by their matchless bravery in the field, the Mohawks long held the Hegemony in this unique Confederation. Is it wonderful to find this taciturn but emotional race living in the past rather than in the present? Talk of "reserves" to a race whose hunting-ground was half a Continent; you might as well have allocated Lake Windermere to the Danish vikings that roamed at will over the wild North Sea!

The Treaty of Utrecht in 1713 declared the Iroquois Confederacy,—then comprising Five Nations,—to be under the protection of Great Britain. The trust thus undertaken has ever since influenced the policy of the Canadian as well as of the Imperial Government. When the Civil contest broke out between England and the American Colonies, the Indians generally remained faithful to the "Great Father," and Brant's influence far more than outweighed the opposition of the Seneca chief, "Red Jacket." When the Revolutionary War closed, the U. E. Loyalists were at first forgotten, and among them the Indian allies, whose interests in the United States were obviously imperilled by the change of Government. Brant so strenuously represented the matter, that General Haldimand, the Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada, assigned to the Indian Loyalists a large reservation on the Grand River. This comprised originally a belt twelve miles wide, interesected by the river from the mouth to the source. Various contingents of the Six Nations arrived and formed cantons along the river front. For his own tribe, the Mohawks, Brant selected the picturesque and fertile valley in which Brantford was half a century later to be founded. It was Brant's early ambition to win over his people to civilized life, and to establish a prosperous and influential Mohawk Canton. He had been already engaged on this scheme in the Mohawk Valley. His tribe were not only fierce warriors and lithe huntsmen, but fairly good farmers. They, as well as their friends, the Senecas, had not only wide grain fields, but rich fruit orchards. For seventy years after the fire and sword of Sullivan's expedition had swept over their valleys, the traces of Indian industry were still discernible. Brant emigrated to the Grand River, having present to his memory the waving grain-fields and the hill-sides, white with orchard blossoms, which Indian husbandry had added to the landscapes of the Mohawk and Wyoming Valleys. He hoped to reproduce such scenes among the rich woodlands of the Grand River. But it was no light task to bring back to peaceful thoughts and pursuits his wild warriors after six years of savage warfare. Even without this recent frenzy in their blood, there was in the Indian race a passionate yearning after wild woodland life that *would* break out afresh after many years of civilized routine. On Brant's death, in 1807, his widow promptly abandoned the comfortable homestead, with its train of servants, at Wellington Square, and, after twenty-seven years of civilized life, set up a wigwam on the Grand River. Augustus Jones, the Deputy Provincial Surveyor,—remembered for his survey of Yonge Street and of very many of our early townships,—married an Indian bride at the Grand River, but their son, Peter Jones ("Sacred Waving Feathers,") the famous missionary, tells us that, owing to his father's frequent absence, the household reverted to Indian life and habits; that he himself lived and wandered for fourteen years with the Indians in the Grand River woods, blackening his face with charcoal to conciliate the Munedoos (Goblins), and behaving generally like a young pagan.



DUNDAS VALLEY.

Governor Haldimand had assigned specially to Brant's tribe, the Mohawks, a beautiful tract six miles square, most picturesquely situated, and intersected by the Grand River. For more convenient intercourse Brant threw a kind of boom across the river at a point where it contracts its channel, and near the site of the fine iron bridge which was recently opened by His Excellency the Marquis of Lorne, and which bears his name. This crossing came to be known as "Brant's Ford" and afterwards "Brantford"; just as Chaucer's gentle cadence "Oxenford" became sharpened and shrilled into "Oxford." The chieftain's plan of civilization set out with the Evangelization of his tribe. In 1785 he visited England, where he was received with distinction, and on his return he built with the

funds he had collected the Mohawk Church, as we still find it. Resuming the studies of his earlier and his happiest days, he translated into the Mohawk dialect the Service of the Anglican Church and the Gospel of St. Matthew. In this translation of the Gospel it is very interesting to note that he renders "town" or "village" by "*Canada*," thus supplying an undesigned but striking elucidation of our National name. This Mohawk Church was the first temple dedicated to Christianity in Upper Canada, and the "sound of a church-going bell" was here first heard. Though the church is left the lonely survivor of Brant's village, service is still regularly conducted there in the Mohawk dialect, which is now generally understood by all of the Six Nations. Towards the end of his life Brant changed his residence to Wellington Square (Burlington), where he occupied a house and estate bestowed upon him by the Government. On May-Day of every year the banks of the Grand River above and below the Ford exhibited unusual stir and animation; for this was the great annual festival of the Six Nations. As we look out from the Lorne Bridge on the charming landscape that has in places survived the change of race, let us conjure away the busy streets and mills and factories, the church spires and educational institutes of the present city; let us take the "town-plot" of 1830 away back to its primeval, park-like beauty. These river-banks are once more clothed to the verge with rich woods, that are now putting forth their young foliage. Here and there are natural meadows already joyous with bright spring flowers. The Grand River dances merrily in the sun this May-morning, as great canoes sweep up and down, bearing warriors gay with waving feathers and brilliant with vermillion. Their tomahawks have been polished to the brightness of silver, and flash out from their belts like meteors as the warriors bow to the sweep of their paddles. The smoke of wigwams ascends the still morning air in slumberous columns. Presently, all the canoes converge towards the Mohawk Village. The state coach of Brant, the great Tekarihogea of the Six Nations,—"the chief of chieftains and warriors,"—approaches, drawn by four horses and attended by a numerous retinue of liveried servants. He is received with a barbaric pomp, that to those earnest men is no unmeaning parade. As we scan their faces, we remember with a shudder they are the very men who swept with the whirlwind of their revenge the valleys of the Susquehanna! Unhappily for poor *Gertrude of Wyoming*, Brant was *not* there to restrain them, as he elsewhere did, and as he alone of mortals could. Happier days and peaceful scenes have now befallen the Iroquois; to-day they are met near the Grand River Ford for festivity. The war-dances begin, and they are given with an earnestness suggestive of recent and terrible rehearsals. We are glad when the younger warriors introduce their games of activity, notably the graceful Lacrosse, in which the "Brants" of another race and a future generation will perhaps by their achievements obscure the remembrance of this May-Day. Now the daylight fails; the camp-

fires light up into wild relief the wigwams, those dusky, athletic forms, and the foliage of the woodlands. The assembled warriors form a circle around their renowned Tekarihogea and listen to his every word with profound attention; for Brant has lately returned from his second visit to the Court of the "Great Father," where he has been received like a "King of Men," as he is. He is full of bright anticipation. He has brought over money to erect a church, and he has had a church-bell specially cast, which will soon arrive. As to that anxious question, the fee-simple of the Indian Reserves, the Prince of Wales assured him on his honour all would be well. We are in the midst of the chieftain's bright anticipations for the Six Nations and their Mohawk metropolis, when our reverie is broken by a railway train thundering athwart the river. We find ourselves still on the Lorne Bridge, the dark current is swirling past the abutment, and the gas-lights are glancing on the water. What of Brant's Mohawk metropolis and of his bright hopes for the Six Nations?

Half-civilized communities have at any time but little cohesion, and, even during Brant's life, disruptive forces were actively at work. A faction of his tribe split off and went away to the Bay of Quinté. His eldest son, a morose and implacable savage, was deeply concerned in these domestic broils: he led a continuous and determined opposition to the chieftain's sagacious plans, and suggested unworthy motives. Following up his unnatural hate, he made a murderous assault upon his father in his own house at Wellington Square, but the old warrior smote him such a blow that he died of the effects. Under the cloud of this awful tragedy,—the gruesome evidence of which is still discernible at Brant House,—the chieftain rapidly failed. The last words caught from his dying lips were a gasping entreaty to care for the interests of the poor Red Men. His youngest son by the third wife succeeded him in his chieftainship and dignity. The son was manfully struggling with the difficult task that had been left to him when the unfortunate War of 1812 broke out, with its demoralizing influences. At the first scent of blood the Mohawk warriors returned with a tremendous rebound towards savage habits of life. Their gallant young chieftain led them in person at the battles of Queenston Heights, Lundy's Lane, and the Beaver Dam; but during the war he had great difficulty in keeping them under restraint, and it was still more difficult, when the war was over, to win them back to peaceful industry. The scheme of the great Iroquois Colony with the Mohawk metropolis was a most interesting political experiment, but its failure was a foregone conclusion. In 1830 Captain John Brant recognized the issue by granting a "town-plot" to a more organizable race. On this site arose successively the village, town, city of Brantford, which happily perpetuates the English name of the great Thayendanegea. Scarcely had the younger chieftain seen the foundation laid for this more promising enterprise when, after six hours' illness, he fell a victim to cholera during the dreadful visitation of

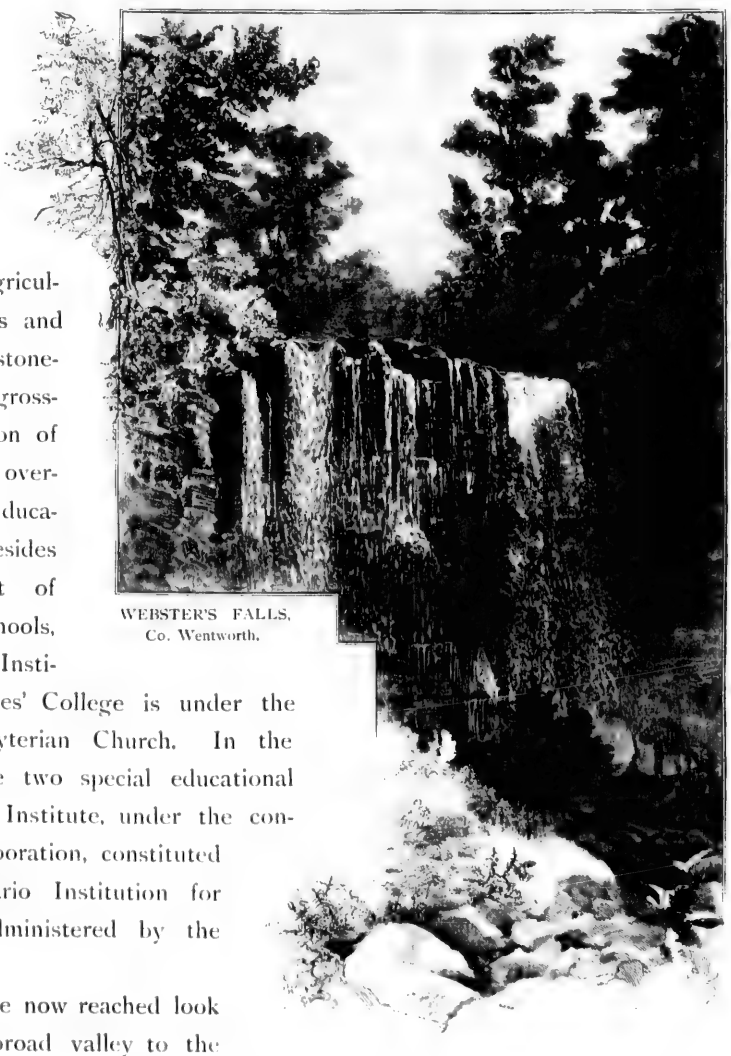
THE OLD MOHAWK CHURCH.

1832. His ashes were laid beside those of his famous sire Their tomb brings annually many pilgrims to Brantford, and thence to the Mohawk Church.

The Council House of the Six Nations is now in the Township of Tuscarora, about eleven miles from Brantford. The views along the river in this delightful drive are remarkably fine, especially where we look down upon the "ox-bow" bend: there, on the rich alluvium of Bow Park, the Honourable George Brown established his famous herds of short-horn cattle, which are still one of the sights of this neighbourhood. The Earl of Dufferin was entertained in 1874 by the Six Nations at their Council House. With these assembled chiefs and warriors the main concern was, not their own welfare, but the memory of their great chief! They entrusted the Governor-General with an address to H. R. H. Prince Arthur, who, on his visit to

Canada in 1860, had been enrolled a chief of the Iroquois Confederation. The outcome of this address was a public movement for a Brant Memorial, which it is intended shall occupy the centre of the Victoria Park, Brantford, opposite the Court House.

Along the Grand River Valley from Brantford to Fergus we have a long series of picturesque seats of industry. The chief are Brantford, Paris, Galt, Preston and Elora on the main river; Ayr on the Nith, which joins the Grand River at Paris; and Guelph on the Speed, which joins the Grand River at Preston.



WEBSTER'S FALLS, Co. Wentworth.

Among the leading industries of Brantford are manufactures of engines and boilers; portable saw-mills; grist-mill machinery; agricultural implements; stoves and ploughs; cotton and stoneware. Amidst these engrossing interests the education of the young has not been overlooked. The Public Educational System includes, besides the ordinary equipment of Central and Ward Schools, an extensive Collegiate Institute. The young Ladies' College is under the oversight of the Presbyterian Church. In the vicinity of Brantford are two special educational institutions; the Indian Institute, under the control of a benevolent corporation, constituted in 1649; and the Ontario Institution for the Blind, which is administered by the Provincial Government.

From the hill we have now reached look away south across the broad valley to the wooded heights. Nestling among those distant trees lies a cosy homestead which, in the days of its late owner, suggested, not hard-handed husbandry, but literary leisure and scientific research. The house lay back from the highway with a hospitable vine-clad porch; and, if you strolled to the edge of the grounds, you looked down from a

lofty arbour upon a river vista of exceeding loveliness. Amid the inspiring scenery of Tutelo Heights was conceived and brought forth that most surprising of articulate creatures, the Speaking Telephone. It was in the long summer days of 1874,—just when the golden wheat-fields on the Heights were waving a welcome to the harvesters,—that the germinal idea occurred to Professor Graham Bell. Then followed two years of intense thought and constant experiment. Among Canadians there were a few men "visionary" enough to realize the vast possibilities of the instrument,—notably neighbour Brown of Bow Park, and his brother. Mr. W. H. Griffin, the Brantford agent of the Dominion Telegraph Company, generously gave his nights and the use of his wires to the cause, and thus the new invention came first to be tested on an actual telephonic circuit between Brantford and Tutelo Heights. It was a balmy August night of 1876, tranquil and starlight—a night which none of us who were present in the porch on the Heights are likely to forget. A prefatory "Hoy, hoy!" spoken into the Telephone was swiftly answered back by "Hoy, hoy!" Some weird, ghostly echo? No: a cheery human voice replying from Brantford,—yonder where the distant lights are glimmering in the valley. Hearty congratulations were exchanged. Then a paragraph was read from the news of the day,—by an auspicious coincidence, some project of high hope and expectation. The sentences distilled from an aerial wire, and from the earth beneath our feet into the little receiver, word by word, clear and bright as amber. There was something inexpressibly solemn in that first human voice flowing in out of boundless space and welling up from the foundations of the world. A pause. Then a slender runlet of sweet, plaintive music trickled into the ear; other voices swelled the refrain, and now a very fountain of melody gushed forth. The Telephone has since become one of the most familiar of scientific instruments; but, on that memorable occasion, when its powers were first unfolded, the scene might well be thought a *levée* of King Oberon,—an enchanted Dream of the Mid-summer Night.

Between Brantford and Paris river-views of great beauty reward the adventurous canoeist. Paris, like Quebec, has an upper and lower town: the dividing line here is the Nith, or "Smith's Creek," which, after winding through deep, romantic glens, joins the Grand River. The settlement was originally called "The Forks of the Grand River" until Hiram Capron, locally dignified as "King" Capron, raised the standard of revolt. He called a public meeting (about 1836) and protested against having to head all his letters with "The Forks of the Grand River." He recommended the word "Paris" both for shortness, and because there was so much crude plaster of Paris in the neighbourhood. Thus the settlement got the name Paris, and the shrewd Vermonter gained a perpetual advertisement for his gypsum beds and plaster mill! The gypsum deposit on the Grand River extends from Cayuga to Paris, a distance of about thirty-five miles. Geologically it belongs to the "Onondaga" formation, and, at

LORNE BRIDGE, BRANTFORD.

COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE, BRANTFORD.

Paris, the deposit is divided into two veins of four or five feet in thickness by a four-foot stratum of shale. The veins are mined back to considerable distances from the river-banks, leaving a series of dark catacombs, and thus giving to the Canadian Paris at least a subterranean resemblance to the French metropolis. Among the characteristic industries of this picturesque town, its knitting factories should not be overlooked.

The novelist, John Galt, is responsible for many of the geographical names that are found within or near the old domain of the Canada Company. Many puzzling names of townships become abundantly clear by reference to a list of the Company's directors during the years when Galt was their Superintendent. Many names were bestowed by him as a compliment to others, or by others as a compliment to him. Among the latter was "Galt," first designating a postal station, and afterwards successively the village and town. In 1816 the Honourable William Dickson purchased the township, which he named Dumfries after his native town in Scotland. He committed the practi-

cal details of colonizing this unbroken forest to Absalom Shade, a young Buffalonian, by trade a carpenter, and by natural capabilities anything else that may be needed. Shade's sagacity is sufficiently evinced in the site that he chose for the future town The material advantages in water-power were obvious; let us hope that he was not uninfluenced by the glorious scenery which Mr. Young, the Historian of Galt, restores for us in a few vivid sentences: "As Mr. Shade surveyed the scene stretched out before him during that July afternoon in 1816, it must have appeared infinitely grander than at the present time. The gently sloping oval-shaped valley at his feet, the waters of the Grand River passing—like a broad band of silver—straight through its centre, the graceful hills encircling around, and the luxuriant profusion of summer foliage rising from the centre, tier above tier, until the highest peaks of the sombre pines were reached—these peculiarities of the landscape, so suggestive of a vast natural amphitheatre, must have made up a striking and beautiful picture. It must have looked like an immense Coliseum in leaves!" At Mr. Dickson's request the Post Office of the new settlement was named "Galt" after his early friend and his school-mate in Edinburgh; but for eleven years the settlers called their village "Shade's Mills." The genial novelist visited the place in 1827, and henceforward village as well as Post Office bore his name. On the occasion of this very visit, was not Galt making thumb-nail sketches of Shade and others to be afterwards developed in his novel "Lawrie Todd"? We throw out the suggestion for the benefit of *Galtonians*,—readers of Galt as well as residents of Galt.

The town is now a prosperous centre of industry. There are large flouring mills driven by the fall of the river, and numerous machine-shops, factories and foundries driven by steam. The raw materials that feed these busy hives are wood, iron, wool and leather. Galt has won its way through some severe ordeals. In July, 1834, the cholera, introduced by a travelling menagerie, swept away in four days nearly a fifth of the population, and followed out to their farms in the vicinity many of the rural sight-seers. The violence of the plague was so great that robust men died in some cases within an hour of seizure. In 1851 and again in 1856 the town suffered appalling losses from fire; but indomitable courage "out of this nettle danger plucked this flower safety." The fires found Galt built of wood, and left it built of limestone and granite. The most recent architectural triumph is the Presbyterian Church that morning and evening casts upon the Grand River the shadow of its lofty and graceful spire.

Guelph enjoys the triple honour of having a Royal name, a literary parentage, and a distinguished historian. Mr. Galt tells us how, after mapping out a block of more than 40,000 acres of the choicest land in the Company's broad domain, he had the rich woodlands and river banks explored, and that by a gratifying consensus of reports the present site of Guelph was selected. In order to give the

occasion due importance and solemnity, St. George's Day (April 23rd,) 1827, was selected for the inauguration. We cannot do better than let the founder himself describe it:—

"About sunset, dripping wet, we arrived near the spot we were in quest of, a shanty, which an Indian, who had committed murder, had raised as a refuge for himself.

"We found the men, under the orders of Mr. Prior, whom I had employed for the Company, kindling a roaring fire, and after endeavouring to dry ourselves, and having recourse to the store basket, I proposed to go to the spot chosen for the town. By this time the sun was set, and Dr. Dunlop, with his characteristic drollery, having doffed his wet garb, and dressed himself Indian fashion in blankets, we proceeded with Mr. Prior, attended by two woodsmen with their axes.

"It was consistent with my plan to invest our ceremony with a little mystery, the better to make it remembered. So intimating that the main body of the men were not to come, we walked to the brow of the neighbouring rising ground, and Mr. Prior having shown the site selected for the town, a large maple tree was chosen; on which, taking an axe from one of the woodmen I struck the first stroke. To me at least the moment was impressive,—and the silence of the wood that echoed to the sound, was as the sigh of the solemn genius of the wilderness departing for ever.

"The doctor followed me—then, if I recollect rightly, Mr. Prior—and the woodmen finished the work. The tree fell with a crash of accumulating thunder, as if ancient nature were alarmed at the entrance of man into her innocent solitudes with his sorrows, his follies, and his crimes.

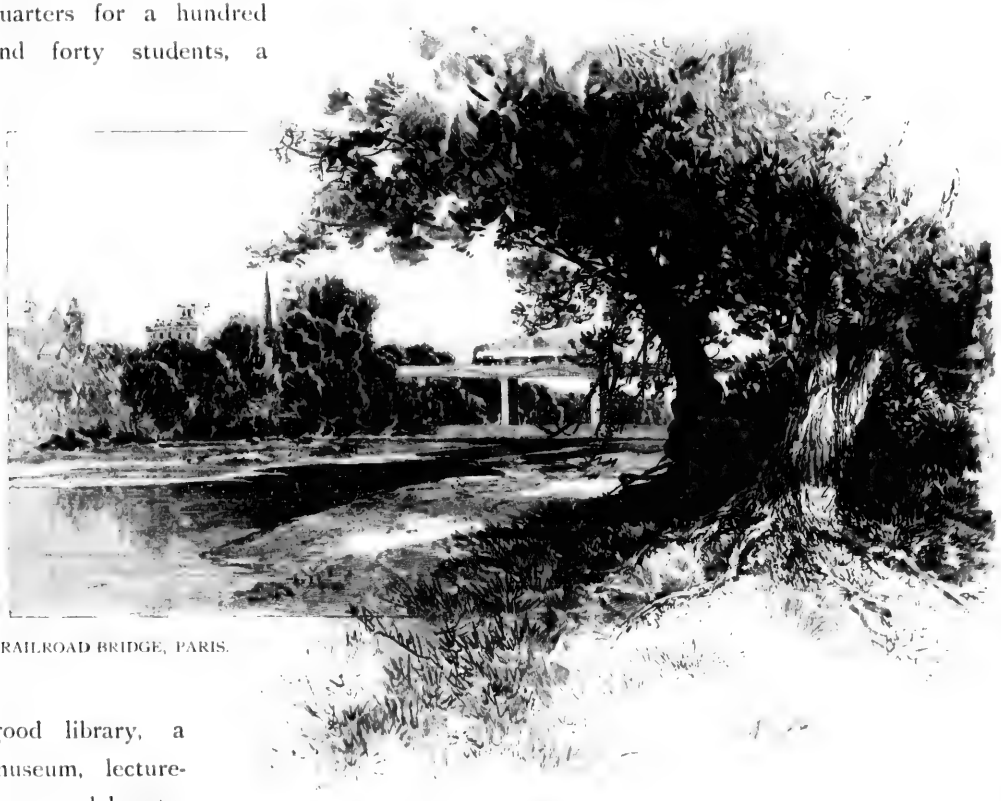
"I do not suppose that the sublimity of the occasion was unfelt by the others, for I noticed that after the tree fell there was a funereal pause, as when the coffin is lowered into the grave; it was, however, of short duration, for the doctor pulled a flask of whiskey from his bosom, and we drank prosperity to the City of Guelph.

"The name was chosen in compliment to the Royal Family, both because I thought it auspicious in itself, and because I could not recollect that it had ever before been used in all the King's dominions."

The success predicted for the new settlement by its founder was already more than half won by the very site he had chosen. From its throne on the hills the "Royal City" would command one of the choicest of agricultural realms—a succession of alluvial bottoms, pastoral streams, and fruitful hill-sides. Water-power came rushing and bounding down the heights, neighing for its master like a high-mettled charger, eager to champ the forest trees into lumber and the golden grain into foamy flour. The rolling landscape early suggested pastoral farming. The way thither was well led more

than half a century ago by Rowland Wingfield, a young gentleman from Gloucestershire, who stocked his hill-sides with Southdown and Leicester sheep, besides importing short-horn cattle and Berkshire hogs. Mr. A. D. Ferrier, in his "Reminiscences," recalls the landing of this choice stock at Quebec, and the sensation there produced. It was an "object lesson," not only for the *habitans*, but for the best of our Western farmers. The first Guelph fairs exhibited not the glossy fat beeves and the grunting pork-barrels of to-day, but often the most shadowy of kine and the most saurian of "alligators." Experimental farming took early and deep root in this district, enriching by its results not alone the district, but the entire Province.

These valuable experiments received official recognition in 1873, when the Provincial College of Agriculture and Experimental Farm was located about a mile south of Guelph, on a tract of 550 acres, which had previously formed the stock farm of Mr. F. W. Stone. The old farm-house has rapidly grown into an extensive pile of buildings, including, besides quarters for a hundred and forty students, a good library, a museum, lecture-rooms, laboratories and conservatories. The design of this admirable institution is to apply to agriculture the principles, the methods, and the discoveries of modern scientific research.



RAILROAD BRIDGE, PARIS.

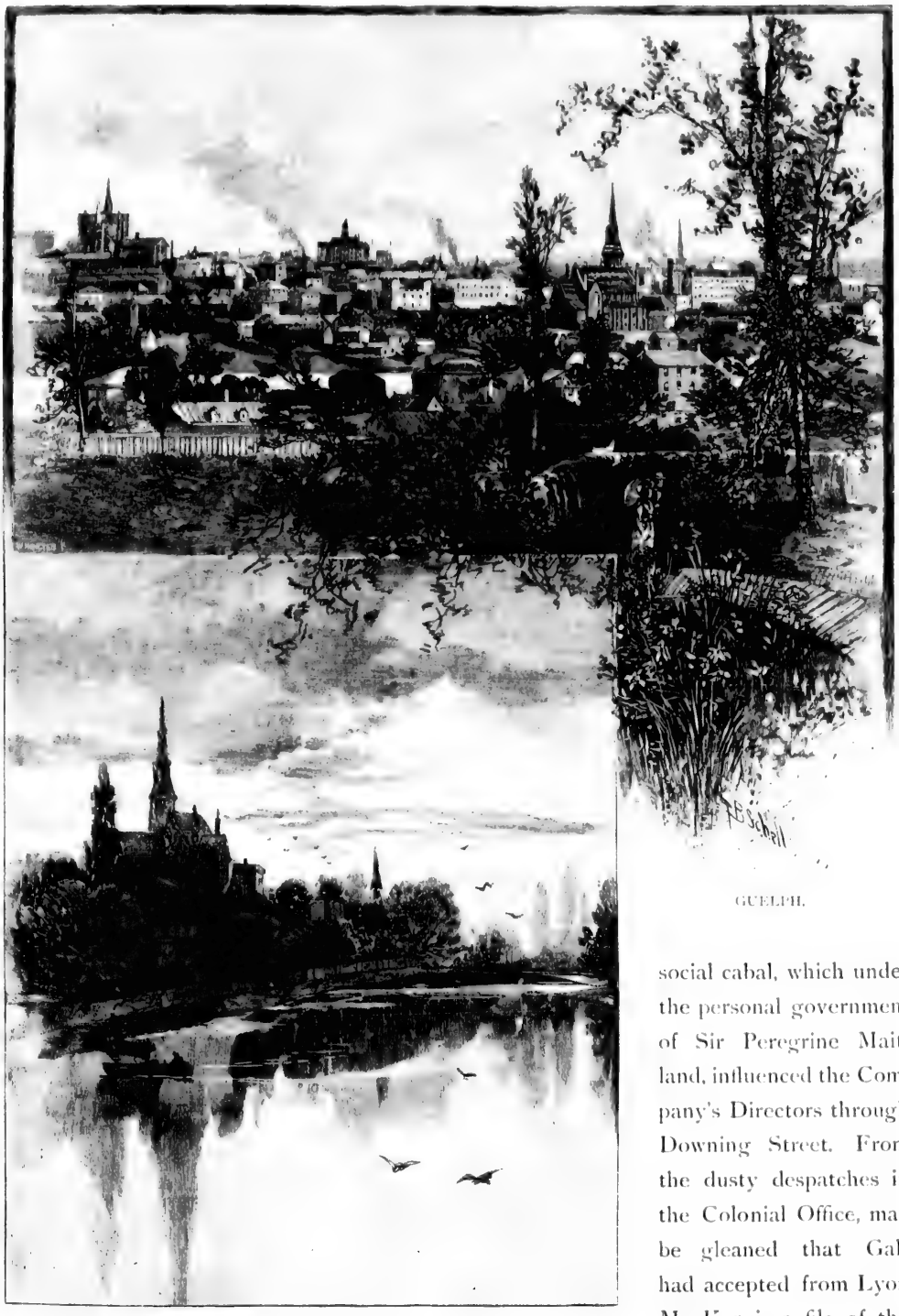
NEW PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, GALT.

Galt's historical tree became the radiant point for the future city. On the massive stump was forthwith planted a compass-staff, and the Surveyor, James McDonald, proclaimed *that* to be the centre of the new settlement. After, however, this solemn word had passed, some scoffing by-stander spoke up and said, that now, for once, the centre of a circle would lie on its circumference, because the surveyor was then on the very edge of the town-plot! Dr. Dunlop, the witty and eccentric surgeon of the Canada Company, was early afield when any project was started that implied either bone-setting or the spilling of wine. Dunlop promptly reduced the surveyor's *dislocation* by explaining that the streets were to be disposed like the ribs of a lady's fan, and were to radiate from Galt's tree as their centre. The scoffer was mute; like the web of an ungeometrical spider, the plan of Guelph was woven; and so it remains. The scene of these eventful sayings and doings may be visited by the curious traveller who is waiting for his train at the Grand Trunk Station. Walking beyond the east end of the platform to the threshold of the iron viaduct, he will see in the massive stone abutment on

the edge of the Speed an undesigned memorial occupying the site where Galt's maple lifted its majestic dome of leaves. The deep-rooted base of the tree long remained undisturbed and was revered as a kind of literary bequest. It bore a large sun-dial, which for many years served Guelph as its town clock, and in the fleeting shadows cast by the gaunt finger the rustic moralist found many a similitude of human life.

A memorial of the convivial days of John Galt and Dr. Dunlop still survives in the "Priory,"—an elm-log structure, not dedicated to religious uses, but named in punning commemoration of Mr. Prior, the Canada Company's agent. In a letter dated "The Priory, Guelph, U. Canada, 5th October, 1828," Galt tells his friend "Delta," "Our house, it is true, is but a log one, the first that was erected in the town; but it is not without some pretensions to elegance. It has a rustic portico formed with the trunks of trees, in which the constituent parts of the Ionic Order are really somewhat intelligibly displayed. In the interior we have a handsome suite of rooms, a library, etc." The Priory, though framed of logs is said to have cost between £1,000 and £2,000 sterling, such was the cost of imported materials, and such at first were the extreme difficulties of transport. An ambitious market-house formed the *focus* or hearth of the young city, and in approved antique style the Civic Penates were honored with a public feast and libations. A great dinner was had, and the attendance secured of all magnates Galt could lay hands on. Some glimpses of the occasion, as through a door ajar, are afforded by Agnes Strickland in the volumes of her father's recollections. Of the guests, Captain John Brant, the son and successor of the great Thayendanegea, made the greatest impression on Colonel Strickland. He notes with admiration the grand physique, the dignified bearing, and the pithy eloquence of the Mohawk Chieftain.

For the "long, quiet, winter nights" at the Priory, Galt had plotted out much literary work. D. A. Moir,—the gentle "Delta" of *Blackwood's Magazine*,—was his own brother in literature; and ten years later would become his biographer and literary executor. Writing from Guelph, in 1828, he tells Delta that his mind is then engaged on a *brochure* descriptive of Canada, and on "another volume for Blackwood." The Guelph settlement was filling up with unexampled rapidity, for the Superintendent's energy provided roads and bridges through what had been an unbroken wilderness. The settlers elsewhere began to contrast in most pointed comparisons the apathy of the Provincial Government in not opening up for them proper means of transit. As Galt sat in his library, gazing dreamily into the great back-log fire, and building out of the glowing embers towering projects, commercial as well as literary, he was roused with a shudder from his reverie by the dismal baying of a wolf-pack that swept past through the winter forest in close pursuit of a deer; could he but hear them, there were already afoot and in loud cry after him enmities and jealousies to the full as ravenous and remorseless. Almost since his arrival in Canada, Galt had been pursued by a politico-



ON THE RIVER SPEED.

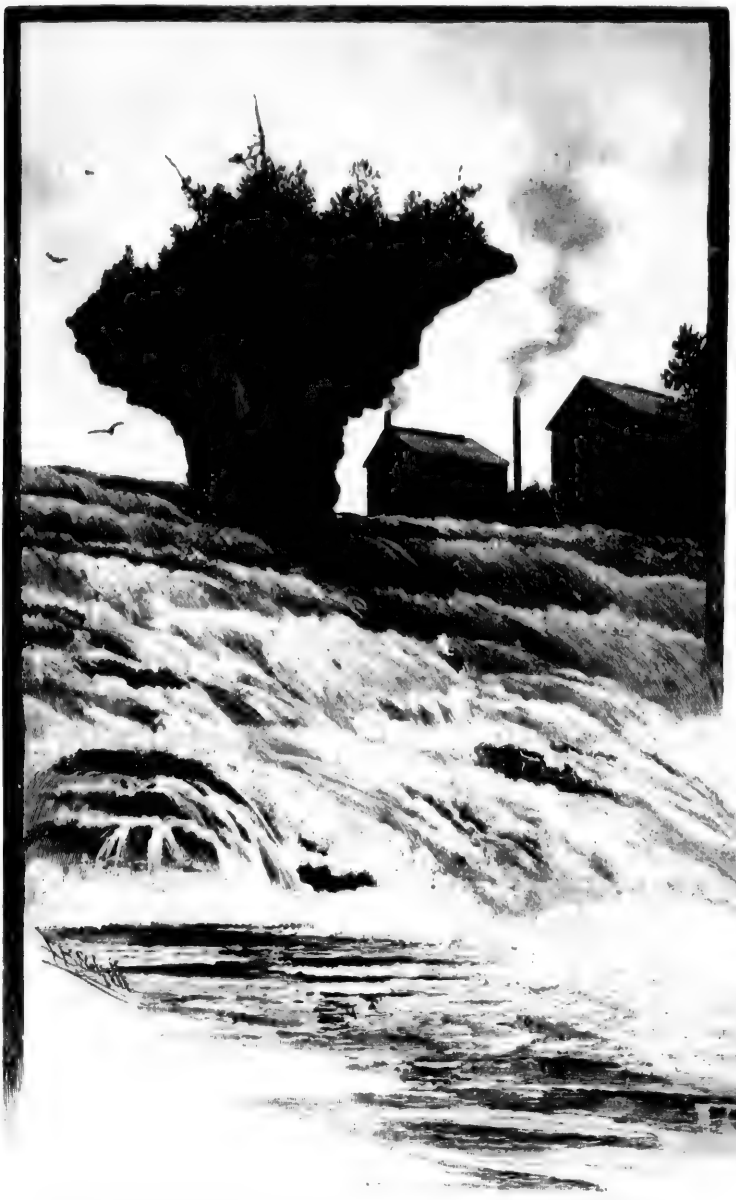
GUELPH.

social cabal, which under the personal government of Sir Peregrine Maitland, influenced the Company's Directors through Downing Street. From the dusty despatches in the Colonial Office, may be gleaned that Galt had accepted from Lyon MacKenzie a file of the

Colonial Advocate; it was even publicly stated, and without any pretence of contradiction, that he had shaken hands with MacKenzie! The *litterateur* was apt to spend his evenings in communion with books; so he was "exclusive," and "playing *Captain Grand*." Bishop Macdonell was sometimes at the Priory; Galt must be helping his Catholic friend in some design on the Clergy Reserves. Galt will have to be kept under observation, shadowed by some parasite of some personal enemy; after due distortion, his sayings and doings must be secretly journalized and then carried to private accounts kept with certain notabilities. This scheme of "financial control" developed itself prematurely. At a hint of authorized espionage from the *umbra* itself, and the use of the phrase "coördinate jurisdiction," Galt broke out vehemently. He had conceived and created the Canada Company; he would go to England and ask the Court of Directors what all this meant? "Coming events cast their shadows before": the *umbra*, with its diary and ledger, reached England before him. Even at the drum-head investigation which ensued, the Superintendent triumphantly vindicated his management; but what of that? He found that his grave had been dug before the court-martial had begun! His connection with the Canada Company was ended; but he lived to set up in the pillory of everlasting scorn and derision all concerned in this intrigue. While taking his last look at Guelph, for which he had toiled and suffered much, there was a pathetic farewell in front of the Priory. A hundred and forty-four families had within eighteen months set up houses on the town-plot, and now with tears starting in their eyes they came to his door to tell Galt how deeply they felt his efforts to raise them from dependent circumstances to comparative independence. They added an earnest hope that he would speedily return to them. But his work here was done, and he had amply earned the gratitude of Canadians. In creating the towns of Guelph and Goderich and the intervening seventy-five miles of broad highway he left to Upper Canada an enduring memorial of his three years' residence. And in "Lawrie Todd," where he uses his exploration of the Grand River as well as other scenes from his Canadian portfolio, he has left us a charming literary souvenir. In these latter days of vast land corporations it is well to recall the history of our first great land company; to learn how much a humane manager was able to accomplish for his shareholders, while actively promoting the comfort and welfare of the settlers.

The knoll that Galt bestowed upon the Anglican Church had already disappeared before his death. The site is now occupied by St. George's Square and the Post Office. The Presbyterian knoll was levelled down to form a site for the present Market House. The "Catholic Hill" still survives to illustrate Galt's *Autobiography*, and as we approach the hill through "Macdonell" Street, we are reminded of one of the novelist's friends who remained constant while so many others proved faithless and treacherous. Where Galt admiringly described Gothic aisles of overarching elms, now stand broad streets—"Wyndham" Street and the rest, flanked by solid structures of the

creamy-white magnesian limestone for which Guelph is famous. This admirable material is found abundantly on Waterloo Avenue, without even leaving the city's limits. One of the older hotels is pointed out as having been built of the stone quarried from its own cellar. When first taken out this dolomite is soft, and in color inclines to buff; but on exposure to the air it hardens and whitens.



ISLET ROCK, FALLS OF ELORA

The geological character of this district is interesting, all the more because apparently no example of the formation occurs elsewhere. Reposing on the Niagara Formation are a group

of stratified rocks, which make altogether a thickness of about a hundred and sixty feet. They form a lenticular mass reaching in extreme breadth about thirty-five miles, thinning out in one direction towards the Niagara River, and resting the other edge on the Great Manitoulin. The strata are strongly developed at Galt and Guelph, and a number of characteristic fossils take their specific names from this circumstance. Sir William Logan bestowed on this special Ontario series the name of the "Guelph Formation." The Geology and Natural History of the District may be be very conveniently studied in the Museum at Elora, and reference books can be consulted at the Library. The Museum was formed by the disinterested labours of Mr. David Boyle, and has contributed to Palæontology fifteen new species of fossils, which have since been named, described, and figured by Professor Nicholson in his Report to the Provincial Government on the Palæontology of Ontario. Of these new species two of the most graceful were named after enthusiastic local antiquaries:—*Murchisonia Boylei*, after Mr. Boyle; and *Murchisonia Clarkei*, after the Honourable Mr. Speaker Clarke, who has done so much to preserve the pioneer annals of the District, and to interest the public in its scenery.

The Guelph Formation makes many notable contributions to the scenery of Western Ontario—the glens, gorges, cascades of the Grand River basin, the picturesque disorder of the Saugeen Valley, the romantic windings of the Aux Sables,—but there is nowhere produced an effect more charming than the Meeting of the Waters at Elora. Here, walls of dolomite,—in some places eighty feet high,—rise sheer from the water, or so overhang, that, looking up from below, we recall, with a shudder, Shelley's vivid picture in *The Cenci*:—

> "There is a mighty rock
> Which has from unimaginable years
> Sustained itself with terror and with toil
> Over a gulf, and with the agony
> With which it clings, seems slowly coming down;
> Even as a wretched soul, hour after hour,
> Clings to the mass of life, yet clinging, leans,
> And leaning, makes more dark the dread abyss
> In which it fears to fall."

The village at the romantic Falls of the Grand River is no more than fifty years old; but Indian tribes, time out of mind, made this place their favourite encampment. To endless fishing and deer-stalking was added that natural beauty, that delightful landscape which, as his legends prove, the Indian enjoyed with the keenest zest. All through the rudest legends of the wigwam, there are woven enchanting pictures of the Happy Hunting Grounds,—their delicious verdure, and their brilliant flowers; the song

of birds; the deer bounding through the rich woodlands; the sunny forest glades; the cool river overshadowed by lofty trees, and rippled by countless fish; the merry laughter of the waterfall. As Elora now bears the name of the vestibule that led to the Paradise of the far distant India, so our hither Indians regarded this lovely spot as no unworthy portal to the Elysium of their dreams and hopes. Just such a summer landscape as we have here must have deeply impressed Milton in his younger days, and kindled his fancy when afterwards out of the darkness he pictured one of the scenes in Eden:—

> Umbrageous grots and caves
> Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine
> Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps
> Luxuriant; meanwhile murmuring waters fall
> Down the slope hills, disperst; or in a lake,—
> That to the fringèd bank with myrtle crowned
> Her crystal mirror holds,—unite their streams.

At Elora, we are in the very heart and stronghold of the old Attiwandaronk Land—the realm of that powerful Neutral Nation, which glimmers through Champlain's narrative of 1615-6, flashes out, ten years later, in the letter of the friar Daillon, steadily glares with a baleful light through the Jesuit *Relations*, and then, with appalling suddenness, is for ever extinguished by the Iroquois invasions of 1650-1. The Neutrals formed the earliest historical inhabitants of the district we are now illustrating. At the dawn of our annals they were in possession of the whole central and southern portions of the great Peninsula of Western Ontario; and thus lay interposed between their dialectic cousins—the Hurons of Georgian Bay—and another related race, the Iroquois, of New York State. Though of kindred race, the Hurons and the Iroquois had long been at deadly feud; by a remarkable compact, however, as long as they were within the bounds of the Neutrals, they were to meet—and for very many years did meet—on terms of apparent amity, often sharing not only the same wigwams, but the same meals. The Neutrals thus held the balance of power, and they were strong enough to enforce this singular armistice throughout the whole of their wide domain. They controlled both sides of the Niagara River, Lake Ontario as far as Burlington Bay, and the whole Canadian shore of Lake Erie; while their inland jurisdiction, as already said, covered the central and southern tracts of the Peninsula. In 1626, this wide realm was governed by the great chief Souharissen, whose authority was unchallenged throughout the twenty-eight considerable villages and towns that then picturesquely dotted the land. Such a unity of command among the Indians was almost without precedent; but so was this chieftain's prowess. He had made successful war on seventeen hostile tribes, and had always returned with droves of captives, or heaps of ghastly trophies. In one of these forays he led his fierce warriors from the banks of the Grand River and the Thames to the farther shore of

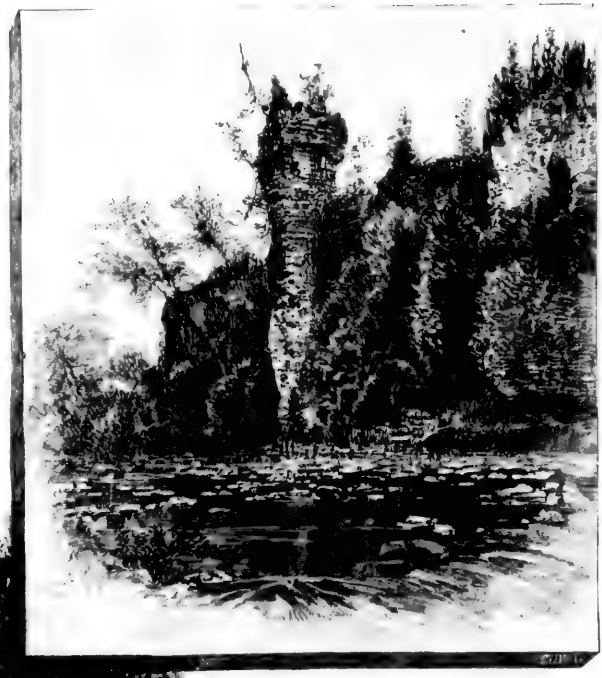
Lake Michigan, stormed a large fortified town of Fire Indians, exterminated the defenders, and drove the rest of the Nation beyond the Lake, and into the very heart of Wisconsin. Souharissen could at a day's notice put on the war-path several thousand men-at-arms.

Their weapons were the war-club, the javelin, and the bow-and-arrow; but the warriors that bore them were of extraordinary size, strength, and activity. Champlain, during his three months' stay among the Hurons, in the winter of 1615-6, gazed wistfully towards this realm of the Neutrals, which was still, as regarded European possession, No-man's Land. But the Hurons urged the great danger of the exploration, and though accompanied by a French force armed to the teeth, Champlain's stout heart here failed him. The honours of the enterprise were reserved for Daillon, a Récollet or Franciscan Friar.

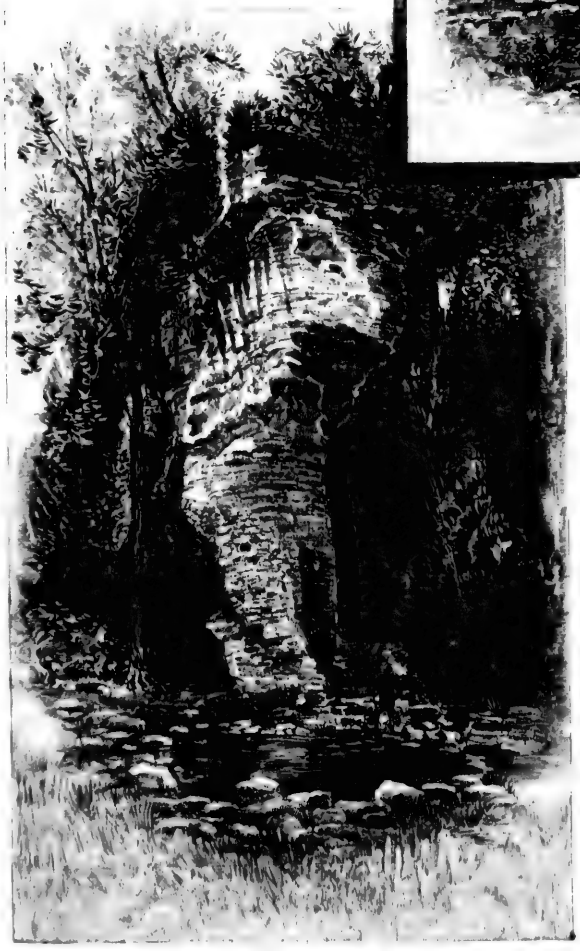
In 1626 Daillon, with two other Frenchmen, boldly entered the realm of the terrible Souharissen. The friar's sole armament was the pack on his back, and a staff in his hand. This perilous enterprise, in the land of giants, recalls the adventure of Christian and Hopeful in the Demesne of Giant Despair. But our Ontario pilgrim was rudely disciplined two years before John Bunyan was born, and fifty years before the vision of Doubting Castle was written. After the first reception,—which was friendly beyond his hopes,—Daillon sent back his two companions; and now, all alone, this intrepid friar traversed the Peninsula from one end to the other. Courage was the quality above all others that those wild warriors admired; the daring of a man who, unarmed and unattended, strode fearlessly through their villages and into their wigwams, astounded and overawed them. Then came a dangerous reaction!—"This pale-face must be a sorcerer! In fact, our cousins, the Hurons, say so, and the Hurons are rather knowing fellows."—Aye, more knowing than disinterested! The Hurons were just then driving a profitable fur trade with the French; many of the peltries came from the beaver-meadows on the Grand River and the Thames, the Neutrals getting all the toil of the chase, the Hurons getting all the advantages of the direct commerce with the French.

The Huron emissaries told their credulous neighbours that this great magician "had in their country breathed a pestilence into the air; that many had died from his poisonous arts; that presently the Neutrals would see all their children dead and all their villages in flames; that these French folk were unnatural in their diet, which consisted of poison, serpents, aye, and lightning,—for these Frenchmen munch even the thunder-griffon." When, by these delirious stories, the imagination of the Neutrals had been fevered, the crafty Hurons threw in some advice. They anticipated the gentle counsel of Giant Despair's wife, Diffidence,—"club the pilgrim." But no "grievous crab-tree cudgel" was needed to reinforce the brawn of these Indian athletes; by a single blow of the fist the unfortunate Récollet was felled to the earth, and altogether he es-

caped instant death by a mere miracle. Continuous ill-usage followed; but, quoth the friar, "all this is just what we look for in these lands." Remark in those few quiet words the simple, sublime philosophy of the man! Whatever our creed, we instinctively admire such heroic self-sacrifice. A rumor of the friar's death having reached the Huron Mission, Brébeuf sent



WATCH-TOWER ROCK, IRVINE RIVER.



LOVER'S LEAP, ELORA.

to the scene one of Daillon's former guides, who led him back from this fruitless embassy.

Fourteen years later another effort was made from the Huron Mission to Christianize the Neutrals. This time came Chaumonot, the Jesuit Missionary, and the daring Brébeuf himself, —"the Ajax of the Mission." But once more the treacherous and mercenary Hurons excited against the pilgrims the wildest fancies that ever ran riot in these primeval forests; they even tried to bribe the superstitious Neutrals into assassinating their benefactors. But, undeterred by insult and ill-usage, defying fatigue

and cold and the greatest personal dangers, the heroic Brébeuf strode on for four months through the winter forest, unto one village after another. That winter was severe and prolonged beyond what was then usual, and far beyond what we experience, but, in the Grand River forest, as in the Forest of Arden, it might well be, that the sharpest pain did not arise from "the icy fang and churlish chiding of the winter's wind." What caused Brébeuf real and bitter anguish was the failure of his embassy, the impenitence of this people, their repeated and ungrateful rejection of the Message. To him mere physical suffering was a spiritual ecstasy; the deadliest cold was but "the seasons' difference."

"Blow, blow, thou winter wind;
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude.
* * * * * * *
Freeze, freeze, thou winter sky;
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot."

As the Jesuits were retracing their steps northwards through the woods a snow-storm closed in around them. The drifts were impassable and the scowl of the fierce aborigines was even more forbidding than the face of nature. But in the hardest of winters, while wandering through these glens, you often come upon sweet tinkling rills that refuse to be frozen, and hard by, you may find, perhaps, a mat of verdure,—the brook-cress, the frond of the walking-fern or even the blossoms of some lingering wild-flower. When all human pity was to outward seeming congealed, a woman's heart was overflowing with compassion for these ill-used men, and the story of her kindness forms a delightful oasis in a narrative of continued suffering. This noble daughter of the forest and flower of womanhood spurned the fears, the reproaches, the insults of her clan; welcomed the pilgrims to her lodge, set before them the best of her store, obtained fish from the river to enable them to keep their fast-days, and with this gentle, thoughtful care, entertained them until they could resume their journey. During this precious interval the linguist Brébeuf had mastered the vocabulary of the Neutrals, and constructed a grammar and dictionary of their dialect, which latter, like their geographical position, bridged over the interval between the Hurons and the Iroquois.

It is from the faded manuscripts and the archaic French of these first explorers that we must glean the first word-pictures of the romantic district we are now illustrating. Daillon, as we have said, was here more than two centuries and a half ago. He saw the landscape kindle into the crimson and gold of autumn and then melt away into the delicious languor and reverie of the Indian Summer. After traversing the heart of the Peninsula, and what would two hundred and fifty years afterwards

become the richest agricultural district of Ontario, the worthy friar glows with enthusiasm.—"Incomparably beautiful," he exclaims, "incomparably the most extensive, the most beautiful, and the most fruitful land I have yet explored." Through his few artless lines of description we can see it all: the corn-fields waving their tassels in the wind; the golden *citrouilles* gleaming from their leafy covert; the beavers casting up earth-works; the streams quivering with their shoals of fish; the squirrels scuffling among the boughs to escape the swooping buzzard; the wild turkey fluttering in the copse; the countless deer and elks glancing through the glades;—altogether, thought the poor weary friar, such a land as might be restful and enjoyable to linger in.

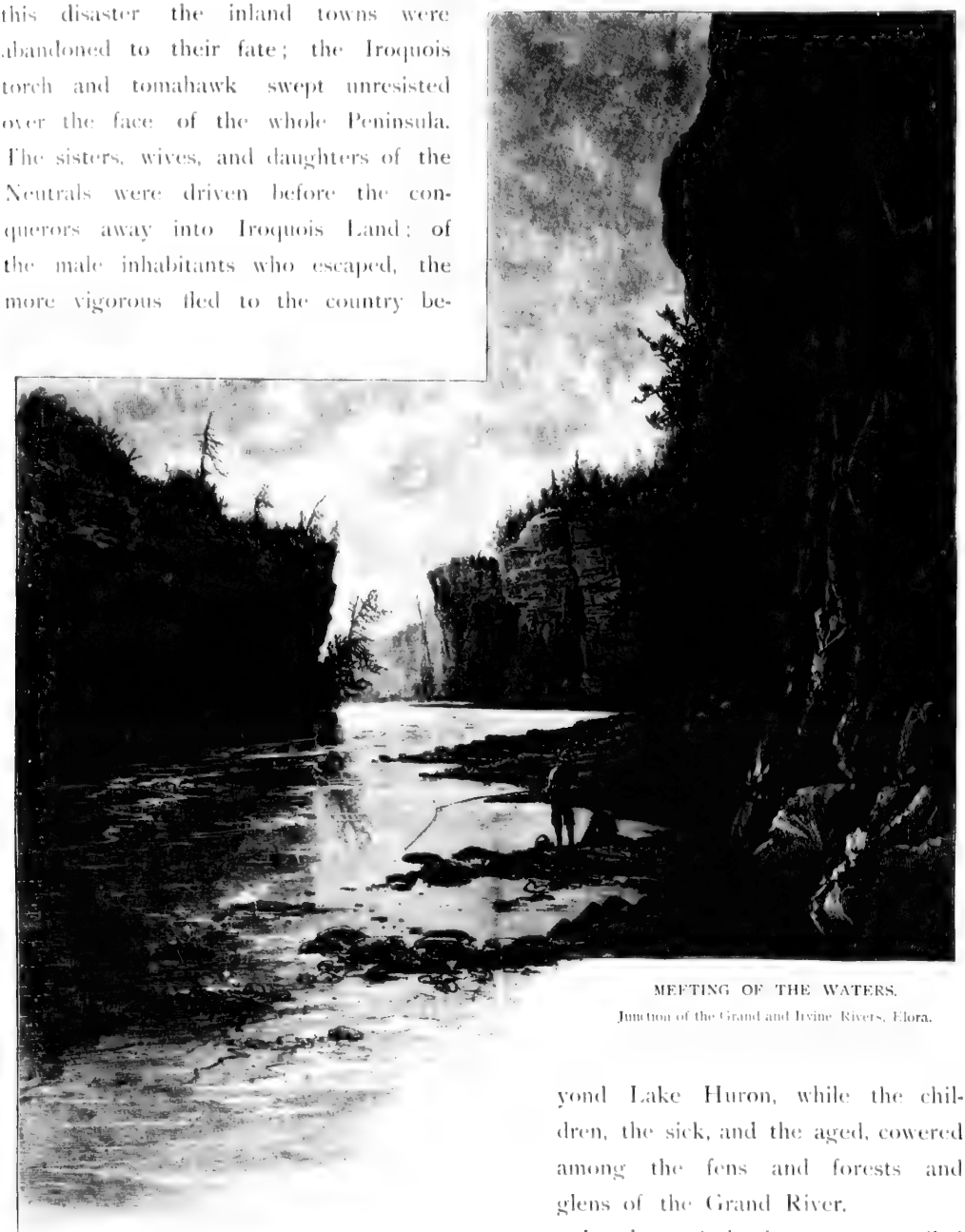
Brébeuf visited the Neutrals when their country was under a wintry pall, which perhaps best accorded with the sombre earnestness of his character. It was his habit, wherever possible, to withdraw for his devotions to some wild and lonely glen, where the awful solitude was rendered even still more impressive by the solemn organ-voice of the forest. As Brébeuf traversed the Neutral Land through its length and breadth, and twice sojourned in its very heart, he must have been familiar with these wild ravines. They might supply to a recluse many a natural cloister and oratory. If we would attune our minds to the mood of this over-wrought, heroic Jesuit,—who was now being fast hurried on towards a most appalling martyrdom,—let us visit the gorge with him in the eerie twilight of a midwinter evening. The cloud-rack drifting across the sky betokens a wild night. The shadows are fast closing in around us, and the imagination peoples these rocky solitudes with the scenes of boyhood. We are no longer in New France, but far away in Old France, and in Bayeux, that most ancient of Norman cities, where Brébeuf, nigh three centuries ago, spent his dreamy boyhood. As we skirt this frozen moat, observe those massive fortress walls all battered with war, wrinkled with watchfulness, and hoary with the rime of ages. We enter by the open barbican. Overhanging the path is a Norman watch-tower, with loop-hole, and parapet, and the cresset-stock for the bale-fire. We look aloft, and start back. Was it fancy, or did the warder on the tower wave us away with a wild gesture? Did a cross-bow rustle at the loop-hole? It was but the night wind swaying the shrubs on the crumbling ramparts, and creaking the wild grasses and sedges against the embrasure. We advance through the deep winding street, which presently widens out and discloses in the dim perspective the flanking towers of the old ducal palace. The lights are long out, and the revellers are long silent. But let us leave behind those distracting thoughts of the world and turn our steps towards the ancient cathedral. Observe those flying buttresses; how they loom up against the night. We enter by the nave. What a noble vista fading away into the darkness! Those graceful elm-like shafts rise nearly eighty feet from the floor before they lose themselves in the groined roof. Through the aisles we get glimpses of the great mullioned and foliated windows. The light has now all but failed us. That human form lying out in relief on the great

tomb is a mailed crusader, with arms crossed, awaiting the last *réveillé* and the Great *Rendezvous*. This black archway leads down to the ancient crypt. Let us descend. The stone steps are frayed by the feet of ages. The gloom down here is awful. Feel your way by those mighty pillars; they carry the choir. The massive ruins that jostle you are fallen tombs—the Tombs of the Centuries. They have witnessed the trials, the sorrows, the anguish of untold generations. This crypt is as old as Bishop Odo, the brother of the Conqueror; but there was a forest sanctuary here in the days of the Druids; Druids?—aye, ages before the Druids! Did you hear soft music?—"It sounded like the sighing of the winter wind in the forest." It came from the great organ loft far above our heads. Now for the second time you can hear the music pealing along the vaulted roof; those closing notes are the supplicating tones of the *Miserere*. It has ceased. But again the organ begins to breathe, and now a very tempest is sweeping the keys. The reeds fairly shriek with terror, and the great pipes sway to and fro in their distress. Billow after billow of sound rolls over our heads; these massive archways quiver like aspens. It is the pealing-thunder of the *Dies Iræ*.

In good truth the Day of Wrath was nigh. The fearful desolation that within nine years swept the Land of the Neutrals might well appear to the Church, whose mission had been twice rejected, a swift and terrible judgment. At this coming, the visitants bore in their hands no gentle Evangel.

Armed with the match-locks they had lately got from the Dutch at Fort Orange (Albany), the Iroquois, in 1648, stole through the winter forests towards their old foes, the Hurons. When spring opened they stormed the Huron towns, and exterminated, enslaved, or dispersed the inhabitants. Some of the Hurons who escaped the tomahawk fled for refuge into the Neutral Land; but the Iroquois no longer respected the neutrality, or the Cities of Refuge. The turn of the Neutrals themselves came next; and what could the superb physique, or the wild charge of these muscular giants, avail against fire-arms, which the Huron refugees aptly named "irons with indwelling devils"? Nevertheless the Neutrals made a most desperate struggle for life. Many memorials of their last agony have been turned up by the settler's plough. The campaign of 1650 was indecisive. Though the Iroquois had stormed a large town, they had afterwards been defeated with a loss of two hundred warriors. In the spring of the following year the invaders returned with reinforcements, and effected a landing at the foot of what is now Emerald Street, on the eastern edge of Hamilton. This spot was really the key of the Neutral Land from the side of Lake Ontario; for it commanded the portage that led through the Dundas Valley and across to the Grand River. At the very landing place a tremendous battle was fought, in which the Neutrals suffered overwhelming defeat. Their dead filled a mound which, after the rains and snows of a hundred and fifty years had beaten against it, measured fifteen feet in height and

fifty feet in diameter; and which even yet, after eighty years of cultivation, is not wholly obliterated. At the news of this disaster the inland towns were abandoned to their fate; the Iroquois torch and tomahawk swept unresisted over the face of the whole Peninsula. The sisters, wives, and daughters of the Neutrals were driven before the conquerors away into Iroquois Land; of the male inhabitants who escaped, the more vigorous fled to the country beyond Lake Huron, while the children, the sick, and the aged, cowered among the fens and forests and glens of the Grand River.



MEETING OF THE WATERS.
Junction of the Grand and Irvine Rivers, Elora.

In those dark days many availed themselves of the shelter of the Elora ravines, which seem designed by Nature for a covert. The Grand River rising 1600

feet above the sea wanders moodily through the fens and dark forests of the northern townships and then at Fergus suddenly plunges into a deep gorge, from which it emerges about two miles below the Falls of Elora, the whole descent of the river within the ravine being about sixty feet. A little below Elora the Grand River is joined by the Irvine, which bursts through a gorge similar in depth and rivalling the other in beauty. The lofty rock-walls of these ravines are of magnesian limestone, which, through the solvent action of springs and the disruptive force of frost, has been burrowed and chiselled into endless caverns and recesses. These romantic retreats have lately been made accessible and inviting by stairways and walks and seats; but in primeval times they could only have been reached by some secret pathway. The chasm was then wooded to its very verge, and the doorways of the caves were securely screened from view. It is probably to those days of the Iroquois Terror that we should refer some of the most interesting of the Indian antiquities that have been brought together in the Museum at Elora. In the large cavern in the north bank and a little below the Falls, after clearing away earth and *débris*, Mr. Boyle found among the remains of a wood fire bones of small quadrupeds, which had evidently been split for the mere sake of the marrow they contained,—implying a scarcity of food not ordinarily occurring in this famous hunting-ground, but probably due to the risk of encountering enemies in the woods. A lad wandering one day, in 1880, through the Grand River ravine, and peering into every opening in the cliff in search of the treasures which Elora boys believe are somewhere stored up in these rock-walls, found at a spring a few beads belonging, as he supposed, to a lady's necklace. They proved to be violet, or precious wampum. The search having been followed back into the cliff, a recess was reached large enough to admit the hand, and filled with earth. The earth when washed yielded between three and four hundred shell-beads of the same violet or purple colour. Did some Indian beauty, flying for protection to these natural cloisters, and taking off her now useless and dangerous jewelry, confide to this secure casket the necklaces that had set off her charms at many a moonlight or firelight dance? Or, was it some antique miser?—perhaps some Huron refugee, for, unlike the Neutrals, the Hurons had a strong financial turn and a keen instinct for wampum,—did some miser, carrying his money with him in his flight, lock it up in this *bank vault* beyond the reach of the Iroquois? A stream trickling through the strata carried out before it a few of the beads, and so betrayed the secret which had lain fast hidden in the heart of the rock for more than two centuries.

The solitude which followed this "Harrying of the North" was, if possible, more complete than the desolation carried through the North English shires by William the Norman. As the Conqueror's path of havoc through Yorkshire could, seventeen years afterwards, be traced, page after page of Doomsday Book, by the entry *omnia wasta*,—"a total waste,"—so for a century after the Iroquois invasion, the French

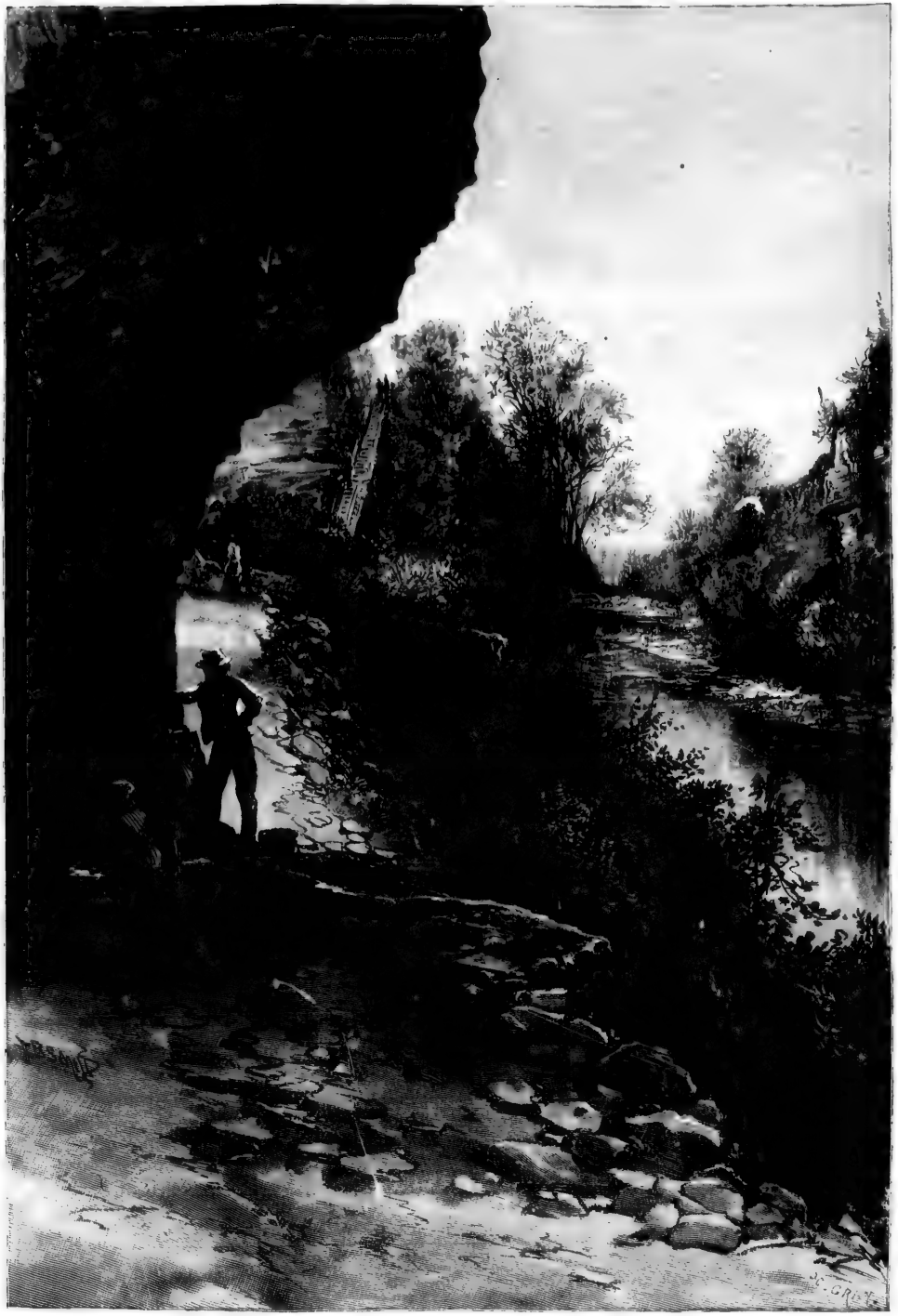
maps have nothing to tell us of the Western Peninsula but *nation détruite, nation détruite*—"tribes exterminated." The ceaseless wars of the Iroquois left them no leisure for colonization. During the period of the Conqueror's occupation we have been able, after diligent research, to find but a single Iroquois hamlet in the whole Peninsula, and that a group of eighteen or twenty hunting lodges. This hamlet was called Tinawatwa; it commanded the fishing and hunting of the upper Grand River, and stood near the western end of the portage that led over from Burlington Bay. The husbandry of the previous Indian epoch had made numerous openings in the forest, some of which survived to puzzle the U. E. Loyalists; but in most cases the ancient corn-fields and pumpkin-gardens were speedily overgrown by lofty trees and dense undergrowth. In this New Forest the very sites of the populous Indian towns and villages that witnessed the preaching of the Jesuit Missionaries were lost and forgotten, and have only in our time been partially recovered after patient and laborious research. Game, small and large, now rapidly multiplied: in 1669—that is within twenty years after the extermination of the Hurons and Neutrals—the Sulpician Missionary Galinée describes the Peninsula as merely the stalking-ground for deer, and the special bear-garden of the Iroquois sportsmen from Eastern New York. The black bear established himself here so strongly that, as lately as thirty years ago, sportsmen of another race were occasionally rewarded with a bear in the neighbourhood of Elora; and their adventures supplied exciting "locals" for the columns of *The Backwoodsman*.

The outbreak of hostilities between France and England presently left the Iroquois no leisure for hunting excursions to the west, even if they had not been dispossessed of their conquest by the nomads of the "Wild North Land." Wandering Ojebway tribes, particularly the Mississagas, streamed in from the north, and, by the time of the Revolutionary War, had overflowed the whole tract from the Detroit frontier to the Ottawa. In the deeds for the extinction of the Indian title, from 1781 onwards, the Canadian Governors recognized these tribes as the sole aboriginal races of the Western Peninsula; but we now know that their title rested on a brief occupation, and that the historical aborigines were exterminated. To the era of the Ojebway occupation is referred the local myth of Chief Kee-chim-a-Tik. The *Canadian Monthly* for 1880 gives a metrical version, telling how a fair Indian captive, devoted to the Manitou of the Falls, lay bound on an altar in front of the cave that now bears the name of the Ojebway chief; how, under circumstances of special awe, the chief rescued her from the Manitou by declaring her his wife; but that afterwards, proving faithless, he was shot by an arrow aimed from the wife's ambush in the islet-rock of the Falls, and was carried into the cave to die. Of softer mould was that despairing Indian maiden who, Sappho-like, ended her sorrows by a plunge from the "Lover's Leap" at the Meeting of the Waters.

The romantic glens of Elora have been brought by the rail within three or four hours of Toronto. But fifty years ago Elora was practically farther off than Killarney or Loch Lomond. An adventurous fisherman sometimes made his way to the Falls, and then related by the winter-fire what visions of loveliness he had seen in the wilderness.

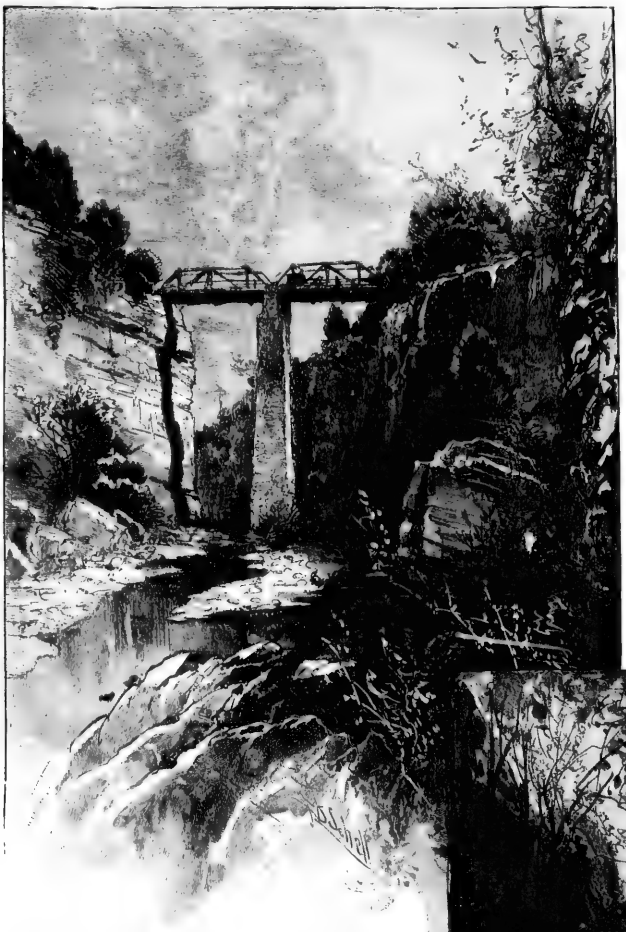
The earliest white settler, Roswell Matthews, arrived here on the first day of winter, 1817. His experiences have been recorded, and they afford an interesting picture of Canadian pioneer life in Western Ontario sixty years ago. Accompanied by his wife and nine children, the eldest no more than eighteen,—Matthews hewed his way through the jungle and around fallen trees, arriving, after days of incessant toil, on the present site of Elora. Night was then closing in. A log-fire was lighted, a rude tent of hemlock boughs was set up, and, under its shelter, beds of hemlock branches were spread. During the night a heavy snow-storm set in, bearing down the woods, and strewing the ground with the branches of lordly trees. The morning broke grey and dismal on the shivering and benumbed settlers. The cattle were turned loose to browse, and in an hour Matthews went to find them, but in his search became lost in the cedar woods. After continued shouting he was cheered by the answering voice of his son, and so found his way back to his anxious family. With the aid of his brave lads, Matthews built a log shanty, filling the chinks with moss, and forming the roof of logs chiselled into rude gargoyles to carry off the rain. By May a clearing had been made, and sowed, and planted; the rich, marrowy soil soon responded with good crops of wheat, corn, and potatoes. A few seasons onward, and then there was a surplus for market. But how to get there? Matthews and his sons improved on their recollection of Robinson Crusoe by hollowing out a pine log thirty feet long. Eagerly launching this dug-out a mile and a half below the Falls, they embarked with sixteen bags of wheat, and paddling down to Galt they found a purchaser in Absalom Shade, who paid them fifty cents a bushel in cash. The dug-out was sold for two dollars and a half, and they returned home afoot, blithe as any birds of the forest.

The traces of a mill near the scene of the canoe-launch remind us that Matthews did better as a river-pilot than as a millwright. Two of his mill-dams were in quick succession devoured by ice-packs which, with the opening of spring, rushed down from the gorge. Enterprise then languished. With 1832 arrived William Gilkison, the founder of Elora, who had already, in 1811, founded Prescott. On Galt's advice he purchased at the Grand River Falls a tract of fourteen thousand acres. As the novelist informs us, Gilkison's manuscripts proved him to be a man of literary talent; and there is no doubt the scenery influenced him in his choice almost as much as the mill-privileges and the fertility of the soil. His political opinions he proclaimed aloud in the streets. In a *memorandum* attached to his will he makes it imperative on settlers to choose between "Hume Street, Reform Street, Cobbett Street, and Mackenzie Street." He adds: "I will have but one street to the river, viz., Radical

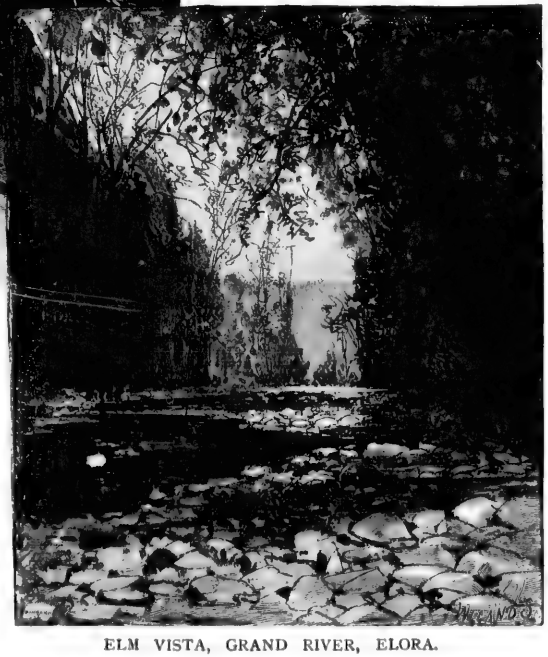


ECHO CAVE, IRVINE RIVER.

Street." All these names have disappeared, and, by a cruel irony of fate, Radical Street, or its extension, is now "Metcalfe Street." The Irvine River was named at the same time, probably with a double reference to the town in Ayrshire and its picturesque river,—the town where Galt was born in 1779, and where, two years later, Robert Burns set up his unhappy enterprise of flax-dressing. Elora, the name of the now large and prosperous village that stands a little above the confluence of the rivers, was borrowed from Hindostan, being an early



THE BRIDGE, IRVINE RIVER, ELORA.



ELM VISTA, GRAND RIVER, ELORA.

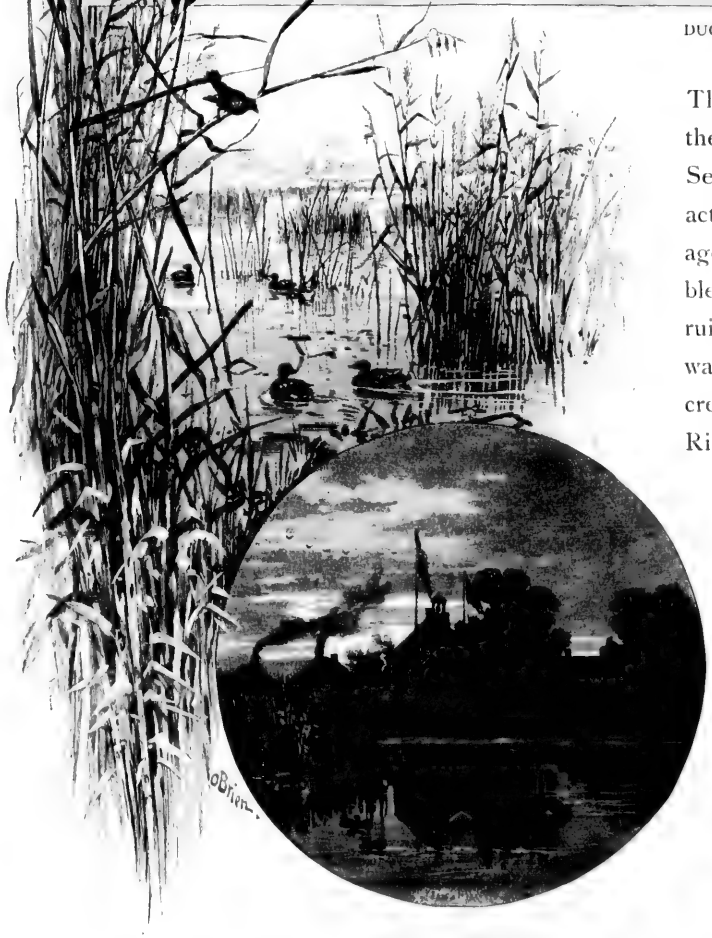
English transcription of *Elura*. Gilkison was entertaining some friends in the river-cave over against the scene of the Ojebway tragedy, when the inspiration of the name Elora was breathed on him by the Manitou of the river. Looking down the glen he saw the lofty rock-walls hewn and chiselled by countless winters into pedestal, column, and entablature: he was reminded of the

rock-temples of the Indian Elora, with their long colonnades of sculptured pillars. And then, looking towards the Falls, he saw the cascade and the delicious verdure that the spring rains bring to those famous caves of the Deccan.

In those days there was scarcely a trace of man's presence in these solitudes. The only bridge across this upper Grand River was formed by a gigantic pine which, growing on the bank above the whirl of the Devil's Punch Bowl, had been felled by the Indians so as to bridge the contracted throat of the ravine. The Indian Bridge continued long a curiosity; it was at length hewn away by a mother, whose boys were airing themselves too freely over the chasm. The first visitors to the New Elora saw the forest in all its impressive grandeur. The Hon. Adam Fergusson was in those days looking for a village site. He arrived here on the 7th of October, 1833; and he records in his journal his morning ride through the autumnal woods to the site of the future Fergus.—"The day was fine, and the prodigious height of the maples, elms, and other trees gave a solemn character to the stillness of the forest."—The "mill-privileges" of the Grand River were a perilous temptation to shear it completely of its glorious woods. In many places the banks have been shamefully denuded. Kind Nature is, however, now trying to heal over those wounds, and if Municipal Councils would but realize that a manifold source of wealth is wasted when they permit attractive scenery to be injured, they would carefully guard these natural resources.

In its course from Elora to Lake Erie the Grand River falls six hundred feet; this headlong descent suggested to Galinée, in 1669, the earliest European name, *La Rivière Rapide*. At high water we may even yet make a canoe voyage—though through more than two hundred miles of windings—to the open lake. In our descent we are borne swiftly past the busy seats of industry already visited in Wellington, Waterloo, and Brant. Below Brantford the river lingers so long over the mirror that reflects its own loveliness, that, in winding through the Eagle's Nest and the Oxbow Bend, the channel wanders fourteen miles while advancing three. This was too much for impatient forwarders: a canal was cut across by the Grand River Navigation Company. Then we glide peacefully through natural meadows or romantic glens,—the past or the present domain of the Six Nation Indians. The Mission Churches and the Indian Institute have done much to elevate the Indians; but, in spite of missions, some of the redskins remain sturdy pagans, still offering the White Dog in solemn sacrifice, and still keeping the Feast of Green Corn according to the ancient rite. As we approach the village of Caledonia the river suddenly descends seven or eight feet, and, passing under the bridge of the Northern and North-western Railway, expands to a width of two hundred yards. The broad channel is spanned by a fine iron bridge, which connects the two halves of the village. A mile down the river on the left we observe a ruined canal-lock and a row of decayed houses on the bank.

DUCK SHOOTING, LONG POINT.



CLUB HOUSE.

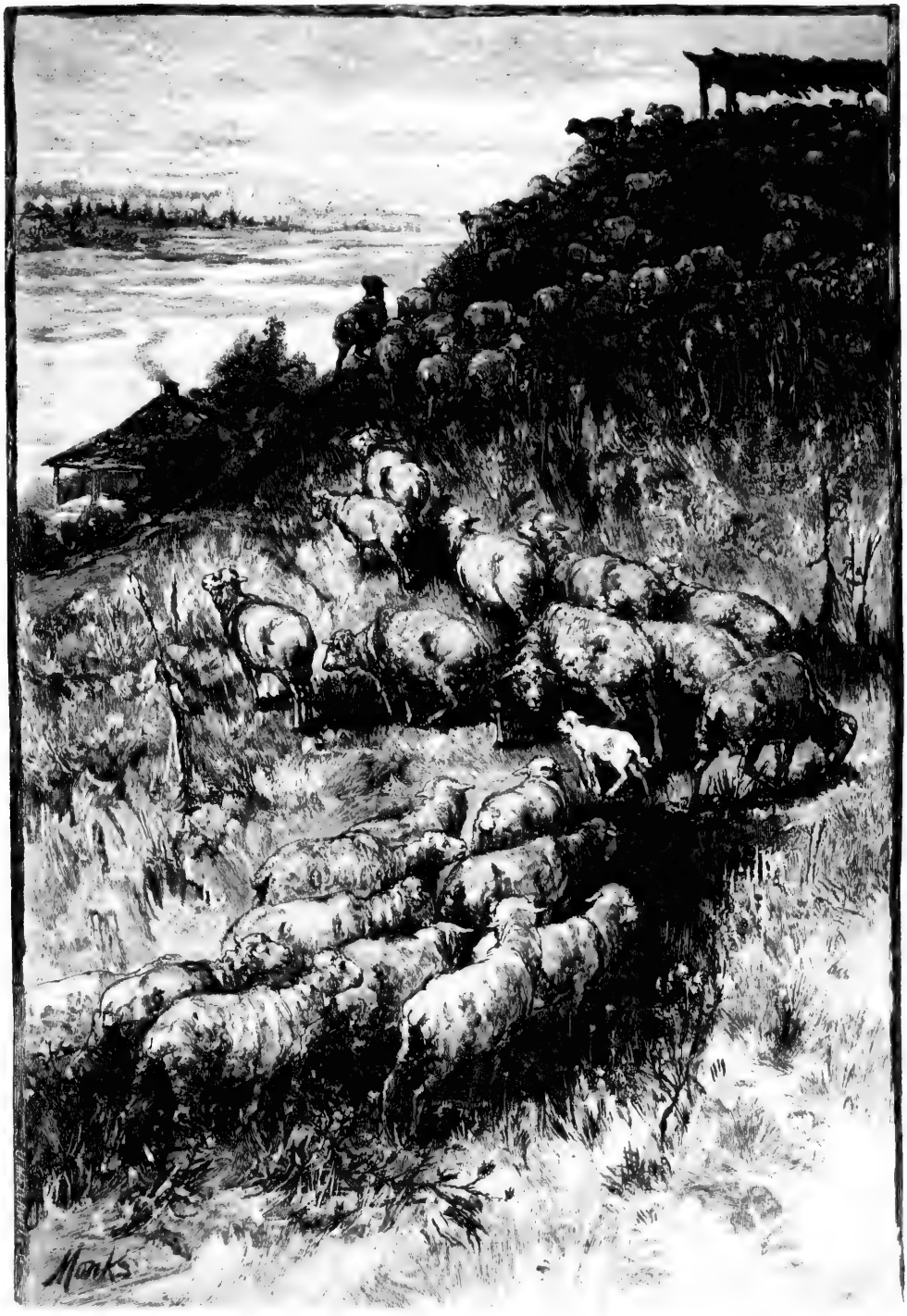
This is all that is left of the ambitious village of Seneca, whose stir and activity were, thirty years ago, cited as an unanswerable rebuke to "the cry of ruin and decay!" Seneca was one of the villages created by the Grand River Navigation Company. Their tugs and steamboats used to give much animation to the landscape: they plied from Brantford to Lake Erie and Buffalo; or, turning aside at Dunnville, they steamed through the Canal-feeder to the ports on Lake Ontario. There were giants in the forest in those days. Passing through the township of Dumfries, Galt ran against an oak, whose girth at a man's height from the ground was thirty-three feet, while

the shaft rose without a branch for eighty feet. The mutilated trunks of these Titans passed the Grand River locks in ceaseless procession. At Seneca the two sides of the river were joined by a substantial bridge, and were fringed with mills and factories,—all of which the Nemesis of the Forest has swept away even to their very foundations. On that grassy mound yonder, around which the stream is still searching for the lost mill-wheel, stood a great saw-mill specially equipped for the gigantic timber that came down the river. But the finest lumber brought a mere pittance, for the whole forest was thrown upon the market. There was no husbandry of the woods, no care for the future, no renewal of trees: "After us, the deluge!" As the woodlands were stripped, there came spring freshets of terrific violence; for the winter's snow that formerly melted at leisure was now instantly released by the first warm sun. These floods rose high, overflowed the banks, and turned the woods into veritable parks of artillery: fallen trees were drawn into the swift current, and launched against the Navigation Company's works, demolishing lock-gates, dams, bridges. The retribution was complete: the forest was exhausted, the river-fountains were drained,—and so also were the Company's finances. The opening, in 1856, of the Buffalo and Lake Huron Railway from Fort Erie to Stratford completed the Company's disaster. At only a few points on the river, and only for manufacturing purposes, are the constructions maintained. This ruined lock at Seneca is a very picture of desolation. The canal-bed is so silted up as to be used for a kitchen-garden,—a garden of cucumbers. The great oaken arm that swung a welcome to the arriving vessel, or waved a *bon voyage* to the lake raftsmen, has fallen down in helplessness and sheer despair. Once the lock-gate braced its massive shoulder against the mound of water; now, withered and shrunken, the mud drivelling from its parted lips, it stands there the image of weakness and imbecility. Let us away. Some miles down the bank the eye rests with enjoyment upon three noble trees, which may

UNLICENSED SPORTSMEN.

be taken as examples of the lofty elms that once dipped their fringes in this river. We are now in the district which, immediately after the Peace of 1783, was settled by the officers of Butler's Rangers. During the Revolutionary War, Colonel John Butler raised in the Mohawk Valley a Royalist force, made up of cavalry and infantry, of settlers and Indians. The Indians were under Brant's immediate command. The cavalry were named after their commander, Butler's Rangers. Half-man, half-horse, these Centaurs swept with amazing rapidity from point to point, carrying terror and desolation in their scabbards. Having laid no light hand upon the "Whigs," they could hope for no forbearance in the conquerors. Ruined by the war, and, like the other Loyalists, shamefully forgotten in the treaty, Butler and his officers looked to Canada for shelter. While their colonel followed Governor Simcoe to Niagara, Major Nelles and some of the other officers accepted an invitation from their old comrade, Captain Brant, and settled on the Indian Reserve. To Nelles Brant made the princely gift of a beautiful plot of nine square miles. After the usual preliminary log-house, a substantial homestead was erected, which, in all essential features, still survives, and forms an interesting example of a U. E. Loyalist home of the best class, though perhaps unique in size. The floors are carried on heavy squared timbers, some of which ride on piers massive enough for bridge abutments. The great cellar was quarried out of the solid rock, and was famous all through the Grand River Valley, not only for its capacity, but for its generous cheer. Surveyor Welsh, while exploring the Grand River in the cold, wet summer and Fall of 1796, describes in his field-notes his extreme hardships. In carrying the Government survey through the dense jungle that then overgrew this valley, he and his party were left without covering for their feet or supplies for the camp-kettle; and they were finally compelled to retreat for the purpose of revictualling. In their destitution they eagerly availed themselves of the hospitable roof-tree of William Nelles, who then occupied the homestead.

After we float past the villages of York and Indiana an express train of the Canada Southern Railway thunders overhead. We rest for a few minutes at Cayuga, the county seat of Haldimand. Here the Loop or Air-line of the Great Western suddenly converges to the Canada Southern, and for more than a score of miles eastward the two lines run side by side. Passing under the Loop-Line Bridge we take a look at the County Buildings, which were erected from a design of the late F. W. Cumberland on a plot running out to the river-bank. Then we sweep past pretty river-islands, and underneath the bridge that carries Talbot Street across the Grand River. This old military and colonization road ranked in importance with Yonge Street and Dundas Street; it ran from the Niagara Frontier to the Talbot settlement, a hundred and twenty miles westward, with extensions to Leamington and Sandwich, and a northern branch from Port Talbot to London. The "Street" still bears the name of the eccentric recluse,—military, not religious,—whose Christian name has been both canonized



A PASTORAL HILL-SIDE—GRAND RIVER VALLEY.

and enshrined in "St. Thomas." Below Talbot Street Bridge the Grand River makes a sharp elbow: a few strokes of the paddle and we pass the fine church of St. Stephen's, with its tower and spire shadowed in the water. Then past the gypsum catacombs tunnelled far back into the Onondaga Formation. The river now widens to a lake. Before an inland sea became the great mill-pond for the Welland Canal, the Grand River was banked up at Dunnville: and though now rarely used for purposes of navigation, the great dam continues to furnish valuable water-power to the mills and factories below.

Port Maitland is at length reached, on the broad estuary of the Grand River, and we are now in full view of the Lake. To-day it is a scene of wild uproar, for a furious October gale is blowing from the south-west. Under the lash of the tempest, the great waves rear and plunge; then, tossing their grey manes, they are off like race-horses for the shore. They are now nearing the land, their heaving flanks white with foam, and the earth quivers beneath the thunder of their coming. Just like the October day of '33, that rent the rope of sand which had until then anchored Long Point to the mainland. A sou'wester banked up the lake into a great water-wall to leeward; then, the wind suddenly falling, the water returned westward with a tremendous recoil, breaching the isthmus, and ploughing out a channel nine feet deep and a thousand feet wide. And just like that October day of 1669, when Galinée saw Lake Erie in its wrath, and wrote the earliest notice of these stormy waters. Jolliet had discovered and explored the lake but a week or so before. He had also found out and explored the Grand River,—which was to be but the prelude to his finding a grander and a mightier river—the Mississippi itself. We have already witnessed the interview of Jolliet with La Salle and his Sulpician Missionaries Galinée and Dollier. From Jolliet's own rough chart of his discoveries, Galinée made a more scientific route-map, and subsequently corrected this by his own explorations. Galinée's manuscript, bearing the date of 1670, was a few years ago discovered by M. Margry among the Paris Archives, and it supplies the earliest existing map of Peninsular Ontario; for Champlain's map and others that followed were only conjectural, except as to the tract covered by the Huron Mission. Galinée's narrative has been made accessible in the able monograph of the Abbé Verreau. Well, leaving Jolliet and La Salle, and descending the Grand River with a convoy of ten *voyageurs* and three canoes, the Sulpicians worked along the Erie shore westward, looking for winter quarters. They selected for their encampment one of the streams entering the lake to the south or south-east of Jarvis,—doubtless the stream marked *R. d'Ollier* in Bellin's *Carte des Lacs*, of 1744. Here in the woods, about half a mile back from the shore, they spent five months and eleven days; and during three months of this sojourn they encountered not a human being, not even an Iroquois hunter. So unbroken was the solitude still, though a score of years had passed since the extermination of the Neutrals.

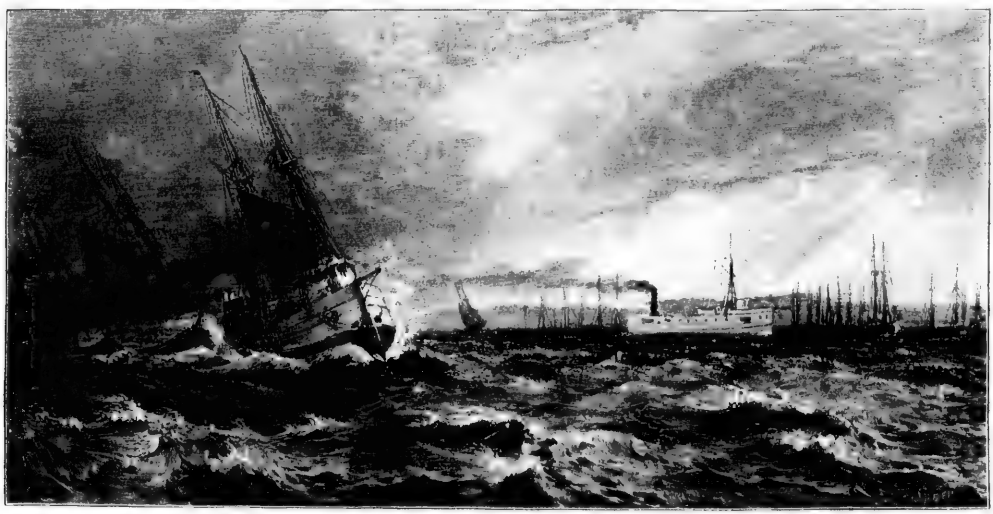
SIMCOE.

The Long Point country still maintains, through Fishery Laws and Club-House regulations, something of its ancient celebrity for fishing and for fowling; but two centuries ago there was no necessity for "open" seasons or close preserves. The waterways were thronged by black bass, speckled trout, and sturgeon. The salmon,—the "King of fresh-water fish," as old Izaac Walton calls him,—was unable to storm Niagara Falls, and so was unavoidably absent. But the pike,—Walton's "tyrant of fresh water,"—was there in the form both of the "Mighty Luce," and of the far mightier *Masque-allongé*. To entertain his company on mallard ducks, or canvas-backs, or "red-heads," or "pin-tails," or "blue-winged teal," a fowler of Galinée's party needed not to be punted out into the marshes; nor, anchoring wooden decoy-ducks, to lie *perdu* among the wild rice until the birds left home at early morn, or came in from the lake at twilight. In those days there was no need of ambuscade, or breech-loading "choke-bores," or patent ammunition; the feathered game flew in such clouds into the Frenchmen's

faces, that they had only to blaze away as fast as they could load their clumsy snaphances; they might even knock down the ducks with their wooden ramrods. After the water-fowl had taken their southward flight, the winter of 1669–70 set in so mild that the purveyors for the camp would only have to go through the forest and knock Christmas turkeys off the branches. Nor was the fruity sauce wanting, for Galinée enumerates cranberries (*les atiéas*) among the stores in the larder. Then there was venison of three sorts, and in marvellous abundance; it was served both smoked and fresh. By way of *entrée* there could be had for the taking, that tidbit of Indian chiefs,—the tail of a plump beaver. But the bears,—ah, we had forgotten the bears! These most of all arouse the worthy Sulpician's enthusiasm, for "they were fatter and better-flavoured than the most savoury roast-pig of France." Everything called up memories of the old home. The encampment was in a land of vines and walnut trees. After the choice *menu* of the woodlands had been discussed, these guests of fair New France doubtless often lingered around the rustic table to remember the dear Old Land

"In after-dinner talk
Across the walnuts and the wine."

Galinée describes the wild grape of the district as red and sweet, and as equalling in size and flavour the best French grapes. It yielded a full-bodied wine of rich



RIDING OUT A SOU'WESTER UNDER LEE OF LONG POINT.

colour, reminding him of the wine of the Graves District (near Bordeaux), and quite as good. On some bits of sandy loam near Lake Erie, this grape grew in such pro-

fusion that twenty or thirty hogsheads (*barriques*) of good wine might have been made upon the spot. Altogether, quoth Father Galinée, "this country I call the earthly Paradise of Canada (*le paradis terrestre du Canada*)."

On Passion Sunday (March 23), 1670, the Sulpicians with their *voyageurs* went down to the lake-shore, and there set up a cross, bearing the arms of Louis XIV. They thus in solemn form took possession of the country for France, while commemorating their own sojourn in these solitudes. The wooden cross must have soon disappeared; but they left a more enduring memorial of their toilsome march in the fragments of European pottery that startled the first English settlers on the lake-front. In their eagerness to enter on their missionary labours, the Sulpicians imprudently broke up the encampment, and withdrew from the woods before spring had opened. Immediately afterwards, they suffered the direst extremities of cold and hunger. Easter Sunday was spent on the isthmus that then connected the present Long Point Island to the shore. The foragers had become so reduced by want of food that they could scarcely crawl into the woods to look for game; but the missionaries gave up part of their own scanty allowance to lend strength to the others, and a half-starved deer was soon brought into the camp. So this forlorn party spent Easter Day. Through Easter week they subsisted on a little maize softened in hot water. The lake seemed to them to find a malicious joy in thwarting their progress. Once a tremendous surf, rising suddenly, carried off a canoe, and left them to cross half-frozen streams as best they might. Then one night, as they were slumbering heavily on Point Pelée after a march of nearly twenty leagues, a violent north-east wind sprang up, and the lake swept across the strand, up the bank, and within six feet of where they slept, bearing away with the returning wave the greater part of the baggage and provisions. The missionaries lost, what was to them of infinitely greater moment, the Communion service, without which they could not now establish their intended mission on the Ohio. It is plain that Lake Erie was of as stormy and dangerous a temper two hundred years ago as it is to-day, when a whole fleet of vessels, like wild swans among the lagoons, cower for shelter under the Point. From the days of Jolliet and the Sulpicians until now this wild lake has been the rough nurse of bold adventure, and of heroic self-sacrifice. Every one is familiar with the story of brave John Maynard, the Erie lake-pilot, whose fiery death at the helm Gough has so powerfully described. But nearer home, and too little known to Canadians, is the inspiring story of the Heroine of Long Point.

The November of 1854 closed with the storms and bitter cold of mid-winter. Among the vessels belated on the Lake, was the three-masted schooner, *Conductor*, of Amherstburg, laden with grain to the water's edge, and striving to make the Welland Canal. Driven before a furious south-west gale, while attempting to round Long Point and reach the Bay within, she struck heavily on the outer bar, and then plunged

headlong into the deep water beyond. The rigging still stood above water, and afforded a temporary retreat to Captain Hackett and his six sailors. But even lashed to the rigging they could scarcely keep their foothold. All through that long night of horrors the freezing gale kept up its weird shrieking in the shrouds, deadening the men's limbs and striking despair to their hearts. Showers of sharp sleet threshed them as with a flail. Balked of their prey, the waves seemed infuriated: those lake-wolves would leap up at the sailors, and clutch at them, leaving the white foam of their lips on the stiffening garments. Truly the men were in the very jaws of death.

The long sandy island that the first dawn disclosed had for its sole inhabitants the light-house keeper at the Point, and then, fifteen miles off, a trapper named Becker with his wife, Abigail, and their young children. The trapper was just then absent on the mainland, trading his little store of mink-skins and muskrats, not one of which could be spared to get his wife and children even shoes or stockings. Mrs. Becker's rest had been broken by the storm, and looking out at day-break she saw the fragments of one of the *Conductor's* boats thrown up almost at her very door. Instantly she was abroad, pacing the strand, and searching, with anxious eyes, the breakers out beyond the roadstead. At length the masts of a schooner were made out, and dark objects against the sky! Back to her poor board shanty for matches and the tea-kettle; and then, with naked feet, two miles along the shore in the pitiless freezing storm. Soon a great fire of drift-wood was blazing high. To and fro she paced before the fire all day long,—for, perhaps, cheered by this human presence, those mariners, if still alive, might make the venture. To and fro all day long, but still no sign! And now another night of horrors was fast closing in,—assuredly for them the last night. She was a giant in stature, and she had a brave heart to match! With her naked, benumbed feet she strode down the shore, across the frozen weeds, across the rough shingle, across the spiny drift-wood, to the water's edge. She might get a few feet nearer to those unhappy men. Not a moment's hesitation, but right into the freezing surf up to her arms! By gestures she flings them wild entreaties to make the effort. All this had been seen from the mast-head, and it was now clear that there was no boat coming to their relief. They were strong swimmers every one; but could the strongest swimmer live in such a sea?—"Men," said the captain, "our choice is between certain death here and possible safety shorewards."—The captain himself would make the venture, and, as he fared, the others could decide to follow or,—to stay. Commending his soul to God, he plunged into the seething water. How anxiously he was watched! A few powerful strokes bear him far beyond the rescue of his crew, who entreated him not to make this useless sacrifice of his life. So far he bears himself well: he is gaining fast. But he disappears; he is gone under that tremendous roller. Courage, lads, there he is again, still swimming, though not so strong. Ah! he is plainly weakening; will his strength hold out in that freezing shoal-water? Bravo! he is now

on his feet. But what has happened? Oh, that terrible under-tow has caught him and flung him down, and is hurrying him back to the open lake. After all, he is lost? No, that noble woman dashes into the surf, grasps him, and brings him safely to land! Then one of the crew makes the venture. When he approaches the shore the captain will not allow his preserver to endanger her life again: he plunges into the breakers to aid the failing swimmer. But the under-tow clutches both, and the brave Abigail has this time to make a double rescue. Five times more, till the last man is landed. Then for the fire and the tea-kettle to restore life to these half-frozen sailors. When they were able to use their benumbed limbs, she led the way to a place of shelter; and, taking from her little store of food, she gave unto them. So they were tenderly cared for, day after day, until a passing vessel took them off, and restored them to their homes.

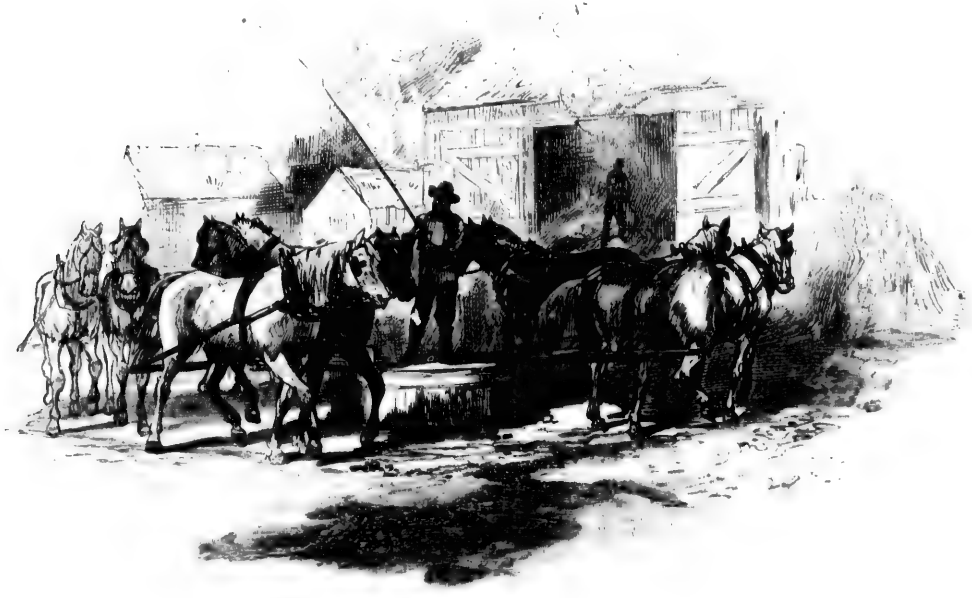
A STORM ON LAKE ERIE.

As soon as the castaways reached Amherstburg, where the vessel had been owned and manned, they did not fail to enlist public interest in behalf of the heroine. The owner of the vessel, Mr. John McLeod,—then a member of the Canadian Parliament,—led the movement, and besides raising a substantial purse by private subscription, induced the Government to allot to Mrs. Becker, from the Crown Lands, a hundred acres near Port Rowan, and looking out upon the scene of the rescue. Then Captain Dorr so interested the merchants and ship-owners of Buffalo, that Mrs. Becker was invited over, and, after being fêted, was presented with a purse of $1,000 to stock the farm granted by the Canadian Parliament. Presently the tale of heroism reached New York, and the Life-Saving Association decorated Mrs. Becker with their gold medal, taking, in lieu of the usual written acknowledgment,—which the heroine could not write,—a photograph showing the medal in her hand. Abigail Becker now became the theme of American newspapers and magazines. All this to the unspeakable wonderment of the simple-minded, blue-eyed woman her-

self, who, in her sterling, if rude-coined, English, maintained to the last, "she did no more'n she'd ought to, no more'n she'd do again."

A ROADSIDE SKETCH.

For the present, leaving the lake-shore, we strike inland by that branch of the Grand Trunk which, starting from Port Dover, passes through the county towns of Norfolk, Oxford, and Perth, then through Listowel, Palmerston, Harriston, and so on to Wiarton on Georgian Bay. At the outset we keep the Lynn close on our right, but presently the river becomes so entangled in the railroad that we cross four bridges in two and a half miles. Cutting across the corner of the Norfolk Agricultural Society's grounds, we enter Simcoe. As the train rolls through the town we obtain passing views of the River Lynn, with its broad mill-ponds, of the County Buildings, and



THRESHING BY HORSE-POWER.

of the Union School. The town owes its origin as well as its name to the visit of Governor Simcoe in 1795. There is a local tradition that Aaron Colver, one of the Norfolk pioneers, offered for his Excellency's acceptance a basket of water-melons; and that Simcoe marked his high official approval of the fruit by bestowing on the donor the best mill-site on the Lynn. We are now in the land of high farming. The Agricultural and Arts Association of Ontario has of late years been offering a gold medal for the farm which will stand highest on fifteen critical tests of excellence. In 1880, in a competition of nine Electoral Divisions, the gold medal was awarded to a farm near Simcoe; in 1881 the competition covered six large Electoral Divisions, and the gold medal was won by a farm near Woodstock. The network of railways now covering the County of Norfolk has created excellent markets for its farmers at Simcoe, Port Dover, and Waterford.

We enter Oxford County through the "Orchard Township" of Norwich. As we approach Norwichville in this time of fruit harvest, and see those fair daughters of the West among the golden apples and yellowing pears, we seem to have found the long-sought Gardens of the Hesperides. But the Golden Russets and the Flemish Beauties are guarded by no dragon; here all are Friends. The orchard-harvest is now in full career. The demands of Canada and the United States are to be supplied; then some of the choicest fruit will grace the winter sideboards in the stately homes of England; the rest will go to the canning factory at Otterville, or to the evaporators at Norwichville, Tilsonburg, and Woodstock. The numerous milk-stands by the roadside remind us that, in 1864, under the guidance of Harvey Farrington, this township led the way to Canadian cheese-factories, which have become a special industry of Oxford, with Ingersoll as the great cheese market.

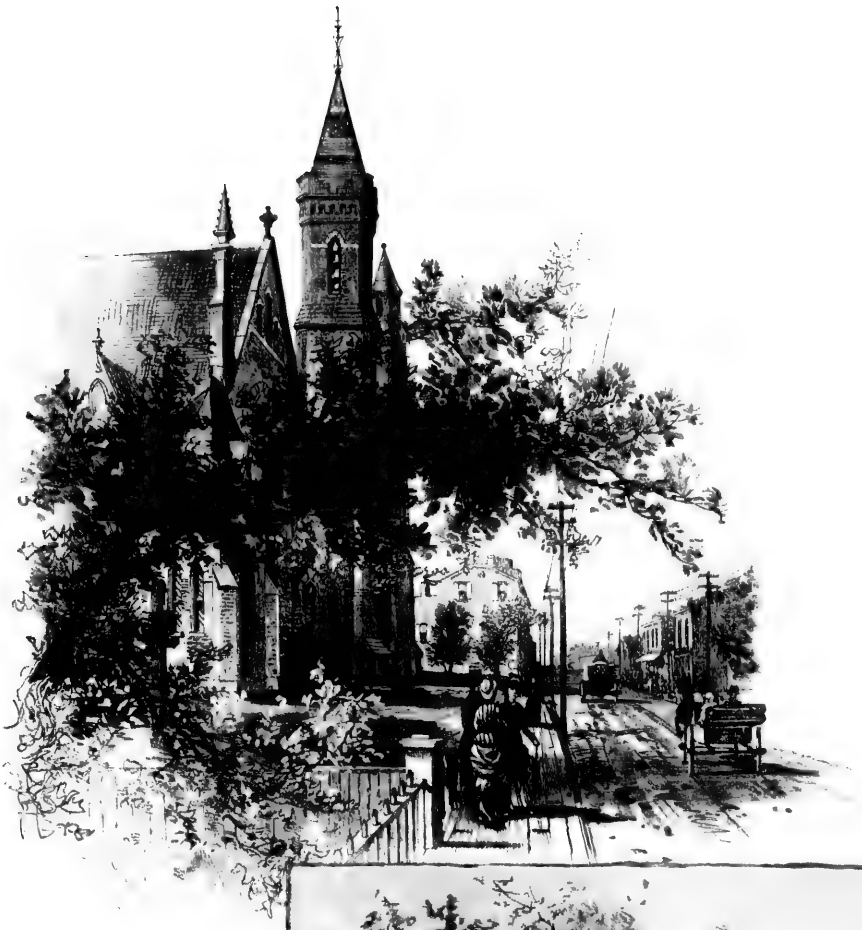
Almost before we are aware, the train bowls into Woodstock. We notice on the right a stately pile of buildings devoted to the Woodstock College. Here, many years ago, an interesting venture in the higher co-education of the sexes was made, under the auspices of the Baptist Church, by the late Dr. Fyfe; and, with their satisfactory experience of the system, the college authorities are now more confident than ever in its soundness. By the gift of McMaster Hall, Toronto, the Theological Faculty has been enabled to assume a distinct existence, and,—as was anticipated by the generous donor himself,—this separation of functions has thrown fresh vigour into the Literary Faculty at Woodstock, as well as into the Theological Faculty at Toronto. Alighting at the railway station, and sauntering a block northwards, we are gratified to meet our old military friend, Dundas Street, which, after leaving Toronto, we found at the Credit River, and then under the *alias* of the "Governor's Road" we saw at Dundas, and soon after at the Agricultural College, Guelph. The street will yet reappear as the main artery of London, just as it is here the main artery of Woodstock. The old homesteads at the east end of the town call up mingled associations:

the house and grounds of De Blacquières, shaded by trees of the ancient forest, the rectory of Canon Betteridge, and, near by, Old St. Paul's, that long listened to his eloquent and scholarly discourses; then, farther back, the home of Admiral Drew, once the dare-devil Captain Drew of the *Caroline* enterprise. In the central portion of Dundas Street the eye is caught by the graceful architecture of New St. Paul's. The interior is in pleasing harmony. Organ practice is proceeding, and we linger to hear

> "The storm their high-built organs make,
> And thunder-music rolling shake
> The prophets blazoned on the panes."

On the streets to the rear, we have a succession of solid structures:—the County Buildings, the large church of the Methodists, the Central and High Schools. Looking askance at New St. Paul's from the opposite side of the street is a fine temple to the goddess Moneta, whose worship has somehow everywhere survived the general crash of ancient mythology. And beside the Imperial Bank is the Market, which to-day tempts us with the rich products of Oxford fields, gardens, orchards, and dairies; while over against the market are crowded stores,—altogether a field day for Oxford farmers and Woodstock merchants. The street traffic is swelled by heavy wains of home-build, bearing away to the various railway stations the manufactures of the town;—reed organs; furniture in cane as well as in beautiful native woods; and then a miscellaneous catalogue of products which require some classification, or we are apt to fall into such incongruities as tweeds and barbed wire, soap and flour, leather and cheese.

A few paces westward of the market we reach a fine avenue 132 feet broad, shaded on both sides with double rows of trees. It is named after the eccentric old Admiral whose forest *Château* lay a few miles east of Woodstock, and yielded Mrs. Jameson, in 1837, one of the liveliest sketches in "*Winter Studies and Summer Rambles.*" Mrs. Jameson was staying with a family in Blandford, near Woodstock, which was then, she tells us, "fast rising into an important town." "One day we drove over to the settlement of one of these magnificos, Admiral V———, who has already expended upwards of twenty thousand pounds in purchases and improvements. His house is really a curiosity, and at the first glance reminded me of an African village—a sort of Timbuctoo set down in the woods: it is two or three miles from the high road, in the midst of the forest, and looked as if a number of log-huts had jostled against each other by accident, and there stuck fast. The Admiral had begun, I imagine, by erecting as is usual a log-house while the woods were clearing; then, being in want of space, he added another, then another and another, and so on, all of different shapes and sizes, and full of a seaman's contrivances—odd galleries, passages, porticos, corridors, saloons, cabins, and cupboards; so that if the



NEW ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, WOODSTOCK.

outside reminded me of an African village, the interior was no less like that of a man-of-war. The drawing-room, which occupies an entire building, is really a noble room, with a chimney

A FARM ON THE OXFORD SLOPE.

in which they pile twenty oak logs at once. Around this room runs a gallery, well lighted with windows from without, through which there is a constant circulation of air, keeping the room warm in winter and cool in summer. The Admiral has besides so many ingenious and inexplicable contrivances for warming and airing his house, that no insurance office will insure him on any terms. Altogether it was the most strangely picturesque sort of dwelling I ever beheld, and could boast not only of luxuries and comforts, such as are seldom found inland, but '*cosa altra più cara*,' or at least '*più rara*.' The Admiral's sister, an accomplished woman of independent fortune, has lately arrived from Europe, to take up her residence in the wilds. Having recently spent some years in Italy, she has brought out with her all those pretty objects of *virtù* with which English travellers load themselves in that country. Here, ranged round the room, I found views of Rome and Naples; *tazzi* and marbles, and sculpture in lava or alabaster; miniature copies of the eternal Sibyl and Cenci, Raffaelle's Vatican, &c.,—things not wonderful nor rare in themselves,—the wonder was to see them here." The lady referred to was Mrs. East, in whose honour Eastwood village was afterwards named.

Woodstock is now one of the towns most favoured with railways. With these manifold temptations to luxurious travel contrast the roads over which Mrs. Jameson toiled less than half a century ago. "The roads were throughout so execrably bad, that no words can give you an idea of them. We often sank into mud-holes above the axle-tree; then over trunks of trees laid across swamps, called here corduroy roads, were my poor bones dislocated. A wheel here and there, or broken shaft lying by the way-side, told of former wrecks and disasters. In some places they had, in desperation, flung large boughs of oak into the mud abyss, and covered them with clay and sod, the rich green foliage projecting on either side. This sort of illusive contrivance would sometimes give way, and we were nearly precipitated in the midst. By the time we arrived at Blandford, my hands were swelled and blistered by continually grasping with all my strength an iron bar in front of my vehicle, to prevent myself from being flung out, and my limbs ached dreadfully. I never beheld or imagined such roads."

But after all, the scenery amply consoled this literary artist. The forest, "lit up with a changeful, magical beauty," the birds, the way-side flowers, were continually detaining her, and retarding the already slow wagon. Her American landlord at Brantford had kindly volunteered to see her safely to Woodstock. "I observed some birds of a species new to me; there was the lovely blue-bird, with its brilliant violet plumage; and a most gorgeous species of woodpecker, with a black head, white breast, and back and wings of the brightest scarlet; hence it is called by some the *field-officer*, and, more generally, the *cock of the woods*. I should have called it the *coxcomb of the woods*, for it came flitting across our road, clinging to the trees before

us, and remaining pertinaciously in sight, as if conscious of its own splendid array, and pleased to be admired. There was also the Canadian robin, a bird as large as a thrush, but in plumage and shape resembling the sweet bird at home 'that wears the scarlet stomacher.' There were great numbers of small birds of a bright yellow, like canaries, and I believe of the same genus. Sometimes, when I looked up from the depth of foliage to the blue firmament above, I saw the eagle sailing through the air on apparently motionless wings. Nor let me forget the splendour of the flowers which carpeted the woods on either side. I might have exclaimed with Eichendorff:

'O Welt! Du schöne Welt, Du!
Mann sieht Dich vor Blümen kaum!'—

for thus in some places did a rich embroidered pall of flowers literally *hide* the earth. There those beautiful plants which we cultivate with such care in our gardens,—azalias, rhododendrons, all the gorgeous family of the lobelia,—were flourishing in wild luxuriance. Festoons of creeping and parasitic plants hung from branch to branch. The purple and scarlet iris; the blue larkspur, and the elegant Canadian columbine with its bright pink flowers; the scarlet lychnis, a species of orchis of the most dazzling geranium-colour; and the white and yellow and purple cypripedium bordered the path, and a thousand others of most resplendent hues for which I knew no names. I could not pass them with forbearance, and my driver, alighting, gathered for me a superb bouquet from the swampy margin of the forest. I contrived to fasten my flowers in a wreath along the front of the wagon, that I might enjoy at leisure their novelty and beauty."

THE WATERING PLACE.

Such, fifty years ago, was the vestibule of the Thames Valley. But, like the venerable cathedrals of Flanders, the finest of our old forest-minsters were swept by the axe of the iconoclast. The Flemish image-breakers at St. Omer's and Antwerp slashed the pictures, but spared the buildings. Our iconoclasts slashed the pictures, and razed to the earth the noblest of our forest sanctuaries. Nave, aisles, and spire fell before the axe of the pioneer and the lumberman. And to the axe was often added the torch: so that even the beautiful mosaic floors were destroyed; for the mould itself and the exquisite native flora that it held were burnt up. The grandsons of our iconoclasts are now anxiously bethinking themselves how to recover those majestic woods, and reafforest the river-banks and hill-sides; it would surely also be well to try whether those sweet wild-flowers cannot be charmed back. A few braids of barbed wire carried around bits of wild wood might, by excluding cattle, restore the lost flora.

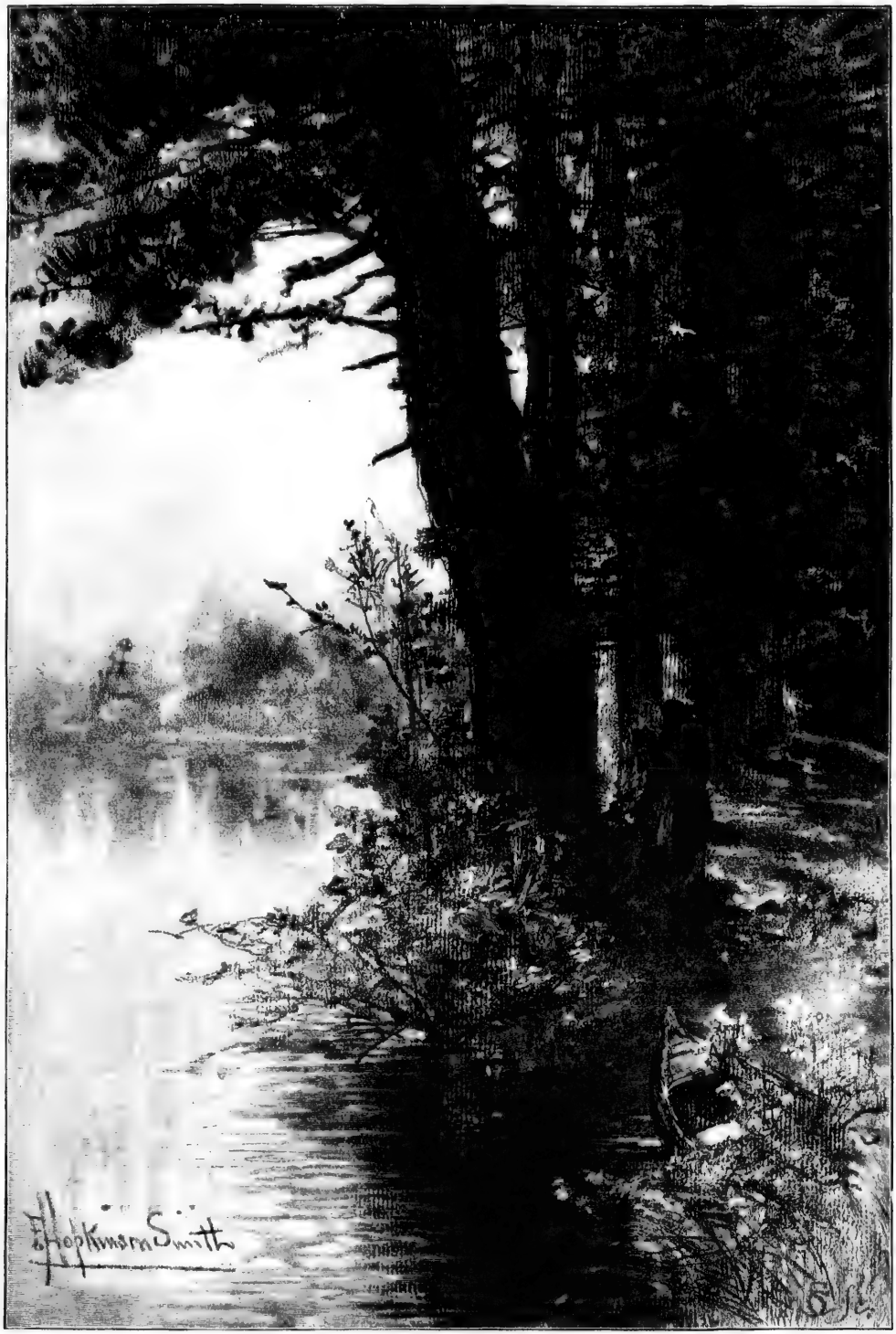
WOODLAND FLOWERS.

To the impressive forest scenery of the elder time have succeeded sunny pastoral landscapes. The labyrinthine *Château* of Vansittart would now be as difficult to find as would the bower of Fair Rosamond by the older Woodstock; the Admiral's demesne is now a famous breeder of race-horses. On the uplands of Blandford we stand on the narrow brim that divides the basin of the Grand River from the basin of the Thames. Eastward, the streams course swiftly towards Lake Erie. Westward is a gentle slope extending far beyond eye-shot, and finally losing itself in the champaign country that is watered by the Lower Thames and the Sydenham. Yon favoured land is the Thessaly of Older Canada; a land covered with a net-work of rivers and rivulets, which traverse a rich, deep soil; a land well dowered with sleek kine and swift steeds. "Nurse of heroes?" Yes; if in the prehistoric times the leaders at the council-fire or on the war-path

were of the same mettle as the chiefs that fought either against us or for us Within this western tract of Ontario we shall find the home of Pontiac. We shall find also the field where Tecumseh stood at bay when an English general ran like a fawn. Spear for spear, either of those Indian chiefs would have proved no mean antagonist for the greatest of ancient Thessalians,—the mighty Achilles himself,—and they had the merit of fighting in a worthier cause.

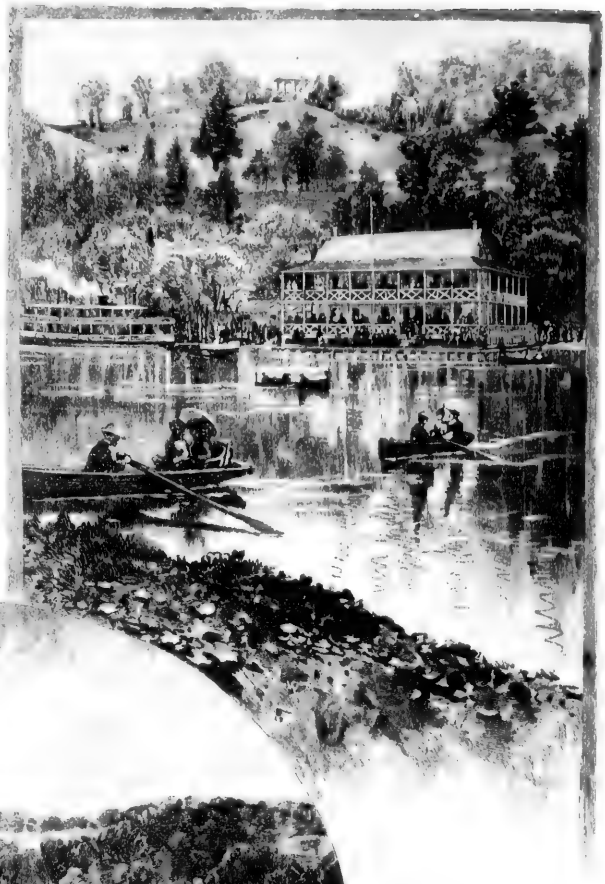
In its upper course the Thames hums its way over the pebbles as it winds through the Oxford glens. It crosses Dundas Street a little to the west of Woodstock; then amidst some sweet scenery it passes Beachville and enters Ingersoll. The channel passes through the very heart of the town between hill terraces which are crowned with pretty villas. The slumberous stillness of the river contrasts with bustle of the cheese-fairs and with the clangour of the great implement-factory that skirts the water. Onward to London, where it receives an affluent from the north, forming the "Upper Forks" of pioneer times. The Thames Valley above London affords river views of great beauty. Three miles below the city, Springbank forms a favourite holiday resort, with most picturesque approach, whether we reach it by the road or the river. Here the high bank takes its name from an exhaustless fountain of pure cold water, which is raised to the reservoir on the hills, and supplies the distant city. The Thames presently enters the reserves of the Delawares and the Muncey Indians, then glides softly past the battle-ground of old Moravian-Town and thence onwards to Chatham, where it is joined by McGregor's Creek, forming the "Lower Forks." Even at London the river creeps with a drowsy motion, but below Chatham, Father Thames has fallen into a deep sleep, his bosom scarcely heaving with an undulation. In this state of euthanasia he passes gently away and joins the cerulean "Sainte Claire." But for the discoloration of the blue lake, it would be difficult to detect the entry of the river. Jolliet sailed down the lake in 1669, and Galinée ascended it in the following year, but neither suspected the existence of a large river. In 1744, N. Bellin, the map-maker to Louis XV.'s Department of Marine, informs us that the river had been explored for eighty leagues without the obstacle of a rapid. The Thames had not then obtained a name, but soon afterwards the still water seems to have suggested the name of "The Moat,"—*La Tranchée*, which presently became *La Tranche*, under the same process that converted *Sainte Claire* into "Saint Clair," and *Lac Erié* into "Lake Erie." Governor Simcoe's Proclamation of July 16, 1792, which would fain have converted *La Grande Rivière* into "The Ouse," permanently transformed *La Tranche* into "The Thames."

In this topographical edict the Governor parcelled out his new Province into nineteen counties, and as the heart of the Western Peninsula was still to Englishmen an almost unknown land, he would walk over the ground, and see it for himself. Setting out from Navy Hall, Niagara, in the dead of winter, 1793, he drove with



ON THE THAMES.

six military officers to the Forty-mile Creek. Among his companions were Major Littlehales and Lieutenant Talbot, both in the flush of manhood and eager for adventure in the western wilds. These young officers were soon to be separated, and their paths in life thenceforward widely diverged. Major Littlehales was now Simcoe's Military Secretary, and indeed his Secretary of State; after obtaining his



SPRINGBANK.

army promotion, he received a baronetcy, and for nigh a score of years was Under Secretary for Ireland. Of Talbot we shall hear more anon; for the present let it suffice to say that he was now Simcoe's Private Secretary and most

THE THAMES VALLEY, BELOW LONDON.

confidential envoy; that after service in Flanders, where he won his colonelcy, he sold his commission and returned to the Canadian forest,—there to become the builder of the great Talbot highway, an eccentric recluse, the patriarch of some twenty-eight townships, and the tutelary saint of St. Thomas. The Governor's expedition to the western frontier was to prove of the first consequence to the Province; and fortunately a brief *Journal* in Littlehales' writing has survived. It was printed in the *Canadian Literary Magazine* of May, 1834; and it was reprinted in 1861 in the columns of some newspapers; but has again become scarce and inaccessible. On reaching the Forty-mile Creek, Simcoe's party climbed the Mountain and then struck across the country for the Grand River, where the wayfarers were entertained at the Nelles' homestead. Then ascending the river, the Governor was received at the Mohawk Village with a *feu de joie*. Resting at the village for three days, Simcoe and his suite attended service in the old church that we saw at the river-side, and were much pleased with the soft, melodious voices of the young squaws. Reinforced by Brant and a dozen Indians, the expedition now crossed the water-shed and descended the Thames Valley. Winter though it was, Simcoe was profoundly impressed by the magnificent landscape of river, and plain, and woodland, that opened out before him.

No surveyor's chain had yet clinked in these solitudes. The remains of beaver-dams, recently despoiled, were to be seen on the streams. The occasional visitants were Indian sportsmen, who could doubtless have explained the painted hieroglyphs on the trees that so interested Simcoe's officers; then there were the half-Indian, half-satyr kindred who trapped the fur-coated animals, and clothed themselves with some of the spoils; and there was the winter courier bearing despatches from Kingston to Fort Detroit; and last and rarest of all, you might happen on the extinct camp-fire of some young explorer like Lord Edward Fitzgerald, already heart-sore with disappointment, and pining for woodland life and adventure. That romantic young nobleman,—the fifth son of the first Duke of Leinster and of ancient Norman-Irish lineage,—had served with distinction as Lord Rawdon's aide-de-camp towards the close of the Revolutionary War, and was severely wounded at the battle of Eutaw Springs. He was found on the field, insensible, by a poor negro who bore him away on his back to his hut, and there with the most tender care nursed him until he could with safety be removed to Charleston. The "faithful Tony" was thereafter his inseparable companion, on sea and on land, through trackless Canadian forests and whithersoever else a fearless spirit might lead, until an awful tragedy closed his master's career. After some experience of the Irish Commons and of European travel, Lord Edward met with a cruel disappointment in love, and though "Uncle Richmond,"—who was also the uncle of our Duke of Richmond,—pleaded his cause, the father of his *inamorata* continued obdurate. Truth to say, the lady herself proved heartless; and the whole story reads like the original of *Locksley Hall*. He was off,

without even his mother's knowledge, to join his regiment at St. John's, New Brunswick. He held a major's commission in the 54th, as William Cobbett, then serving in Nova Scotia as sergeant-major, ever gratefully remembered, for Major Fitzgerald obtained the future agitator's discharge. Lord Dorchester, Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief of the Forces, had been an old admirer of the Duchess of Leinster, and naturally indulged her son in his passion for adventure. The first excursion was a tramp on snow-shoes of a hundred and seventy-five miles from Fredericktон to Quebec through a trackless wilderness. Then westward. Under the guidance of Brant, —for whom he had conceived the warmest admiration and friendship,— Lord Edward traversed the Western Peninsula, visiting the Mohawk Village, and exploring the Thames Valley by the same Indian trail over which Brant was now leading Governor Simcoe. After leaving at Fort Detroit the relief party of which he was in charge, Major Fitzgerald would proceed to Fort Michilimackinac and then strike away for the Mississippi, descending which to New Orleans he would hurry home to see the fair one on whom he so often and fondly mused while far away in these Canadian forests. But on reaching the Duke of Leinster's residence he would find a grand entertainment in full career, and among the guests whom etiquette required to be invited he would find the fair G—— *and her husband!*

On the 12th February, 1793, Simcoe came upon one of poor Lord Edward's encampments near the Thames. Three years ago this ill-fated nobleman had returned to Ireland, there to dash into the political maelstrom, to quicken the dizzy movement in the Irish Commons, to become President of the United Irishmen, and, while desperately resisting arrest, to fall mortally wounded, and to die a prisoner in Dublin Castle. He was so fortunate as to have Thomas Moore for his biographer. Probably his hero's adventures in Canada suggested to the poet his own Canadian tour in 1804, and so indirectly yielded us the *Canadian Boat Song*, *The Woodpecker*, and the poems written on the St. Lawrence.

Before the year 1793 was out, the eastern end of the Thames Valley had been plotted with townships, and substantial pioneers had been imported from New Jersey. Thomas Horner, of Bordentown, led the way into this fair wilderness, and arrived in Blenheim while Augustus Jones and his Indians were still surveying it. Major Ingersoll also arrived in 1793, and occupied the tract on which has since arisen the town bearing his name.

The main purpose of Governor Simcoe in his fatiguing winter march, was to find an appropriate site for the capital of Upper Canada. Newark (Niagara) was too exposed to assault; the Toronto portage was not yet thought of, and when, later in 1793, it was accepted as the site, the Lieutenant-Governor seems to have considered the transaction no more than a temporary compromise between his proposed Georgina-upon-Thames and the claims of Kingston as supported by the Governor-

General Lord Dorchester. On the afternoon of Wednesday the thirteenth of February, 1793, the exploring party reached the fertile delta that lay at the confluence of the north and east branches of the Thames. Here they "halted to observe the beautiful situation. We passed some deep ravines and made our wigwams by a stream on the brow of a hill, near a spot where Indians were interred; the burying-ground was of earth, neatly covered with leaves, and wickered over. Adjoining it was a large pole with painted hieroglyphics on it, denoting the nation, tribe, and achievements of the deceased, either as chiefs, warriors, or hunters." From the eminence where they lay encamped, they could see the extended arms of the Thames with their numerous tributaries. To the imaginative Indian this river-view suggested a gigantic elk's head and antlers with their branches and tines; and from this fancy the river, long before the entry of the European into the valley, was known by the name of *As-kun-e-See-be* The Antlered River.

The situation greatly impressed the Governor. After completing his march to Detroit, he hurriedly returned to make a more particular survey, so that he was here again within seventeen days of his first visit. The following is the entry in Major Littlehales' *Journal:* "2d [March, 1793]. Struck the Thames on one end of a low flat island. The rapidity of the current is so great as to have formed a channel through the mainland (being a peninsula), and formed this island. We walked over a rich meadow, and at its extremity reached the forks of the river. The Governor wished to examine this situation and its environs, and we therefore stopped here a day. He judged it to be a situation eminently calculated for the Metropolis of all Canada; among many other essentials it possesses the following advantages: command of territory, internal situation, central position, facility of water communication up and down the Thames, superior navigation for boats to near its source, and for small craft probably to the Moravian Settlement; to the northward by a small portage to the water flowing into Lake Huron, to the south-east by a carrying place into Lake Ontario and the River St. Lawrence; the soil luxuriously fertile and the land capable of being easily cleared and soon put into a state of agriculture, a pinery upon an adjacent high knoll and others on the height, well calculated for the erection of public buildings, and a climate not inferior to any part of Canada."

During the first two years of Simcoe's administration the continuance of peace with the United States seemed very uncertain, and while preparing a temporary refuge for the Provincial Legislature, the Governor steadfastly worked out his scheme of the Metropolis on the Thames. The river was frozen at the time of his visit and formed a capital roadway for the dozen carrioles that were sent from Detroit to meet him and his suite. As soon as spring opened, Surveyor McNiff was detailed to take soundings and ascertain whether navigation could be extended to the Upper Forks; he reported the river "quite practicable with the erection of one or two locks." To

guard the approach from the western frontier and command the navigation of the Upper and Middle Lakes, Simcoe projected a dockyard and naval arsenal at the Lower Forks, which he had particularly surveyed both on his march to Detroit and upon his return. In 1795 he had a town plot surveyed at the Lower Forks, which thenceforward received the name of Chatham, but such was Simcoe's energy, that in 1794,

VICTORIA PARK, LONDON.

and in advance of the survey, he had a Government shipyard established and gunboats already on the stocks. The communication of Georgina with Lake Ontario was to be maintained by a great military road—Dundas Street—with which by anticipation we have already become familiar. This road would run direct to the naval station provided by nature at the head of Lake Ontario,—the noble sheet of water which Simcoe had only recently named Burlington Bay. One approach to his forest city remained still to be covered:—the approach from the lake frontier on the south. At the suggestion of Lieutenant Talbot, over whom woodland life was already gaining a fascination, the Governor explored, in the autumn of 1793, the north shore of Lake Erie, and selected the site of a garrison town near the headland which had previously been known as *Pointe à la Biche*, but which was now named Turkey Point.

The headland commanded the bay and roadstead of Long Point, which latter Simcoe, in his fondness for transplanting English names, called North Foreland. This garrison town was to have communication with the eastern frontier by a military road, and the whole north shore of Lake Erie was to be colonized with United Empire Loyalists of the most uncompromising kind. In short, Simcoe's design for Georgina (London) was to make it, not only the seat of government, but the military centre of the Province, and the centre of material resources.

All the Governor's preparations were actively proceeding, when in 1796 he was unexpectedly transferred from Upper Canada to the West Indies; and on his departure his plans fell into complete disorder. The development of London, Chatham, and indeed of the whole Thames Valley was arrested for an entire generation. Robert Gourlay's *Statistical Account*—commenced in 1817, and published in 1822—gives a deplorable picture of the stagnation of the Province, and of the maladministration of its public affairs. Gourlay was himself a large landowner near the Thames, and beyond the information supplied by township meetings he had ample personal reasons for understanding the subject.

We have seen that Simcoe's first thought in naming his capital, was to offer a compliment to George III. and call the city Georgina,—a name still preserved in a township on Lake Simcoe. But this western river had been named the Thames, and it seemed an obvious corollary that the metropolis on the Thames must be London. Then this sagacious Governor felt how the old names pull on one's heart-strings, and it was doubtless part of his plan to charm Englishmen to his Province by the mere magic of those historic words. Were he now to revisit this spot after ninety years of absence, he would be rejoiced to find that his feelings had been so well understood, and that his Londoners had even "bettered the instruction." After he had got over the astonishment caused by the steel roadways, and by the "fire-wagons,"—as his Indians would have promptly called the locomotives, while Simcoe was fumbling about for a word,—he would try to discover in all this marvellous transformation the old natural features of the "Upper Forks." He would find that the rich alluvial meadows which he paced with his young officers have yielded an abundant harvest of suburban villas, and now bear the familiar names of Westminster and Kensington. To the north he would miss the billowy sea of dark green forest which formed so marked a feature in the landscape of his day; he would find that the shadowy aisles through the "Pineries" have been succeeded by a net-work of highways whose names would startle Simcoe by their very familiarity,—Bond Street, and Oxford Street; Pall Mall, Piccadilly, and Cheapside. Indeed, with the street names before his mind, and the sweet chimes of St. Paul's lingering in his ears, he would often dream of the ancient city beside the older Thames. The illusion would be assisted by the great warehouses, breweries, foundries, and factories. As he last knew this place, there was

RICHMOND STREET, LONDON.

not a sign of human presence here, except the Indian phantasms executed on the trees in charcoal and vermilion,—men with deers' heads, and the rest. In his stroll up Richmond Street he would find much to detain him. He would naturally think the street named after the statesman who was his own contemporary, and he would have to be informed that the name commemorates that duke's nephew, the ill-fated Governor-General of Canada, who died of hydrophobia on the Ottawa. When last at this Canadian London, Simcoe rested in a wigwam under an elm-bark roof, which Brant's Mohawks had improvised. Now, without wandering many yards from the railway station, one may find comforts and luxuries such as the Royal Palaces of the last century could not have supplied, and such as our old-fashioned Governor might possibly denounce as enervating. The maze of wires converging to various offices would have to be explained, and barbarous words used that were not in "Johnson," the standard

ST. THOMAS,
FROM KETTLE CREEK BRIDGE.

dictionary of Simcoe's day. From his *Journal* we know that already with his mind's eye he saw public buildings occupying the rising ground, yet we fancy he would be surprised at the number and the quality of the public and *quasi*-public buildings that in this young city he might view without leaving Richmond Street,—the City Hall, the Opera House, the Post Office, the Custom House, half-a-dozen noble Bank Buildings, the stately Protestant Churches and the great Catholic Cathedral. Farther north he would find the Orphanages,—Protestant and Catholic,—Hellmuth College, and the Western University. And just beyond the city limits a vast pile of Provincial buildings would rise into view,—a village, nay, a whole town of poor insane folk. Diverging into some of the parallel thoroughfares, Simcoe would be much puzzled by the names Wellington and Waterloo; he would have to learn all of Wellesley's career, except his Indian campaigns; and then he would understand how a drowsy Belgian hamlet came to lend its name to bridge and street in Old and New London. At the name Talbot Street he

would certainly inquire as to the subsequent career of the young major, who had been his private secretary, and whom by his letter to Lord Hobart, Simcoe helped to his first township on Lake Erie. The peculiar architecture of the Middlesex Jail,—one block westward,—would certainly catch Simcoe's eye, and he would be much amused to learn that Talbot had perpetrated a miniature of Malahide Castle, the home of the Talbots since the days of the Plantagenets. Simcoe would probably feel some secret chagrin, because the street that bears his own name is not that "where merchants most do congregate;" but he ought on the other hand to be well consoled by a walk through the magnificent thoroughfare,—his old military road, Dundas Street,—which here grandly concludes the "Governor's Road," with buildings that he would certainly have esteemed the very palaces of trade.

Of a summer's evening the boat-houses at the foot of Dundas Street are astir with oarsmen who take the river in the gloaming and the moonlight. In good sooth, the water is no longer of the crystalline purity it was ninety or fifty years since, when our Thames was as yet scarcely vexed by a mill-wheel. Denham wrote of the Elder Thames, nearly two centuries and a half ago, these famous lines:

> "Oh, could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
> My great example, as it is my theme!
> Though deep, yet clear, though gentle, yet not dull;
> Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.

But Thames *père* and Thames *fils* have alike suffered from chemical works and their kindred: their foam is not amber, nor yet ambergris; and in sailing on either we shall do well to take Denham's advice and *keep our eyes on the shore*:—

> "Though with those streams he no resemblance hold,
> Whose foam is amber, and their gravel gold,
> His genuine and less guilty wealth t' explore,
> Search not his bottom, but survey his shore."

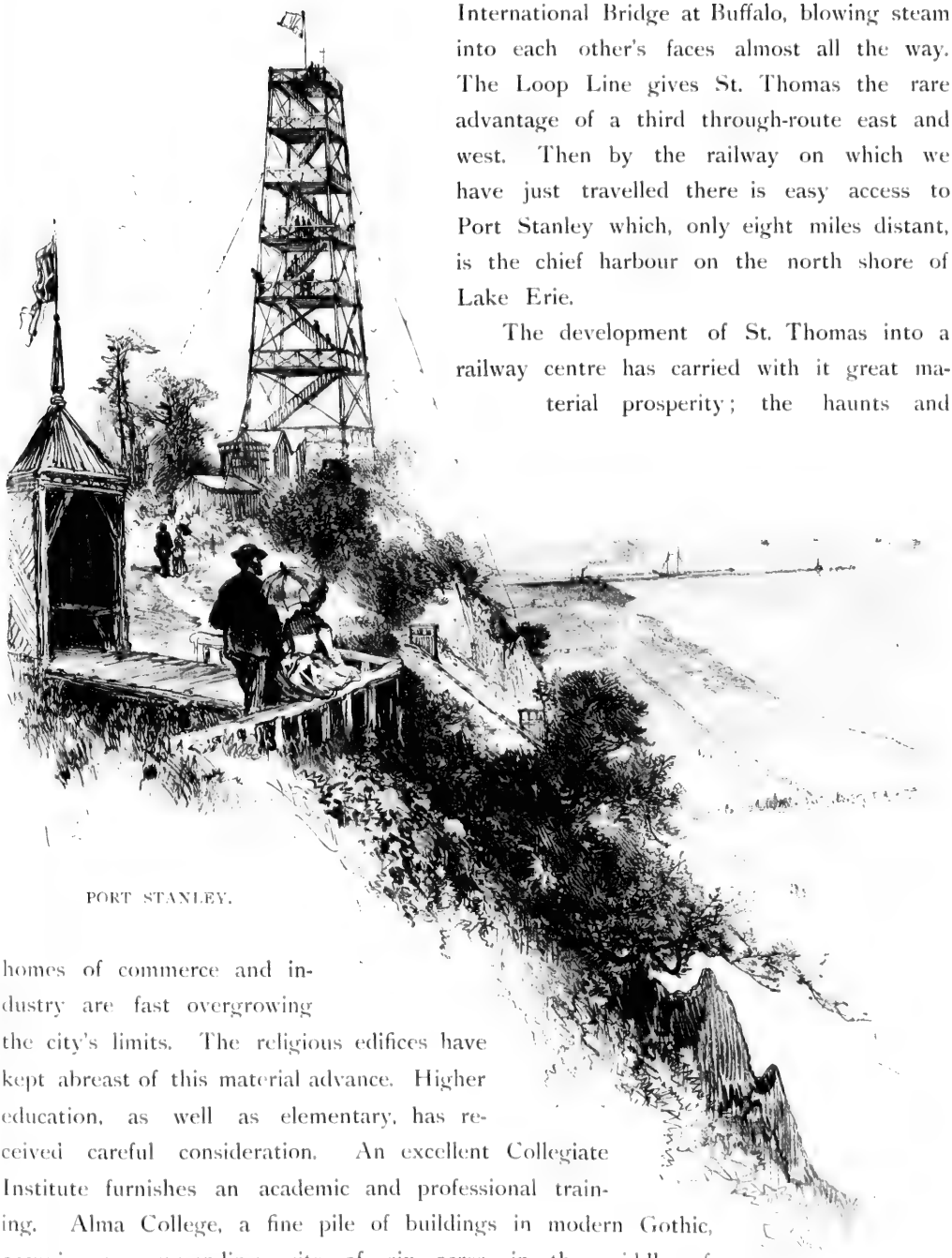
Until two years ago our Canadian Thames brought to mind only romantic scenery, and merry-making, and joyous holidays. Then a terrible tragedy befell. One of the toy-steamboats that plied between London and Springbank was struggling to bring back some six hundred of the excursionists who had kept the Queen's Birthday by the Thames-side. Soon after leaving Springbank the *Victoria* listed with an ominous lurch and strain; then began to fill. The rush of the passengers on the upper deck across the vessel snapped the stanchions like pipe-stems, and brought the whole upper-works with their living freight upon the helpless crowd beneath. They all sank together. Of the six hundred souls on board more than a third perished. After that sorrowful sun had set, the search in this deep and dark river went on with the aid of great fires blazing on the banks and petroleum torches

flaring and flashing distractedly hither and thither on the water. The scene on that awful night might vividly recall the ancient Greek poet's description of the vestibule of the "dank House of Hades:"—the waste shore and the groves of Persephone, the poplar-trees and the willows; the dark Acheron, the Flame-lit Flood, and Cocytus that River of Weeping. Midnight brought the solemn procession of the dead up the stream, and then the terrible recognition at the landing. Yet death had dealt gently with most of those dear ones: they seemed to have but fallen into a peaceful slumber on the soft May grass. The pain and the agony were for the living. That night carried mourning into a thousand homes. When the news thrilled through the world, a universal cry of sympathy arose; from the Royal Palace to the cabin all claimed a share in the grief of this bereaved city.

Of the many railways which bring rich tribute to London, that arriving from the shore of Lake Erie by way of St. Thomas taps a district of much interest as well as resource. Leaving London, and holding our way along the gentle rise which forms the water-shed of the rich townships of Westminster and Yarmouth, we find on reaching St. Thomas that we are looking down from an escarpment of considerable elevation. From the western edge the city commands a magnificent outlook. As far as the eye can reach, country villas and trim farmsteads stand out in relief against graceful bits of wild-wood, or are only half concealed by plantations of deep green spruce and arbor vitæ. Intervening are broad stretches of meadow, or long rolling billows of harvest-land. Down in the deep ravine at our feet winds a beautiful stream, which has all the essentials of romance, except the name. When, half a century ago, Mrs. Jameson warmly remonstrated against "Kettle Creek," old Colonel Talbot pleaded that some of his first settlers had christened the stream from finding an Indian camp-kettle on the bank, and that really he had not thought it worth while to change the name. The Canada Southern Railway is carried across the Creek and its dizzy ravine by a long wooden viaduct which contains a very forest of spars. The growth of St. Thomas has been much promoted by this Southern Railway, which,—originally projected by W. A. Thompson,—received, after weary years of solicitation, support from Courtright and Daniel Drew, and finally reached a permanent basis under the mightier dynasty of the Vanderbilts. Its alliance with the Credit Valley road gives St. Thomas the advantage of a double through route east and west. The company's car-shops have created a hive of industry at the eastern end of Centre Street. The adjoining station is one of the finest in the Dominion, and reminds one of the large structures in Chicago and New York. Competition for the American through-freight brought a branch of the Great Western from Glencoe to St. Thomas. This Loop or "Air" Line passes onward by Aylmer, Tilsonburg, Simcoe, and Jarvis; then, as we have already seen, converges to the Canada Southern at Cayuga; whence the two rivals start on a fifty-mile race for the

International Bridge at Buffalo, blowing steam into each other's faces almost all the way. The Loop Line gives St. Thomas the rare advantage of a third through-route east and west. Then by the railway on which we have just travelled there is easy access to Port Stanley which, only eight miles distant, is the chief harbour on the north shore of Lake Erie.

The development of St. Thomas into a railway centre has carried with it great material prosperity; the haunts and homes of commerce and industry are fast overgrowing the city's limits. The religious edifices have kept abreast of this material advance. Higher education, as well as elementary, has received careful consideration. An excellent Collegiate Institute furnishes an academic and professional training. Alma College, a fine pile of buildings in modern Gothic, occupies a commanding site of six acres in the middle of the city. The College is designed to give young ladies a training, artistic and musical, as well as literary; it is conducted under the auspices of the Methodist Episcopal Church.



PORT STANLEY.

At St. Thomas we are in the heart of the "Talbot Country." The city's main artery is the same Talbot Street which seventy miles eastward we found crossing the Grand River at Cayuga; and which, westward, we should find traversing the counties of Kent and Essex, finally running out on the Detroit River at Sandwich. Both the "Street" and St. Thomas itself take their name from the young lieutenant whom we saw with Governor Simcoe exploring a site for London in the winter of 1793. As in St. Catharine's and some other places locally canonized, the "Saint" has been thrown in for euphony. Perhaps, too, the voluntary hardships to which Colonel Talbot devoted himself may have suggested a comparison with his famous namesake of Canterbury.

From the lookout at Port Stanley we can discern, seven or eight miles westward, Talbot Creek and the spot where this military hermit renounced the world of rank and fashion and entered the wilderness, there to abide with brief intermission for nearly fifty years;—the spot also where after a stormy life he now peacefully lies listening to the lapping of the lake-waves upon the shore. Talbot was two years younger than Arthur Wellesley,—the future Duke of Wellington,—and, while still in their teens, the young officers were thrown much together as *aides* to Talbot's relative the Marquis of Buckingham, then Viceroy of Ireland. The warm friendship thus formed was kept up to the end of their lives by correspondence, and by Colonel Talbot's secular visits to Apsley House, where he always found Wellington ready to back him against the intrigues of the Canadian Executive. Through Simcoe's influence Talbot obtained in 1803 a township on the shore of Lake Erie; the original demesne grew in half a century to a principality of about 700,000 acres with a population of 75,000 souls. There was an Arcadian simplicity about the life of these pioneers. The title-deeds of the farms were mere pencil entries by the Colonel in his township maps; transfers were accomplished by a piece of rubber and more pencil entries. His word of honour was sufficient; and their confidence was certainly never abused. The anniversary of his landing at Port Talbot,—the 21st of May,—was erected by Dr. Rolph into a great festival, which was long kept up in St. Thomas with all honour. Immediately after this brief respite the hermit would return to his isolation, in which there was an odd mixture of aristocratic hauteur and savage wildness. The acquaintances of earlier life fell away one by one, and there were none others to fill the vacancies. While creating thousands of happy firesides around him, his own hearth remained desolate. Compassion was often felt for his loneliness: his nephews,—one of them afterwards General Lord Airey of Crimean fame,—attempted to share his solitude: but in vain. Then his one faithful servant Jeffrey died. The recluse had succeeded in creating around him an absolute void; for we take no account of the birds of prey that hovered about. Wellington, his first companion and the last of his friends, was borne to his tomb in the crypt of

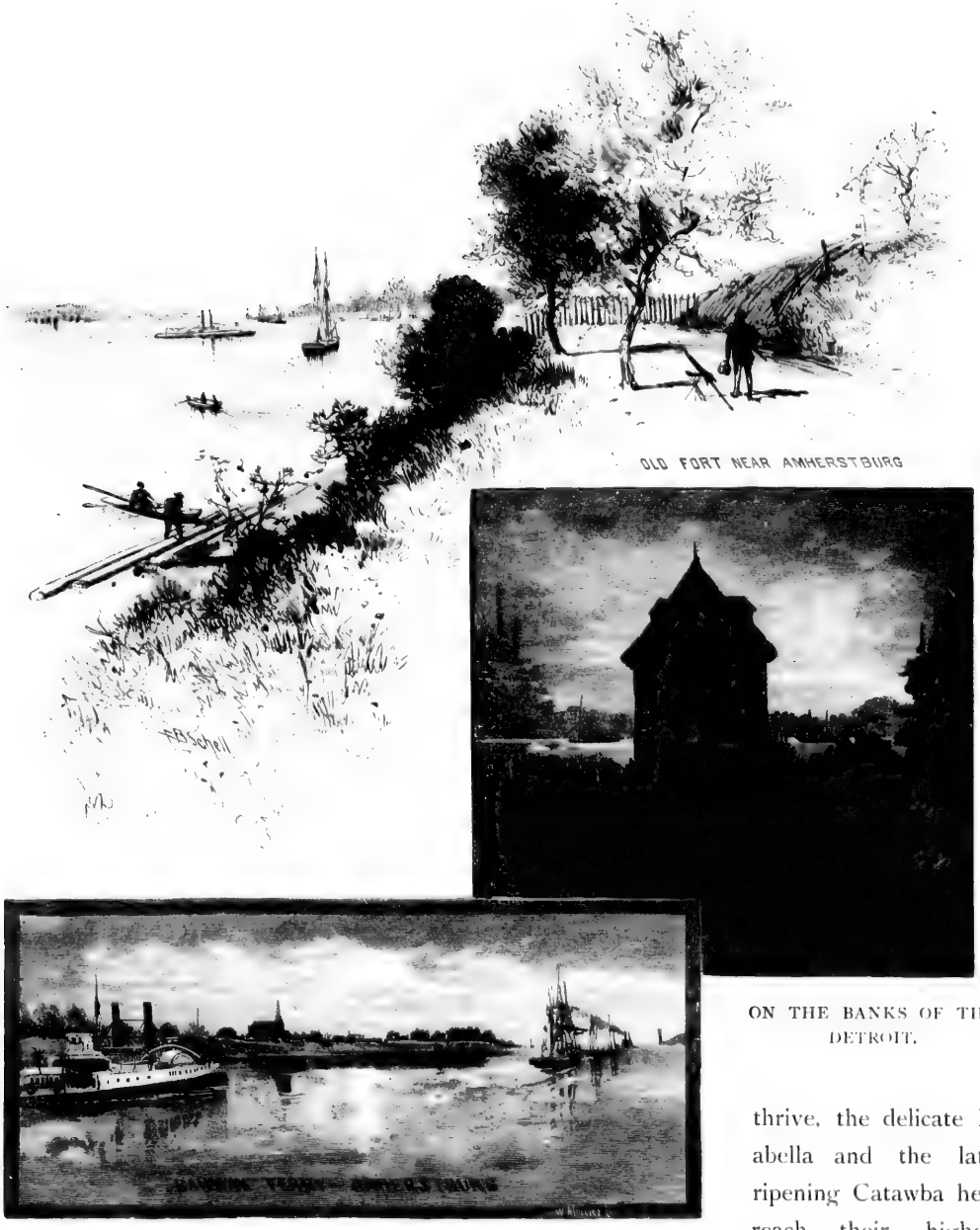
St. Paul's amid all the magnificent woe of a State funeral, and with the profoundest respect of a great empire. Three months later, poor Talbot also died. It was the depth of winter and bitterly cold. In the progress of the remains from London, where he died, to the quiet nook by the lake shore, the deceased lay all night neglected and forsaken in the barn of a roadside inn. The only voice of mourning near his coffin was the wailing of the night-wind. But, in that solemn darkness, the pealing organ of the forest played more touching cadences than may be found in a requiem of Mozart or Cherubini.

What was the mystery in this lonely man's life, that could induce a handsome colonel of ancient and noble family to forego at thirty-one all his advantages of person, rank, and station, to pass many years of extremest hardship in the wilderness, and after all only gain an old age of sore discomfort, and finally an unhonoured and forgotten grave? His own answer was, that, when he was young and romantic, Charlevoix's description of this Erie shore had cast a spell upon him.

By order of Louis XV., this learned Jesuit, who was presently to become our earliest historian, made a tour of observation through New France. Fortunately for us, he kept along the north shore of Lake Erie, and recorded his observations in a *Journal* which took the form of correspondence addressed to the Duchess des Lesdiguières. The seventeenth letter is dated at Fort Ponchartrain, Detroit, 8th June, 1721. While passing the estuary of the Grand River (*La Grande Rivière*), Charlevoix remarked that though it was the 28th of May the trees were not yet out in leaf. Then past Long Point (*La Longue Pointe*) and its clouds of water-fowl, and so westward over a quiet lake and water as clear as crystal. The explorer's party encamped in the noble oak-woods where Talbot afterwards found a hermitage and a grave. Charlevoix was charmed with a life that recalled the wild freedom of the Hebrew Patriarchs; each day brought an abundance of the choicest game, a new wigwam, a fountain of pure water, a soft carpet of green sward, and a profusion of the loveliest flowers.

The fourth of July brought Charlevoix to *Pointe Pélée*, where he chiefly remarked copses of red cedar. This Point, it will be remembered, had witnessed the great tribulation of the worthy Fathers Galinée and Dollier in the Spring of 1670, and so had been called *Pointe aux Pères*. At Charlevoix's visit the headland had acquired its present name, but he throws no light on its meaning. It was then a rare bear-garden: more than *four hundred* bears had been killed last winter (1720–1) upon the Point.

Sixteen miles to the south-west of Pointe Pélée lies Pélée Island, which,—with the exception of an islet of forty acres two miles still farther out in the Lake,—forms the most southerly possession of the Canadian Dominion. The temperature is so warm and equable that sweet potatoes are grown, cotton has been found to



OLD FORT NEAR AMHERSTBURG

ON THE BANKS OF THE DETROIT.

thrive, the delicate Isabella and the late-ripening Catawba here reach their highest flavor and perfection. Six miles to the south lies another famous vineyard, Kelley's Island, which territorially belongs to Ohio. In Charlevoix's time two of these islands were specially known as Rattlesnake Islands, and all bore a viperous reputation. Apparently with excellent reason: for Captain Carver, in 1767, and Isaac Weld, thirty years

later, found them fairly bristling with rattlesnakes. The very islands that in our time are the most delightful of health-resorts were in the days of the early travellers held to breathe an envenomed atmosphere. Carver, with charming credulity, tells of a "hissing-snake," eighteen inches long, which particularly infested these islands: "it blows from its mouth with great force a subtile wind," which, "if drawn in with the breath of the unwary traveller, will infallibly bring on a decline that in a few months must prove mortal, there being no remedy yet discovered which can counteract its baneful influence!"

Charlevoix entered the Detroit River an hour before sunset, on the 5th of June, 1721, and encamped for the night on "Bois Blanc." The island had already got its present name, and was, a hundred and sixty years ago, as it is now, "*une très-belle isle.*"

In 1796, when Fort Detroit passed under Jay's Treaty from England to the United States, the guns and military stores were removed to a new fort which the English engineers had hastily erected, eighteen miles below, at the mouth of the river. A square plot, sufficient to receive three regiments, was enclosed and defended by ditch, stockade, and rampart; and the bastions at the four angles were heavily armed. One face ran parallel to the river-bank and was pierced by a sally-port. Fort Malden has witnessed exciting and troublous times, but soon its ground plan will be as difficult to trace as the plans of the mound-builders of the Ohio. The stump of the flag-staff is now silently decaying in the grass-plot of a private demesne, like a maimed veteran in a quiet nook at Chelsea; the stockade and ditch have disappeared; the ramparts themselves have melted away into gentle slopes of green sward. The untamed wildness of the river-banks and islands as they were seen by Galinée, Charlevoix, and Weld, has been succeeded by a softer landscape of rare loveliness. The screen of white-wood forest, from which Bois Blanc took its name, was cut down in the Rebellion of 1837–8 in order to give the guns of Fort Malden an unrestricted sweep. The river-view from Amherstburg thus became enlarged and enriched, taking in the beautiful Grosse Isle and the rich woodlands on the farther bank of the Detroit. The town was named in commemoration of General Lord Amherst, Wolfe's Commander-in-Chief in the successful campaigns against Louisbourg and Quebec. The new fort was visited in 1797 by Isaac Weld, some of whose most interesting sketches are dated from "Malden." He came up Lake Erie with a squadron of three war-vessels, one of them charged with presents for the Indians. On the first night after his arrival, just as he was retiring to rest, he heard wild plaintive music borne in with the midnight wind from the river. Taking a boat for Bois Blanc, and guided by the light of a camp-fire, he found a party of Indian girls "warbling their native wood-notes wild." A score of young squaws had formed a circle round the fire and, each with her hand around another's neck, were keeping time in a kind

CATAWBA VINEYARD—PELEE ISLAND.

of minuet to a recitative sung by themselves. They were supported by the deep voices of three men, who, seated under a tree, formed the orchestra for this choral dance, and marked the time with rude kettle-drums. The Indian warriors on the island had been formerly settled near the Wabash, and were of those tribes that six years ago had cut to pieces the army of General St. Clair, the gouty grandson of the Earl of Rosslyn. The red-men had since been tamed by the nimble General Wayne,—"Mad Anthony," whose redoubt now commands the river below Detroit,—but several Indian families had made good their retreat with St. Clair's spoils, and were then actually encamped under his canvas on Bois Blanc.

The earliest detailed exploration of the Detroit River is Galinée's, in the Spring of 1670, though we know that Jolliet had in the previous Autumn mapped his way down from the Sault Ste. Marie to the mouth of the Grand River. The missionaries Galinée and Dollier had been mocked and thwarted by the stormy waters of

A FOREST PATHWAY.

Commerce often hung closely on the skirts of the Church. Within a decade of Father Galinée's bout with the Manitou, La Salle had dedicated to commerce this frontier chain of rivers as well as the two great inland seas that are joined by these shining links of silver.

Nearly ten years have passed since we saw La Salle making the first exploration of Lake Frontenac (Ontario), and discovering Niagara River and Burlington Bay. The young Canadian, Jolliet, whose romantic interview with La Salle we witnessed near the Grand River, has since found the Mississippi, and, in company with the brave Father Marquette, has traced that mighty flood down to within a couple of days' journey from the mouth. His ambitious rival, La Salle, has embarked on a vast commercial enterprise in which the Governor-General, Count Frontenac, is shrewdly believed to have invested more than a friendly interest. The scheme is no less than a monopoly of the fur-trade of the continent. The Great River and Valley of whose resources Jolliet brought back in the Summer of 1673 such marvellous accounts, will be re-explored by La Salle with the aid of Jolliet's manuscript reports and maps, and of Marquette's narrative, after Marquette is dead, and when Frontenac has removed poor Jolliet to the distant and barren *seigneurie* of Anticosti. But the first and pressing question is the fur-trade of the Great Lakes. This tide of fortune must forthwith be deflected from the Anglo-Dutch channel of the Hudson to the St. Lawrence. Fort Frontenac was hastily thrown up on the site of the present Kingston to command the lower outlet of Lake Ontario; the western gateway was brought under La Salle's guns by the erection of Fort Niagara. The fur-trade of Erie and the Upper Lakes was to be secured by the patrol of an armed trader. But La Salle's schemes of monopoly had already excited bitter jealousies and had plunged him into financial embarrassments. Just as he had put on the stocks the vessel that was to become the pioneer of lake merchantmen, his creditors laid hands upon his store of furs at Fort Frontenac, and the French Intendant seized the rest at Quebec. To the Intendant's share fell 284 skunk-skins, whose late occupants are in the official inventory grimly catalogued as "*enfants du diable*."

After incredible difficulties, and amid the sleepless suspicion and hostility of the Indians, a 45-ton craft was at length completed and launched on the Niagara River. She was named the *Griffin*, after the lion-eagle at her prow, which had been designed from the armorial bearings of Count Frontenac. On the 7th August, 1679, La Salle embarked on Lake Erie, and with a *Te Deum* and salvos of artillery the *Griffin* flung her canvas to the breeze. On the 11th she entered the Detroit, the pioneer and pilot of that innumerable procession of ships which during two centuries have passed this Strait. From May to December you may observe all day, and through the livelong night, the stately march of the merchantmen on these waters,—the soft foot-fall of the sailing craft, and in the fore-front of these *alarii*, the

Lake Erie; finally, one night, by a stealthy inroad on the poor exhausted Sulpicians, the Lake had filched the altar-service which was to have carried the Faith to the banks of the Ohio. To the minds of these earnest, simple-minded men it was plain that the Powers of Darkness were warring through the very elements themselves against the advance of the Cross into heathendom. The missionaries ascending the Detroit, found near the present Fort Wayne a sacred camp-ground of the red men. Within a circle of numerous lodges was a great stone idol which proved to be no less a divinity than the Indian Neptune of Lake Erie—the Manitou that at will could rouse or quell those perilous waters. The idol was formed of a rude monolith, to which Indian fancy attributed a human likeness, the features being helped out with vermilion,—on the whole, perhaps, a not more artistic divinity than our own forefathers worshipped within the Druidical Circle at Stonehenge. This Indian Neptune was entreated with sacrifices, with peltries, and with presents of game, to receive gently the frail canoe, and prosper the red man's voyage over the dangerous Erie. The Iroquois of Galinée's party urged the missionary to perform the customary sacrifices to the Manitou. The worthy father had made up his mind that this heathen demon was at the bottom of all those Erie disasters, and was even now trying to starve the missionaries to death. Taking an axe, he smote the idol to fragments; then lashing his canoes together he laid the *torso* across, and paddling out into the river, he heaved Neptune overboard in mid-channel, where the venerable Manitou of Lake Erie still reposes,—unless some steam-dredge has scuffled him into its mud-box. Curiously enough, the very day that witnessed this daring iconoclasm brought abundance of food and a cessation of hardships. Two centuries ago we should, every one of us, like Galinée, have thought this something more than a coincidence.

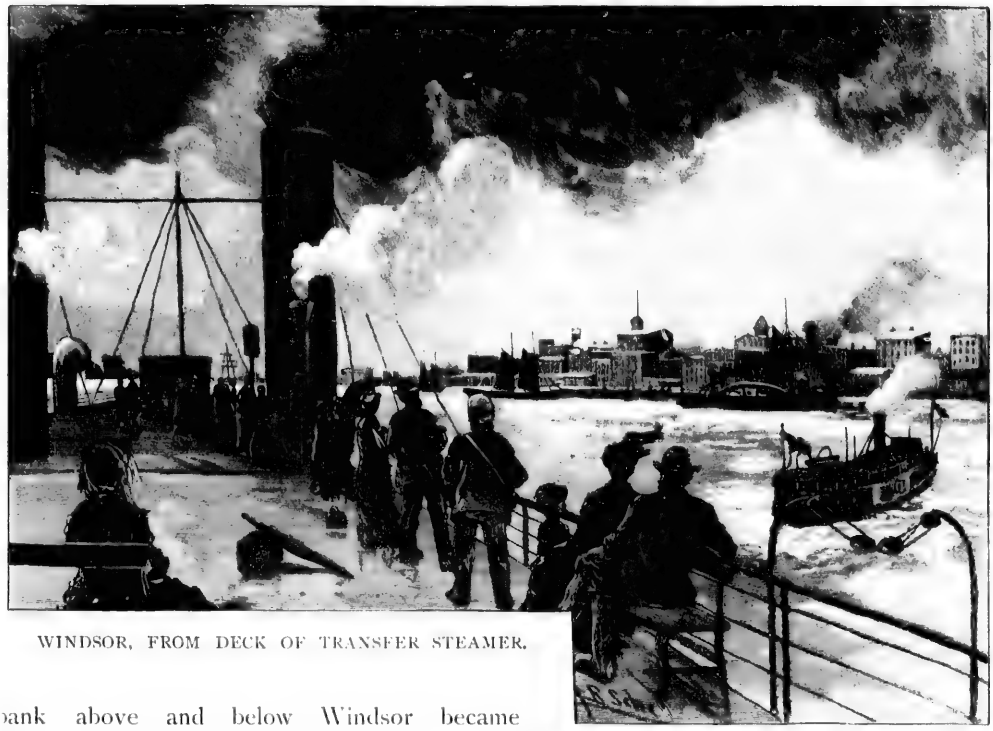
RIVERSIDE GRANARIES.

In early French exploration the Missionary generally outran the Trader, though

measured tramp of the steamers, those legionaries of commerce. On these delightful breezy banks you are prone to loiter of a Summer night, to watch the moving lights burn with red and green fires on the water, and to hear the rising wind "sweep a music out of sheet and shroud." When these waterways are locked by the frost, the great transfer-steamers still pass and repass between the shores with a calm indifference to the changed landscape. The commander of the *Griffin*,—dashing La Salle himself,—would behold with awe these leviathans swing into the landing, and, taking whole railway-trains upon their backs, swim lightly across the wide channel, cleaving, if need be, fields of ice, or smiting down the piled-up masonry of the frost. He explored this Strait under Summer skies. The *Griffin* sailed between shores which Father Hennepin, writing his journal on deck, described as virgin prairies, or as natural parks frequented by herds of deer. He saw clouds of wild turkeys rising from the water's edge, and noble wild swans feeding among the lagoons. The sportsmen of the party hunted along the *Griffin's* advance, and soon the bulwarks of the brigantine were hung with the choicest game. There were groves of walnut, and chestnut, and wild plums; there were stately oak-glades with rich garniture of grape-vines. Quoth Father Hennepin: "Those who in the future will have the good fortune to own this fruitful and lovely Strait will feel very thankful to those who have shown them the way." Worthy Chaplain of the *Griffin*, why, in bespeaking grateful remembrance for thy hero, hast *thou* forgotten to record that our Canadian, Jolliet, in his birch-bark canoe, mapped out these waterways ten years ago?

The importance of these lake-straits was early recognized by French statesmen. In 1688 Baron La Hontan found opposite Point Edward, and near the site of the present Fort Gratiot, a fortified post,—Fort St. Joseph,—which had been erected some years before to command the upper gateway of the St. Clair. Under the express direction of Count Pontchartrain a fort was in 1701 erected on the present site of Detroit. The founder, La Motte Cadillac, named this important post after the Minister himself, and it became the nucleus, not only of the future city of Detroit, but of the early settlements all along the Straits northward to Lake Huron and southward to Lake Erie.

Under shelter of Fort Pontchartrain, settlements gradually crept along the water's edge on both sides of the Detroit. Between 1734 and 1756 the old records show that numerous land-grants were made. The earlier passed under the hands of Beauharnois and Hocquart; the later patents bring together such incongruous names as the sagacious Governor Duquesne,—the founder of Pittsburg,—and the infamous Intendant Bigot. These grants were subject to the usual incidents of Canadian feudalism, which required of the *seigneur* to erect a grist-mill for the use of his *censitaires* or feudal tenants, and to provide a fort or block-house for defence against the Indians. To cover both necessities windmill-forts were erected, and the Canadian

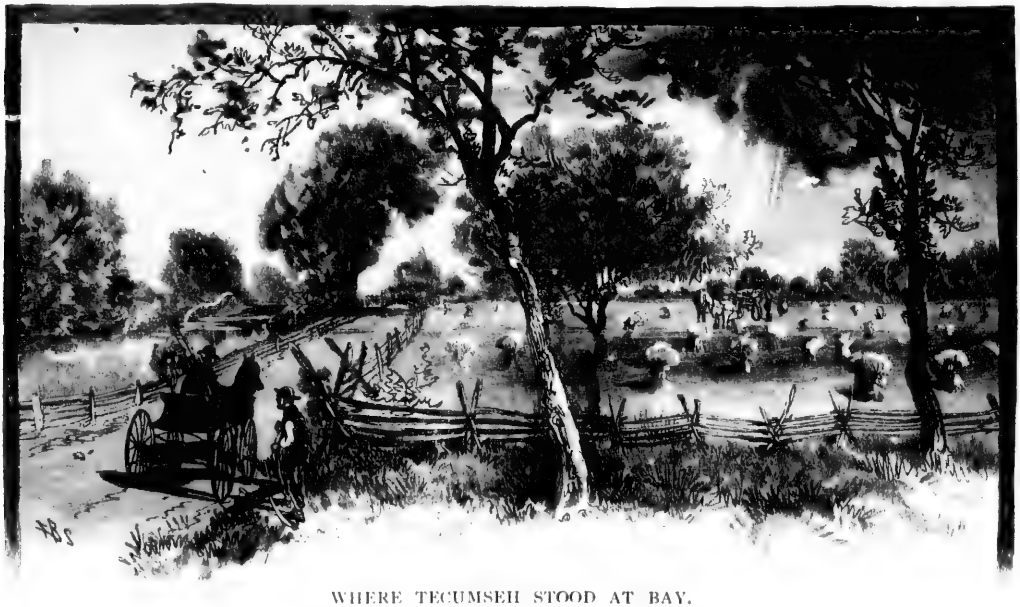


WINDSOR, FROM DECK OF TRANSFER STEAMER.

bank above and below Windsor became dotted with picturesque round-towers. An example,—though not of the very earliest mills,—survives near Sandwich; another may be seen on the river-bank above Windsor, or rather Walkerville. The harvests and milling operations of pioneer days may appear contemptible to a generation accustomed to see wheat by tens of thousands of bushels received and discharged daily at the railway granaries on the river-side; indeed a large elevator of [illegible] time would have housed the entire wheat-harvest of Ontario in the earlier years of the century. But the rudest of mills was an inexpressible boon to a settler who had been living on grain coarsely bruised in the mortar that, after Indian example, with a red-hot stone, he hollowed out of some hard-wood stump. In the court-yards of these old windmills may often, of an Autumn day, have been seen animated groups,—at first easy-humoured and apt to make the best of everything after the happy disposition of the French *habitant*, but latterly,—with the arrival of the U. E. Loyalists,—apt to see that the miller took no more than his rightful toll, and that he gave them back their own wheat-sacks. These primitive rights of the subject found voice in the open-air Parliament which Simcoe held at Niagara in 1792: it was then and there solemnly enacted that wheat-sacks must be branded, and that the miller must not take more than a twelfth for his toll.

Among the earliest settlers on the Detroit were discharged soldiers of the French

armies which had served against England in the great struggle lately closed by the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle; and no doubt some of these very veterans and the officers who now became their *seigneurs* had been with Marshal Saxe at Fontenoy. The great highway of our Old *Régime* was the river, whether open or frozen; so the land was cut up into long narrow ribbons running out to the river-bank. A group of these shore-settlements was in the French-Canadian *patois* known as a *côte*. Thus between Amherstburg and Sandwich there was *Petite Côte*, a name which still survives though its original significance is lost. The ecclesiastical grouping of these settlements into parishes was simultaneous. The Parish of *L'Assomption* extended along the bank above and below the present Windsor, a dozen miles either way. At *La Pointe de Montréal*, a village grew up, taking its name from the parish, and forming the nucleus of the present Sandwich. The earlier name is still represented in Assumption College, an important Catholic Seminary at Sandwich. The College stands upon a plot of 120 acres which was given by the Ottawa and Huron Indians to Bishop Hubert, of Quebec, about 1781. Near L'Assomption were settled the Wyandots, a remnant of the once numerous Hurons, and descended from the few that we saw escaping the Iroquois massacres of 1648–49. These disinherited children of the soil received the spiritual care



WHERE TECUMSEH STOOD AT BAY.

of Carthusian Friars in 1728, and their "Huron Church" became one of the earliest landmarks for pilots on these waters. Together with fragments of various other tribes, the Wyandots afterwards removed to the Indian Reserve farther down the bank, but

in the form Wyandotte, their name still survives across the river in the busy town where yonder blast-furnaces and rolling-mills keep the river side in perpetual mourning.

Between Wyandotte and Sandwich we pass Fighting Island. From the name might be expected a place bristling with all the circumstance of war; but despite its name the island lies most peacefully basking and dozing in the sunshine. No; not even the Indian entrenchments that were marked here in the maps of a century ago. But the name incloses an uneasy remembrance of the years when Vigilance looked out of the dark windmills oftener than did Industry. First there were the Indian Wars and ambuscades; then came the War of 1812; and last of all there was our Rebellion. The Detroit frontier witnessed in those unquiet times many bits of gallant work and endless romantic incidents; but in order to keep within sight of our artist, we must not wander far afield.

Windsor has, within less than two centuries, passed through the phases of virgin prairie, riverside farm, trading-post of the Nor'-West Company, ambitious village, prosperous town; it is now fast ripening into the dignity of a city and board of aldermen. The site has witnessed many stirring incidents. Here in November, 1760, encamped the first British troops that penetrated to these western rivers. The Capitulation of Montreal, two months before, had transferred to England this vast Canadian domain. Under Amherst's orders Major Rogers and his Rangers had now come to take possession of Fort Pontchartrain. Rogers had sent in advance to the commandant a letter informing him of the Capitulation, but this was incredulously received, and an attempt was even made to rally the Indians to the rescue. Then came another despatch from Rogers, who had by this time reached the mouth of the Detroit,—a copy of the Capitulation, and an order from the Marquis de Vandreuil directing the surrender of the Fort. At the sight of his Governor-General's autograph, poor Captain Belètre knew that all was lost! Where Windsor now stands was an open meadow, then forming part of M. Baby's farm. There encamped under canvas, and eagerly watching the turn of affairs across the river lay the swarthy Rangers and their famous commander. Presently a small detachment formed among the tents, and in charge of two officers crossed over to the Fort. Then the tragic summons. The French troops are now seen defiling on the plain; the *fleur de lis* drops from the flagstaff; the red cross of St. George springs aloft and shakes out its folds to the breeze. Half a continent has changed masters!

The neighbouring Indians beheld with amazement the surrender of the garrison and the disarming of the French regulars and militia. It was incomprehensible how so many yielded to the handful that took over Vandreuil's dispatch; still less, if possible, could they understand why the vanquished should have their lives spared, nay, why most of them should be sent away in peace to their farms. These Indians of the Detroit passed over to the winning side with suspicious alacrity. Among those

who are cheering the loudest for the English flag observe that dusky muscular chief of the Ottawas, who wears an unusual wealth of long black hair. Three years hence he will desperately endeavour to pull that flag down. His name is Pontiac. With him the question is not which of these European nations he loves the more, but which he hates the less. Long after his death, his spirit will stalk the forest in Tecumseh. But despite Pontiac's fierce beleaguerment

LOOKING UP THE THAMES, CHATHAM.

of the Fort, the flag of England will float there Summer and Winter until a constellation not at all seen of the wise men when George III. was born will rise in these western skies, and perplex all the court astrologers.

The old farm-house of the Babys seems to have been the first brick building that the Western District,—or for that matter the Province,—of Upper Canada possessed. It still survives,—or was lately to be seen,—within the limits of Windsor. Under

its roof-tree General Hull established his head-quarters when he was rehearsing his Invasion-farce. The farce was followed by a more serious after-piece,—not on the play-bill,—*The surrender of Detroit and General Hull*,—which nearly ended in an actual tragedy, for the poor old general was promptly court-martialled by his fellow-officers, and escaped being shot only through the mere mercy of President Madison. The quiet of the river-side farm was again broken in the following year,—this time by a soldier of different quality. Here in the opening days of October, 1813, on the old camping-ground of Rogers' Rangers, were picketed General Harrison and his famous mounted rifles. At the distance of seventy years we can afford to examine the Kentuckians with more composure than did our grandfathers. Lithe, athletic fellows, and fearless, every one; occasionally savage, but often chivalrous; such as might have sat to Fenimore Cooper for his portrait of *Leather-stocking*. Head turbaned with a handkerchief of bright colors,—blue, red, or yellow; hunting-frock and trowsers of leather,—the trowsers gaily fringed with tassels. Not cavalry, as we understand cavalry, and therefore no sabre; rather, as Harrison himself described them, "mounted infantry." They were armed with well-tried rifles: and for close and desperate service against the Indians they carried in their belts the horrid knife and tomahawk. Just now their immediate business in Canada was to pursue Proctor, who had lately made a disastrous invasion of Michigan, and now, abandoning the Canadian frontier to the enemy, had retreated to the Thames. In a council of war at Amherstburg, the Indian chief Tecumseh had in vain tried by the most scornful reproaches to goad this *fainéant* into a show of action. But a disastrous naval engagement had only eight days before occurred within distinct hearing, and almost within sight of Fort Malden. From the shores that overhang the lake at the mouth of the Detroit, the English and the American flotillas were seen to be manœuvring among the Bass Islands,—each commander plainly trying to get the weather-gage or some other fighting advantage of the other. An unnatural strife between nations of the same flesh and blood; nay, between mother and son,—an arrogant mother and an inconsiderate son,—altogether such a drama as would have satisfied the old Greek tragedians. It was the tenth of September. Just as the sun was getting overhead, Barclay's squadron was seen to engage the American fleet, "by giving a few long guns," to which Perry responded with promptitude and extreme vigour. A vast rolling curtain of smoke then fell on the stage, but the incessant roar of artillery behind, sufficiently told the spectators that the Furies were hurrying on this Orestean drama to its tragic close. Late in the afternoon the curtain slowly lifted, and a funeral procession was disclosed passing across the stage, –the procession of the dead and of those who still lay writhing on the decks in the agonies of death. The two fleets offered a sorry spectacle,—notably the captive English ships which brought up the wake.

This naval reverse would under Brock's genius and wonderful resource have per-

haps become only the dark background to some brilliant feat of arms; but Brock had fallen on Queenston Heights, and a military artist of another quality had now succeeded. Proctor called a council of war and proposed to destroy Forts Malden and Detroit, burn up all public property, and then retreat on Niagara, thus leaving to the discretion of the invader over two hundred miles of country with its towns and farmsteads and Indian villages. Among the officers present at the council was the famous chieftain and orator Tecumseh,—or Tecumtha, as his name was pronounced,—who ranked as brigadier-general of the Indian auxiliaries. His influence among the native races was boundless. By the Indians throughout the valleys of the Missouri and Mississippi and still away northward to the great Lake-Land, Tecumseh was regarded as the mighty deliverer who would restore the children of the soil to their birthright and heritage. His mission was betokened by signs in heaven and awful tremblings of the earth. The great comet that appeared in the autumn of 1811 was but Tecumseh's terrible arm stretched across the sky, kindling at nightfall on every hill top signal-fires for the great Indian War. In the Chieftain's absence General Harrison marched to the Wabash and defeated the warriors who had already obeyed this celestial summons. They were commanded by Tecumseh's twin brother the Prophet, and they attacked the "Big-Knives"—as they called the Americans—with such terrific onset, that this victory of Tippecanoe cost Harrison several of his best officers. A month afterwards, the valleys of the Missouri and Mississippi were violently shaken by an earthquake. To the excited and imaginative Indians the earthquake was but the stamping of Tecumseh's foot to announce, as he had promised, his arrival at the Detroit River. The shocks continued all the winter long, and these were other signals, not understood of white men, by which Tecumseh was preparing his people for stirring events. The outbreak of the Anglo-American war in June, sufficiently explained to not a few of the border pioneers, as well as to the Indians, this uneasiness of earth and sky: it was now abundantly plain what the comet and earthquakes portended! During the first year's campaign, Tecumseh's exploits stirred the lodge-fires along the Mississippi and the bivouacs on both sides of the Detroit. But with Brock's death everything went wrong in the west. From being fearlessly aggressive the British tactics had become timidly defensive. The champion of the red-men now actually heard in a council of war, and from the lips of an English general, a proposal to abandon the whole Indian population to the mercy of riflemen who might not yet have forgotten,—for it was but nine months ago,—the massacre of their comrades at the Raisin.

Tecumseh arose. As he drew himself up to his full height, his powerful but finely-moulded form was seen to advantage in a close-fitting dress of deer-skin. A magnificent plume of white ostrich feathers waved on his brow, and contrasted strongly with his dusky features. His piercing hazel eyes flashed with a wild and

terrible brilliancy, forming a spectacle which the officers of the Council never forgot. With withering scorn he related how the Indians had served, and had been served; and thundered out the fiercest denunciations of Proctor's cowardice and treachery. Tecumseh felt that he was the last of the great Indian Chiefs, and the last hope of his people; he had resolved either to justify that hope, or to show the world how the last of the great Indian Chiefs could die. The peroration of the remonstrance addressed to Proctor contains the last recorded words of Tecumseh: "You have got the arms and ammunition which our great father sent for his red-children. If you have any idea of going away, give them to us, and you may go with a welcome! Our lives are in the hands of the Great Spirit. We are determined to defend our lands, and, if it is his will, we wish to leave our bones upon them."

The council of war was for a time completely borne away by the wild rush of this native eloquence. The British officers were powerfully affected. The excitement of the Indian Chiefs was uncontrollable. As soon as he could get a hearing, Proctor faltered out a promise that he would make a stand, if not at Chatham, certainly at Moraviantown, an Indian village up the Thames, where lived many of Tecumseh's Delaware Indians. On this clear understanding the chieftain gave way.

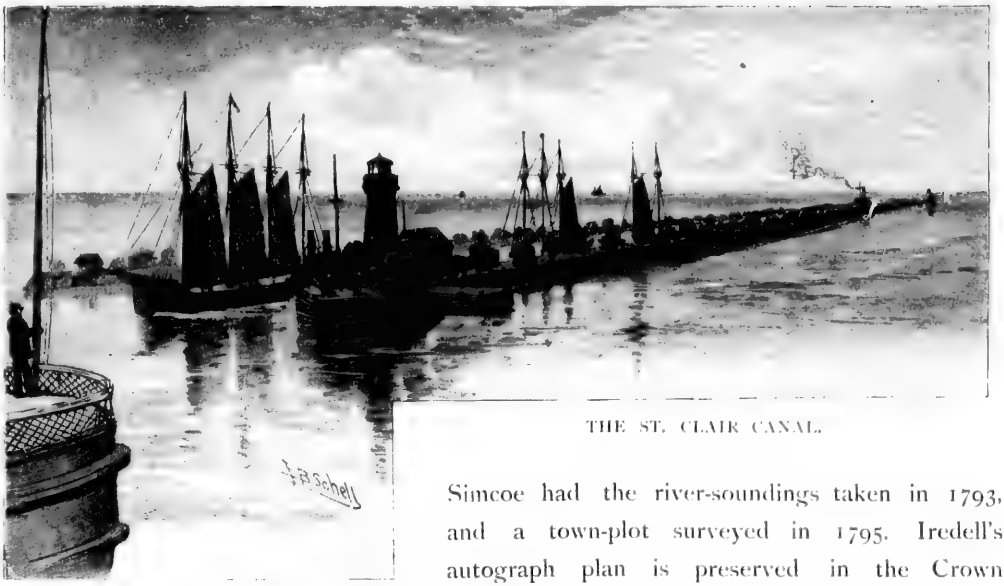
The line of retreat from the Detroit takes us along the shore of Lake St. Clair to Baptiste Creek near the mouth of the Thames; there crossing the main river we follow the retreating army along the north bank and through great forests as yet scarcely traversed by a formal road; and so reach Chatham and Moraviantown.

Along the Canadian border of Lake St. Clair and for more than a dozen miles back from its present margin is a deep stratum of rich clay silt, marking the area of an older basin. Through this alluvial belt the Thames and Sydenham creep with a drowsy motion, but at the northern end of the lake the current of the St. Clair River has ploughed out for itself numerous channels and formed a delta which is familiar to every Canadian sportsman as *the St. Clair Flats*. This old lake mud has a marrowy fatness that strongly commends it in our day to the farmers of Essex, Kent, and Lambton; but it has withal a lingering tenacity that would not recommend it to fugitives. Seventy years ago the country on the lower Thames was still an unbroken prairie rarely invaded except by the overflowing river. Near Chatham the river-banks lifted, and you entered the ancient cathedral of the forest with its solemn twilight, its resinous incense, and its rich murmuring music. Lordly trees that had possession of the soil long centuries before Champlain, or Cartier, or Cabot touched our shores, towered aloft in stupendous columns, and branched out a hundred feet overhead with domes or archways, with such a wealth of foliage that the sun was subdued to a "dim religious light" and the undergrowth was often no more than a filagree of mosses and lichens. Amid the gloom of those

A TOW ON LAKE ST. CLAIR.

forest archways a whole army could find retreat, and march unobserved day after day. But then those aisles were so spacious that fifteen hundred cavalry might pursue at a galop, and scarcely slack rein all day long,—a most serious contingency in the Fall days of 1813. At sunrise, and still more at sunset, a sudden glory lit up the forest. And if, like many anxious eyes, yours had been directed to the evening sky on the fourth of October, you would have seen a spectacle of indescribable magnificence. The forest minster was lighted up even to its crypts. The great mullioned windows to the west glowed with a fiery splendour which warmed to flame the scarlet maple-leaves that strewed the floor. Altogether such a wild sunset as might befit the going out of a fiery life. In our Indian drama the trilogy consists of *Pontiac*, *Brant*, *Tecumseh*,—each boldly confronting Fate, and welding into a league the native races of half the continent. For Tecumseh the last sun was now setting.

Chatham witnessed the first conflict. The prosperous county-town of our day is the growth of the last fifty years, but we have already seen that Governor

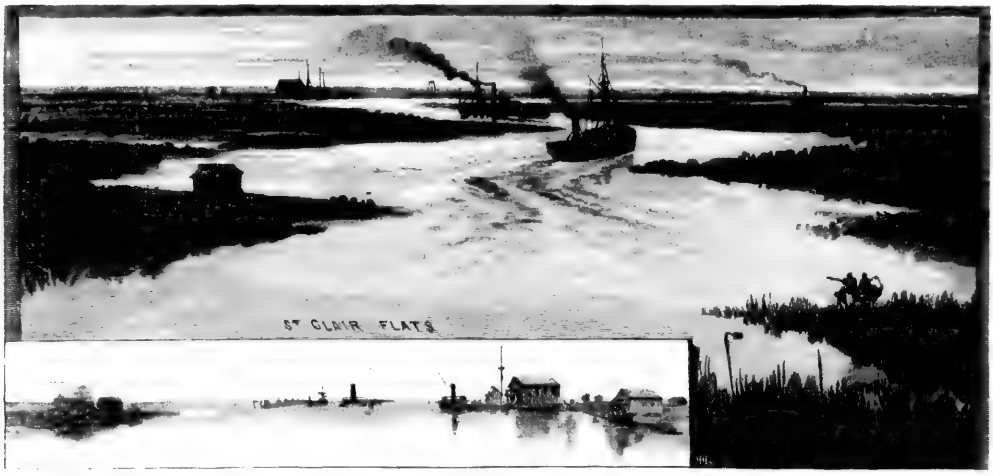


THE ST. CLAIR CANAL.

Simcoe had the river-soundings taken in 1793, and a town-plot surveyed in 1795. Iredell's autograph plan is preserved in the Crown Lands Department of Ontario; and it is evident that *on paper* the town immediately south of the Thames has subsisted unchanged for nearly ninety years. A full stream of business now flows through King Street, whose windings form a picturesque reminiscence of the old river-road, and of the ancient Indian trail through the forest. The fine avenue by which we ascend from the river-side to the northern quarter of the town betrays in its straight lines another century, and a generation of rectangular taste. In Simcoe's day the Thames was here fifteen to twenty feet deep, and it was joined at an acute angle by a "creek" which, though no more than thirty or forty feet wide, was ten or twelve feet in depth. The tract inclosed between the "Forks" has in our time been replanted with trees, and in proper remembrance of a brave ally and a remarkable man, it has been named Tecumseh Park. With military instinct Simcoe set aside as an ordnance reserve the peninsula thus moated by nature on

CLUB HOUSE, ST. CLAIR FLATS.

two sides. In 1794, he built on the north face a block-house, and under the shadow of its guns he set one Baker, —who had worked in the King's ship-yard at Brooklyn,—to create a lake flotilla. Five gun-boats were put immediately on the stocks, but owing to the Governor's withdrawal from Canada his schemes fell into disorder. Three of Simcoe's gun-boats were never even launched, but rotted away unused on the stocks. Had that brave old sea-dog Barclay had even one such boat when the flag-ship *Lawrence* struck her colours to his fire, his gallant opponent Perry would scarcely be just now covering Harrison's advance by running United States gun-boats up to Chatham. After twenty years, the town had got no farther than a paper plan. As Harrison's horse came thundering along through the aisles of



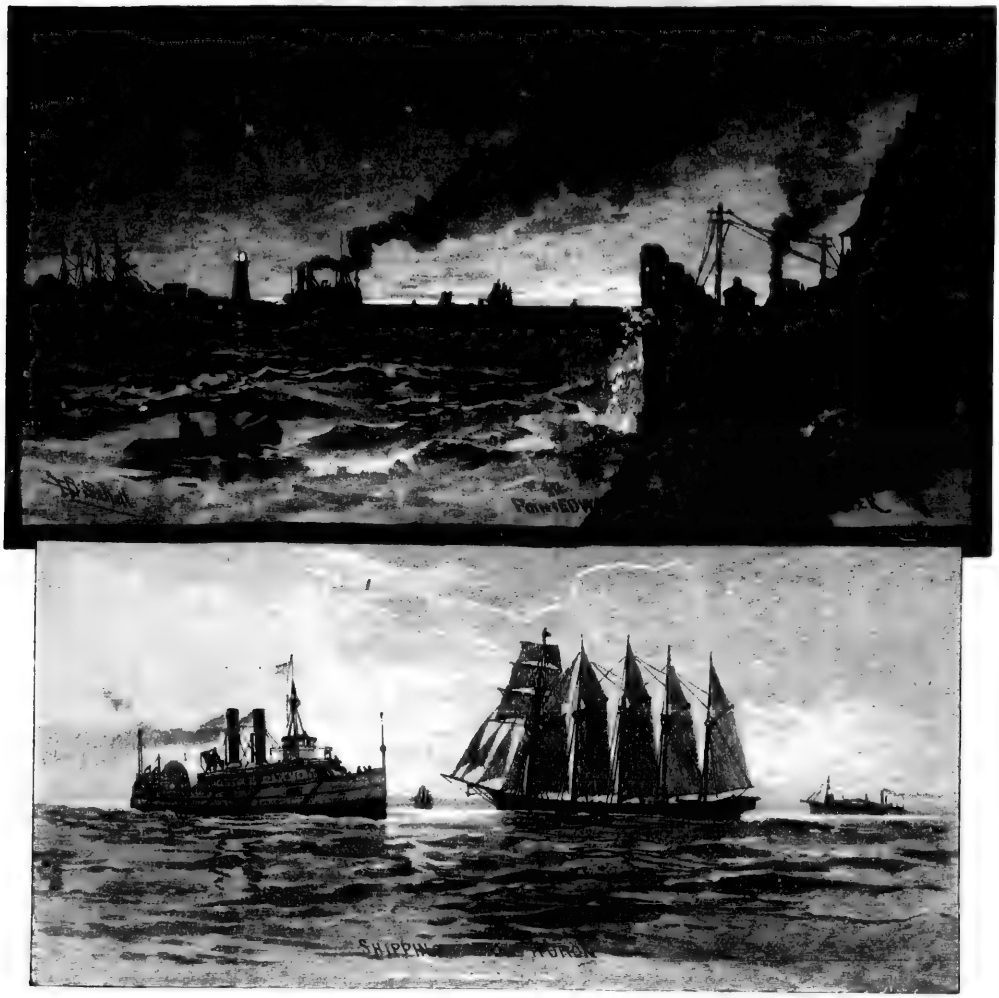
ALONG THE ST. CLAIR FLATS.

sugar-maple that flanked the south bank of the Thames, these Kentuckians would have been much surprised to learn that they were galloping over what were, officially speaking, houses and churches. But it is to be doubted whether this startling thought would have disconcerted them half as much as did the rifle-shots which suddenly rang out from among the trees on the north bank and on Simcoe's reserve, emptying some of their saddles. Tecumseh had vainly recommended this vantage-ground to Proctor: our remarkable strategist preferred that all his military stores should be captured at Chatham rather than venture a brush with Harrison's cavalry, of which he had already got some experience in Michigan. No more of Harrison's horse-play for him; Proctor had lost all taste for such diversion; he was already twenty-six miles up the country, and had left no instructions. The gallant Indian Chief,—would, for the sake of the Canadians, he had been Commander-in-Chief!—then undertook, with such poor means as he had at hand, to stop the

tide of invasion. Like Horatius in the brave days of old, he beat back the enemy until the bridge across the moat could be hewn away. But Horatius never fought against six-pounder cannon; such a *balista* would have staggered the noblest Roman of them all. The bridge was rebuilt, and the tide of invasion rolled on.

In ascending the Thames two generations ago, your boat would not have been much embarrassed by bridges. Until 1816 there was no means of crossing the main channel even at Chatham. The fine iron structure that now spans the river some ten miles farther up, would have seemed to Dolson, to Clarke the miller, and to the other pioneers on the bank a far greater marvel than the Hanging Gardens of Babylon. Soon after passing the site of the future Kent Bridge we should have touched the western skirts of the Long Woods,—a park-like forest stretching unbroken for forty miles up the Thames, and covering 190,000 acres. Bridle-paths through it there were many, but carriage or wagon roads there were none. The present village of Thamesville marks the western edge of this romantic wilderness, and the village of Delaware lay on its eastern skirts. In the very heart of it was a solitary but cheerful inn kept by a quaint old soul, who provided in his hotel register a column for the adventures of his guests in the Long Woods. His name, either intentionally or accidentally, is embalmed in *Wardsville*. This vast solitude was rarely broken except by Indians. They came to fish at nightfall with torch and spear on the Thames; or, launching their fire-rafts on autumn nights, they would light up in wild relief the river-banks and the dark archways of the forest, while the gentle deer, startled from their sleep and fascinated by the light, would draw within range of the Indian rifle. Moravian missionaries settled in this wilderness in 1792, and the Indian not seldom grafted on the lessons of the Moravians his own wild-wood fancies. Howison spent the Christmas-Night of 1819 at the hostelry in the Long Woods, and had an interesting adventure:—"When it was midnight I walked out and strolled in the woods contiguous to the house. A glorious moon had now ascended to the summit of the arch of heaven and poured a perpendicular flood of light upon the silent world below. The starry hosts sparkled brightly when they emerged above the horizon, but gradually faded into twinkling points as they rose in the sky. The motionless trees stretched their majestic boughs towards a cloudless firmament; and the rustling of a withered leaf, or the distant howl of the wolf, alone broke upon my ear. I was suddenly roused from a delicious reverie by observing a dark object moving slowly and cautiously among the trees. At first I fancied it was a bear, but a nearer inspection discovered an Indian on all fours. For a moment I felt unwilling to throw myself in his way, lest he should be meditating some sinister design against me: however, on his waving his hand and putting his finger on his lips, I approached him, and notwithstanding his injunction to silence, inquired what he did there. 'Me watch to see the deer kneel,' replied

SARNIA.



FROM SARNIA TO LAKE HURON.

he: 'This is Christmas-Night, and all the deer fall on their knees to the Great Spirit, and look up.' The solemnity of the scene, and the grandeur of the idea, alike contributed to fill me with awe. It was affecting to find traces of the Christian faith existing in such a place, even in the form of such a tradition."

A high plain, wooded with white oak, lay near the north bank of the river between the present Thamesville and Bothwell. Arriving here in May, 1792, four Moravians established an outpost in the Canadian wilds, as, seventy years before, the "Watch of the Lord" had been established among Count Zinzendorf's oaks on the Hutberg. Simcoe was hospitably entertained at the Mission while he was exploring the Thames in 1793. He became much interested in the secular aspect of the enterprise and the effort to lead the aborigines to agricultural pursuits. A few months later, he reserved for these Moravian Indians a plot of more than fifty thousand acres, occupying both sides of the Thames and forming the old township of Orford in the now extinct county of Suffolk. It was a picturesque incident for the European to find growing up under the shelter of a Canadian forest the antique usages of the ninth century and of the Byzantine Christian Church:—the social separation into "choirs" according to age and sex; the "bands," "classes," and *agapæ*; the celebration at the grave-yard of an Easter-morn, and the roll-call of the recent dead; the Vigil of the New Year; the announcement, not with tolling bell, but with trumpets and pæans, when one of the brethren had passed from earth,—for had he not won a victory,—a triumph over the last enemy, Death? By 1813 the Mission had gathered around it a hundred houses. The sandy loam on both sides of the river had become fields of waiving maize; many of the Indian dwellings nestled in beautiful gardens and orchards. Thirty-three years after fire and sword had given back this village to the wilderness, Colonel Bonnycastle found still distinctly traceable the orchards of the Moravian pioneers. The northern half of Orford Township has passed from the hands of the Moravians and received the name of Zone; the Moraviantown of our day occupies the south side of the river.

General Harrison forded the Thames twelve miles below the Mission, mounting a foot-soldier behind every cavalier as in the first days of Templar Knighthood. The military details of the battle near Moraviantown need not here be pursued. The central incident is the death of the great Indian Chief, which must always retain an unfading interest. It were easy for Tecumseh, with his perfect knowledge of the black-ash jungle where he stood, to have made good his escape; but to this lordly son of the forest,—this savage, if you will,—there were things far dearer than life. His self-respect forbade him to imitate the example of his commander-in-chief who was now spurring through the October leaves toward Burlington Heights. After Proctor had fled the field, Tecumseh, disdaining the protection of the marsh, advanced towards the American cavalry and eagerly sought out the commander that had broken the

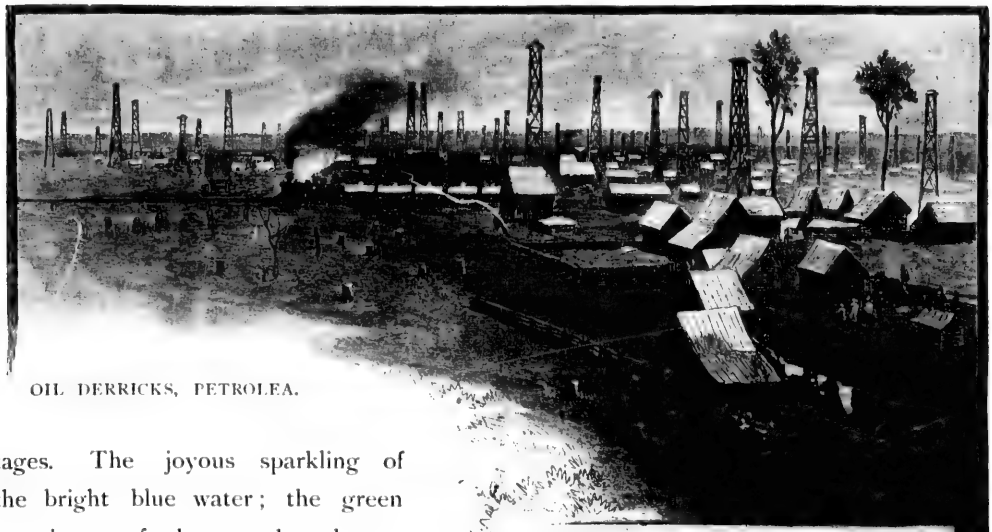
red man's strength at Tippecanoe. With the fierce onset of the native panther,—from which Tecumseh got his name,—he sprang at a mounted officer whom he supposed General Harrison. The officer drew a pistol and the Indian Chief fell dead. The American officers who opposed Tecumseh in the council and in the field, have recorded how profoundly he impressed them by his majesty of demeanour and by his haughty eloquence; and they have related how, even in death, he looked a King,—"ay, every inch a King." By the English Thames, as well as by the Canadian, there is a story of a native chief who defended his people's hunting-grounds against an alien invader. Cassivellaunus has, through the pen of Cæsar, secured a permanent place in history. Some of the most learned scholars of Europe have devoted themselves to ascertaining where this naked savage drove stakes into the bed of the Thames. Yet how insignificant the ancient Briton's theatre of action, or his federation of clans, when compared with the field traversed by Tecumseh, or with the interests, Indian and Imperial, that were in his keeping. But antiquity,—that glamour of classical antiquity!

The battle-field at Moraviantown remained uncleared till 1846, when it yielded to the plough numerous memorials of the conflict. Immediately north of the marsh were some black-walnut trees bearing carved emblems,—an eagle, turtle, horse, and other hieroglyphics. This heraldry would have puzzled Garter King-at-Arms, who was perfectly at ease among boars' heads, bears and ragged staffs, bloody hands, and the other refinements of mediæval heraldry. But the eagle, and the turtle, and the horse were full of meaning for two aged Shawnees who had fought by Tecumseh's side and had afterwards carved on the walnuts these emblems to mark with deepest veneration the spot where the last hope of so many Indian nations expired. The old settlers relate that often at twilight these Shawnee warriors might have been seen stealing to the place. Remaining there for hours in the darkness, and with a silence unbroken except by the sighing of the night-wind through the aged walnut-trees, they would meditate on the life and death of the last great representative of the Indian race. To the inexpressible grief of these poor Indians, and with a most barbarous disregard of the sanctity of the place, the walnut-trees were hewn down, and the scene of Tecumseh's death has been thought irrecoverably lost. But while searching the records of the Crown Lands' Department of Ontario, we have discovered that in the survey of Zone made in 1845 by B. Springer, the precise spot was ascertained and recorded in the Surveyor's plan and field-notes, with bearings and distances. By a strange oversight, discreditable to our national gratitude, the lot,—No. 4, in the old "Gore of Zone,"—was not reserved as public property, nor any memorial erected. But even at this late hour we should bethink ourselves of what is due to the memory of Tecumseh. A romantic history still surrounds the place of his *burial*. It would seem that the body was furtively buried by a few of his warriors, and the secret confided to only the leading Indian chiefs. In 1876 much interest was aroused by the alleged disclo-

sure of the secret, and a search undertaken. Owing to the excitement of the Indians the search was temporarily discontinued; and when it was resumed, bones and weapons were found which certainly were not Tecumseh's, but are by many believed to have been specially substituted for the chieftain's. So the mystery remains as before, and on Tecumseh's cenotaph may be inscribed the words spoken of the ancient lawgiver, "No man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day."

St. Clair,—Lake and River,—should, according to La Salle's intention, be spelled *Sainte Claire*. With his pioneer merchantman, the *Griffin*, La Salle entered the Lake on the twelfth of August, 1679. It was the day, as Father Hennepin would doubtless remind him, dedicated to Sancta Clara,—in French, Sainte Claire,—to her who was once the lovely Clara d'Assisi, and who afterwards became Abbess of San Damiano and the foundress of the Order of the Poor Clares. She died in 1253, and the festival is kept on the anniversary of her burial. But when Canada passed over to England, a general debility overtook the old French names in the West, and they clung for support to the nearest English word, whatever it might signify. Now it happened that *St. Clair* became, in the middle of the last century, a familiar name in America through Sir John St. Clair, Braddock's deputy quartermaster-general; and then, towards the end of the century, General Arthur St. Clair held the command against the Indians in the West. The name of the lake and river would naturally be associated with these military officers by the first two generations of English pioneers in Canada. This confusion became utter disorder when the form *Sinclair River* received official sanction from Surveyor-General Smyth's *Gazetteer of Upper Canada*, in 1799.

At the very gateway of the Lake there is an islet which possesses historical interest. In our day it bears the name of Peach Island; this arose from a misconception of the French *Ile à la Pêche*,—"Fishing Island." Lake Huron has generally been regarded as the homestead of the white fish; but in the Indian epoch and in pioneer times the river islands were the favourite resorts of fishermen, red or pale-faced. In countless myriads white fish flocked towards the throat of Lake St. Clair to browse on the minute water weeds and perhaps to prey on the small molluscs that luxuriate in its muddy shoals. The fish would be borne into the eddies that swirl around the river islands, and thus fall an easy prey to the Indian scoop-net. Towards the close of the French *regime*, Ile à la Pêche acknowledged as its lord a fisherman of most uncommon craft. His name was Pontiac,—the same whom we heard applaud lustily the raising of the red-cross flag at Detroit. The historian Parkman gives us a vivid picture of this famous chieftain's summer rendezvous:—"Standing on the water bastion of Detroit, a pleasant landscape spread before the eye. The river, about half a mile wide, almost washed the foot of the stockade; and either bank was lined with the white Canadian cot-



OIL DERRICKS, PETROLEA.

tages. The joyous sparkling of the bright blue water; the green luxuriance of the woods; the white dwellings looking out from the foliage; and in the distance the Indian wigwams curling their smoke against the sky,—all were mingled in one broad scene of wild and rural beauty. Pontiac, the Satan of this forest paradise, was accustomed to spend the early part of the summer upon a small island at the opening of the Lake St. Clair, hidden from view by the high woods that covered the intervening Isle au Cochon. 'The king and lord of all this country,' as Rogers calls him, lived in no royal state. His cabin was a small oven-shaped structure of bark and rushes. Here he dwelt with his squaws and children; and here, doubtless, he might have often been seen lounging, half naked, on a rush mat or a bear-skin, like any ordinary warrior. We may fancy the current of his thoughts, the turmoil of his uncurbed passions, as he revolved the treacheries which, to his savage mind, seemed fair and honourable. At one moment, his fierce heart would burn with the anticipation of vengeance on the detested English; at another, he would meditate how he best might turn the approaching tumults to the furtherance of his own ambitious schemes.

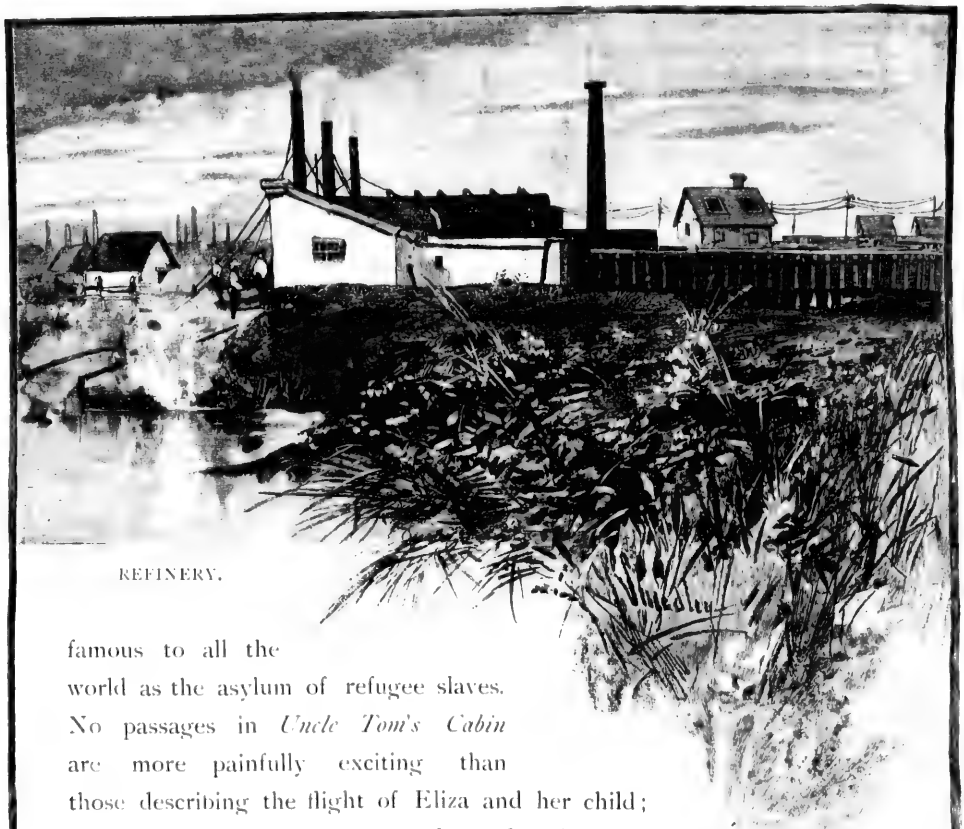
DRILLING A WELL.

Yet we may believe that Pontiac was not a stranger to the high emotions of the patriot hero, the champion, not merely of his nation's rights, but of the very existence of his race. He did not dream how desperate a game he was about to play. He hourly flattered himself with the futile hope of aid from France, and thought in his ignorance that the British Colonies must give way before the rush of his savage warriors; when, in truth, all the combined tribes of the forest might have chafed in vain rage against the rock-like strength of the Anglo-Saxon. Looking across an intervening arm of the river, Pontiac could see on its eastern bank the numerous lodges of his Ottawa tribesmen, half hidden among the ragged growth of trees and bushes."

It was within the narrow compass of this meditative Ile à la Pêche that Pontiac planned his surprise of the extended chain of frontier garrisons in 1763. The first attacked was the most remote—the fort that guarded the gateway from Lake Huron into Lake Michigan. On the fourth of June the Ojibways with effusive loyalty assembled around Fort Michillimackinac to celebrate the birthday of their Great Father, King George. Mark the grim irony of that touch! The main feature of the occasion was to be a grand game of la-crosse,—or *baggattaway* as the Ojibways named it,—played with the Sacs for a high wager. Once or twice, through some unusual awkwardness in the players, the ball was swung over the pickets of the fort, and the players in their eagerness all rushed pell-mell to find the ball, and then out again to resume the game. Major Etherington, the commandant, had bet on the Ojibways, and was as intent as any on the sport. Once more the ball rose high in the air and fell within the fort. This time the eager players in their rush towards the gate suddenly dropped their la-crosse sticks and snatched tomahawks from squaws who stood ready with the weapons beneath their blankets. The massacre of the surprised garrison was the work of an instant, for four hundred armed Indians were now within the inclosure! An adventurous fur-trader, Alexander Henry, witnessed the tragedy from a window overlooking the fort, and after a series of thrilling dangers, escaped, and lived to become the historian of these events. Through the kindness of his grand-daughter, who resides in Toronto, we have consulted for the purposes of our narrative Henry's own copy of his famous *Travels and Adventures*.

Within fifteen days from the striking of the first blow in the north ten forts had fallen before Pontiac's strategy. One important garrison, however, still held out,—that at Detroit. The love of a pretty Indian girl for Major Gladwyn had betrayed the plans of the great conspirator; and though Pontiac might draw an inexperienced officer into a fatal ambuscade, the wary commandant would withstand even a twelve months' beleaguerment, and throw into hopeless chaos Pontiac's Conspiracy.

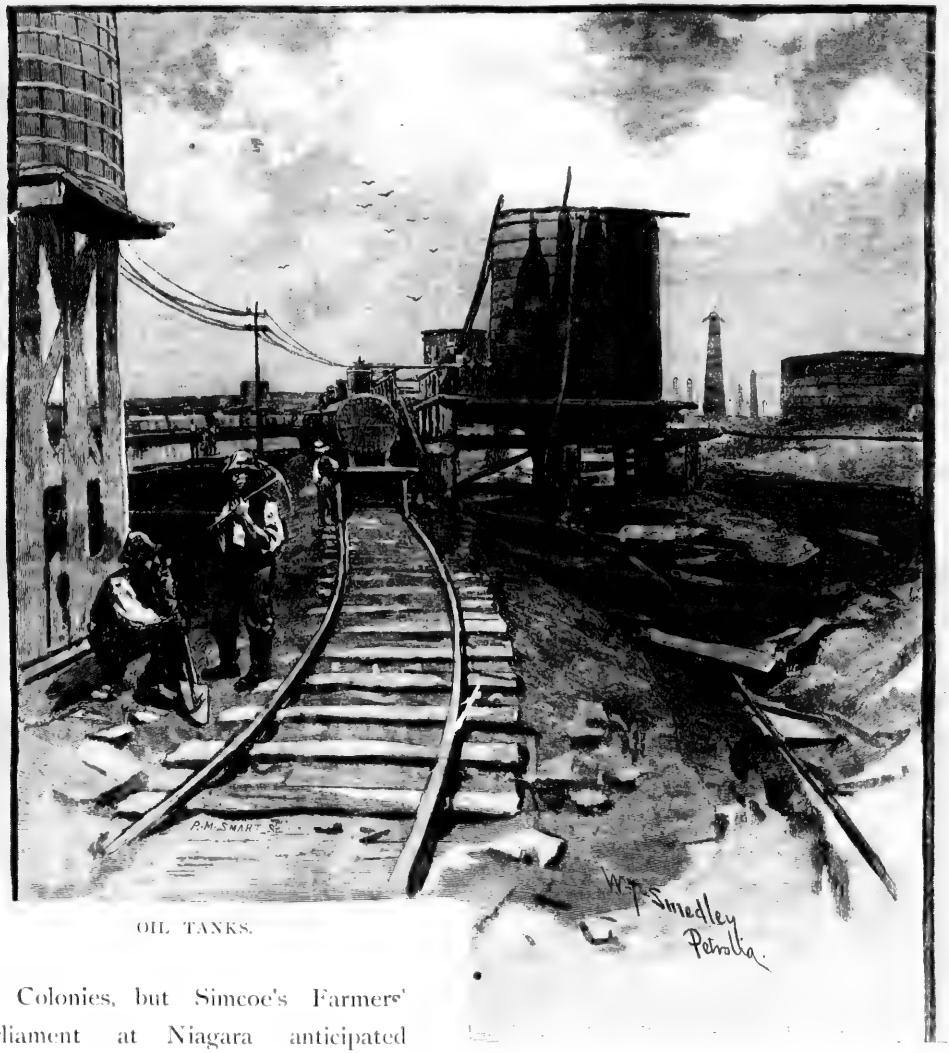
In the spring of 1852, the genius of Mrs. Stowe made our western frontier



REFINERY.

famous to all the world as the asylum of refugee slaves. No passages in *Uncle Tom's Cabin* are more painfully exciting than those describing the flight of Eliza and her child; every reader feels a sense of profound relief when they gain Canadian soil. An act of the Imperial Parliament, passed in 1833, abolished slavery in

CARRYING THE OIL.



OIL TANKS.

the Colonies, but Simcoe's Farmers' Parliament at Niagara anticipated by *forty years* Buxton and the Emancipation Act of England, and Garrison's Anti-Slavery Society in the United States. In Upper Canada slavery was abolished as early as 1793, by *An Act to Prevent the Further Introduction of Slaves, and to Limit the Term of Contracts for Servitude within this Province.* This most remarkable measure was framed by the Solicitor-General, Robert Gray, who represented the Counties of Stormont and Russell. One Sunday evening in 1804, the Solicitor-General embarked at Toronto on the schooner *Speedy*, to attend the Newcastle circuit; but an October gale suddenly rising, the schooner missed her harbour and disappeared. Every port on the Lake was in vain searched for tidings, and at length all hope was abandoned.

Gray's will was opened, and it was found that the cause of the slave had lain very near his heart. He gave his black servants, Simon and John, their freedom, and bestowed on each a sum of money and two hundred acres of land. But Simon had already been manumitted by a mightier hand, and he was now past all fear of want. He was lying near his beloved master at the bottom of the Lake. John lived to defend his freedom at Lundy's Lane, and to draw a pension for fifty-seven years afterwards as some compensation for his wounds.

Refugee slaves reached Canada always in the greatest destitution, and often utterly exhausted by their desperate race for freedom. Private benevolence and charitable organization found here a wide field for effort. Little colonies were formed of fugitives in the alluvial tract occupied by the Counties of Kent and Essex. In 1848, a block of 18,000 acres in the Township of Raleigh was, through the co-operation of the Governor-General, Lord Elgin, appropriated from the Crown lands as a refugee settlement, and the management was vested in the Elgin Association. The active spirit in the movement was the Rev. William King, who had liberated his own slaves in Louisiana, and secured their freedom by removing them to Canada in 1848. His colony rapidly grew in numbers, and became known as the Buxton Settlement,—taking its name from the English philanthropist, Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton.

Another colony of escaped slaves was formed on the confines of the Counties of Kent and Lambton. Here the founder and patriarch was no less famous a personage than *Uncle Tom* himself, or his other self, the Rev. Josiah Henson. *Aunt Chloe* died many years ago; but *Uncle Tom* reached the great age of ninety-four, and died at Dresden Village in May, 1883.

At the outlets of the St. Clair and Sydenham Rivers the ground lies low, and is subject to inundation. An area of some forty square miles,—known as the St. Clair Flats,—is occupied by lagoons and river-islands, forming the paradise of wild duck and the elysium of the sportsman. Two tracts, acquired under a ten years' lease from the Government of Canada, are held as close preserves by a company, which maintains a Club-House for the entertainment of the shareholders and their guests. Within and beyond the preserves, after the 14th of August, the crack of the shot-gun is incessantly heard throughout the marshes.

The East Branch of the Sydenham would lead us up to Strathroy, a prosperous manufacturing town of Middlesex, on the highway of commerce between London and Sarnia. The North Branch takes us into the heart of Lambton, a rich champaign, dotted over with cosy villages. Threading our way through groves of derricks, we reach in Enniskillen the heart of Petroleum-Land. This township, in 1860, became famous through the discovery of a flowing well, the first in Canada. By some dark alchemy the marine animals and plants embedded in the shales and encrinal limestone forming the base of the "Hamilton" series, have distilled out the complex mixture

of things that we gather up in the single word, *Petroleum*. Crude oil is now drawn chiefly from the wells around Petrolea, Oil Springs, and Oil City, and wafted,—with a very considerable whiff,—to the refineries in Petrolea and London. There the "Crude" is decanted from tank-carts into a vast subterranean rotunda of boiler-plate, and the sand and water subside to the bottom. By treatment with acid and alkali, "sweetness" is divorced from "light." Distillation at carefully regulated temperatures yields a series of valuable products,—rhigolene, naphtha, kerosene, lubricating oil, etc. Heavy Canadian petroleums are rich in paraffine; the snowy whiteness of this beautiful substance contrasts strongly with the black, garlicky fluid from which it is extracted.

A deep channel has been carried by the Government of the United States through the St. Clair Flats. We are here flanked on either side by dikes, and the great steamer spins its way over spots where La Salle's 45-ton craft would have grounded. Yonder white-oak forest on Walpole Island, with the Indians encamped in its glades, is a fading reminiscence of the landscape that La Salle beheld. Now a "magnificent water-way," as Father Charlevoix rightly called it, opens out before us. While we climb the River St. Clair, a merry ripple of laughter plays around our bows. The current ever increases as we ascend; and at Point Edward it reaches the velocity of a rapid. Indeed, in pioneer days, the Canadian side of this gateway into Lake Huron was known as *The Rapids*.

Here a tract was set off, in 1829, by Sir John Colborne (Lord Seaton), and, as a compliment to the Lieutenant-Governor's recent administration of Guernsey, the township was called Sarnia. By this name the later Romans knew the Channel Island which, in our day, has become illustrious as the scene of Victor Hugo's exile; as the cradle of *Les Misérables*, as the home of *Les Travailleurs de la Mer*. To the Toilers of our Inland Seas,—stormy Mer Douce, and the others,—Sarnia forms a natural harbour of refuge. Our Canadian bank of the St. Clair here sweeps back into a deep curve, forming a noble bay with safe anchorage. The approach to the town from the water is very animated. Grain vessels are discharging at the great elevator; steamers are lading for Port Huron and Detroit; the *United Empire* has just returned home from Prince Arthur's Landing; Grand Trunk trains are labouring towards Point Edward, anxious to cast their burthen on the back of the great ferry-boat. The river front is lined with substantial structures,—churches, hotels, blocks of stores and offices. In the vista are other church spires; for Sarnia tempers its commercial ambition and manufacturing ardour with a secret pride in its churches. The geographical advantages of Sarnia are inestimable: Nature has indeed been kind to the place.

A TROUT POOL ON THE SAUGEEN.

FROM TORONTO TO LAKE HURON.

THE old Huron tract, erected politically into the "Huron District," and subsequently divided into the counties of Perth, Huron, and Bruce, has been settled so recently that the oldest inhabitant, full of the folk-lore of the first settlers, is to be found in every district. Goderich, fronting the mighty lake, was its first capital; but while Goderich, with all the advantages of water communication, will

probably remain a town, Stratford, forty-six miles inland, has, thanks to railways, attained to the proportions of a city. Less than half a century ago the whole of this magnificent north-western section of the peninsula of Ontario, now rejoicing in thousands of homesteads, filled with the bounties of a veritable promised land, was covered with dense forest, the silence of whose solitudes was broken only by the bark of the wolf. So short was the time needed to convert the forest into the fruitful field. How much less time shall elapse before the lonely prairies of our North-west have become teeming Provinces!

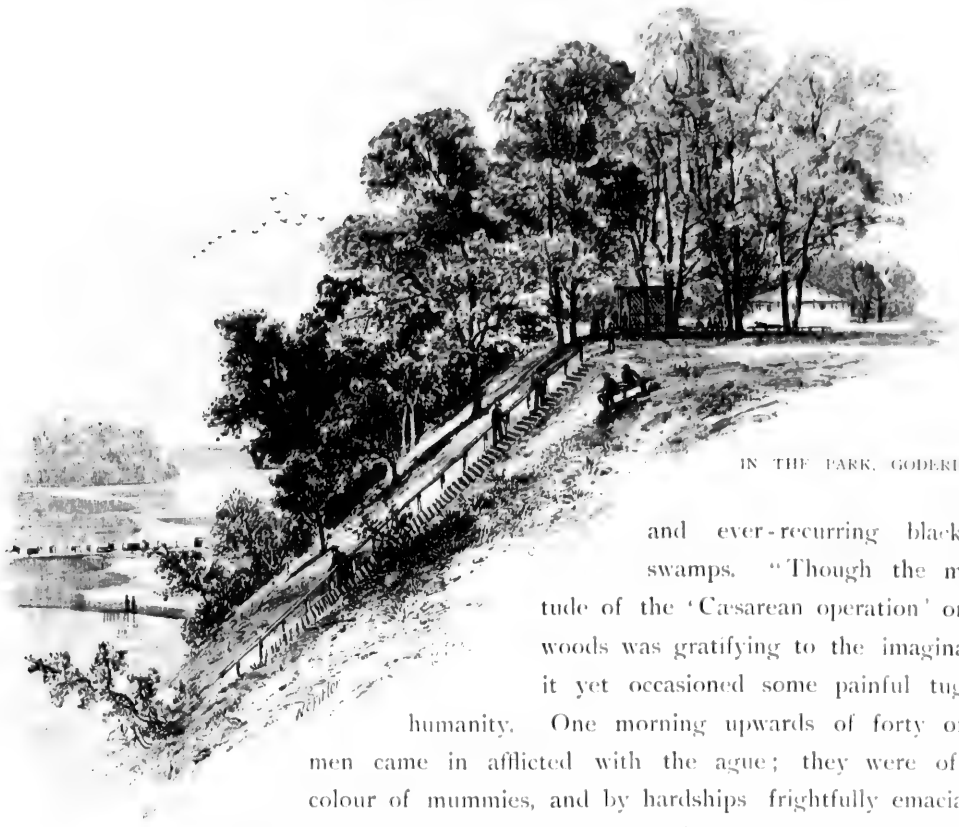
John Galt and Dr. Dunlop, to whom we referred when describing the birth of Guelph, founded Goderich and Stratford also. That Canada Company, which, with its real million and odd acres of land and its nominal million of sterling money, seemed to our fathers so overshadowing a monopoly, but which in our days of Syndicates seems a small affair, owned the whole Huron Block or Tract. Should the founders and capatalists of the Company get credit for being the necessary middlemen who colonized the unbroken forest, or should they be denounced as land-grabbers who bought cheap from the Government and sold dear to the emigrant? It is not for us, whose vocation is to seek out such picturesque bits as the trout-pools of the Saugeen, one of which our artist has faithfully sketched, to pronounce judgment. But certain it is that the Company secured a glorious tract; "the height of land" of Western Ontario, whence streams flow south to Lakes Erie and St. Clair, west to the fresh-water sea of Huron, and north through the escarpment that extends from Niagara across country all the way to the Land's End at Cabot's Head; a country whose belts and fringes of glorious maple, beach, ash and cathedral elms, still towering up every here and there, reveal the character of the forest primeval, and the character of the soil which now rewards the labours of the husbandman with "butter of kine and milk of sheep, and the fat of kidneys of wheat."

Some men like, and others dislike, Colonization Companies; but all men will join in the prayer that, if the Companies must be, they may have managers like John Galt. He did his duty. More concerning him we need not say; but a brief account of his first inspection of the Huron tract and of the beginnings of Goderich comes fitly in at this point. He arranged that Dr. Dunlop should start from Galt with surveyors and others, and cut his way through the forest to the mighty Huron, while he himself went round by Lake Simcoe to Penetanguishene, to "embark there in a naval vessel and explore that part of the coast of Lake Huron, berween Cabot's Head on the north, and the river Aux Sables on the south, in order to discover, if possible, a harbour." At Penetanguishene he found that the Admiralty, with that curious geographical knowledge which still occasionally distinguishes it, had given orders that His Majesty's gunboat, the *Bee*, should go with him to "Lake Huron in *Lower* Canada." He says, "We bore away for Cabot's Head, with the sight of which I was agreeably

disappointed, having learned something of its alleged stormy features, and expected to see a lofty promontory; but the descriptions were much exaggerated; we saw only a woody stretch of land, not very lofty, lying calm in the sunshine of a still afternoon, and instead of dark clouds and lurid lightnings, beheld only beauty and calm. Having doubled this 'Good Hope' of the lakes, we then kept close along shore, examining all the coast with care, but we could discover only the mouths of inconsiderable streams, and no indentation that to our inspection appeared suitable for a harbour.

"In the afternoon of the following day, we saw afar off by our telescope a small clearing in the forest, and on the brow of a rising ground a cottage delightfully situated. The appearance of such a sight in such a place was unexpected, and we had some debate if it could be the location of Dr. Dunlop, who had guided the land-exploring party already alluded to; nor were we left long in doubt, for on approaching the place, we met a canoe having on board a strange combination of Indians, velveteens, and whiskers, and discovered, within the roots of the red hair, the living features of the Doctor. About an hour after crossing the river's bed of eight feet, we came to a beautiful anchorage of fourteen feet of water, in an uncommonly pleasant small basin. The place had been selected by the Doctor, and is now the site of the flourishing town of Goderich."

Dr. Dunlop was not the first white man who had pitched camp on the Menesetung, as the Maitland River was called by the Indians. More than two hundred years before his day, Champlain had paddled his canoe round the far-extending coast line of the Georgian Bay and Lake Huron down to the Detroit River, and camped, both in going and returning, at the spot where Goderich now stands. Go where we will in Canada, from Nova Scotia to the Grand Manitoulin, the name of Samuel de Champlain meets us. After his visit, the Jesuits made the mouth of Menesetung a frequent calling-place on their expeditions. But the Iroquois rooted out Hurons and Jesuits alike from Western Ontario, and for two centuries more the forest remained unbroken. With Galt, the modern history of the Huron Tract begins. From the Romans downwards, conquerors and colonizers have been road-makers. Roads are now laid with steel rails. That is all the advance we have made. "In opening roads to render remote lands accessible, and, of course, more valuable, and to give employment to poor emigrants, consisted the pith and marrow of my out-door system," says Galt. His great work was a road through the forest of the Huron Tract, nearly a hundred miles in length, by which an overland communication was established for the first time, between Lakes Huron and Ontario, a work as formidable to his resources as the Canada Pacific Railway now is to the resources of Canada. It was, however, indispensable. That was its vindication. It was successfully cut through dense forests and carried over deep bogs

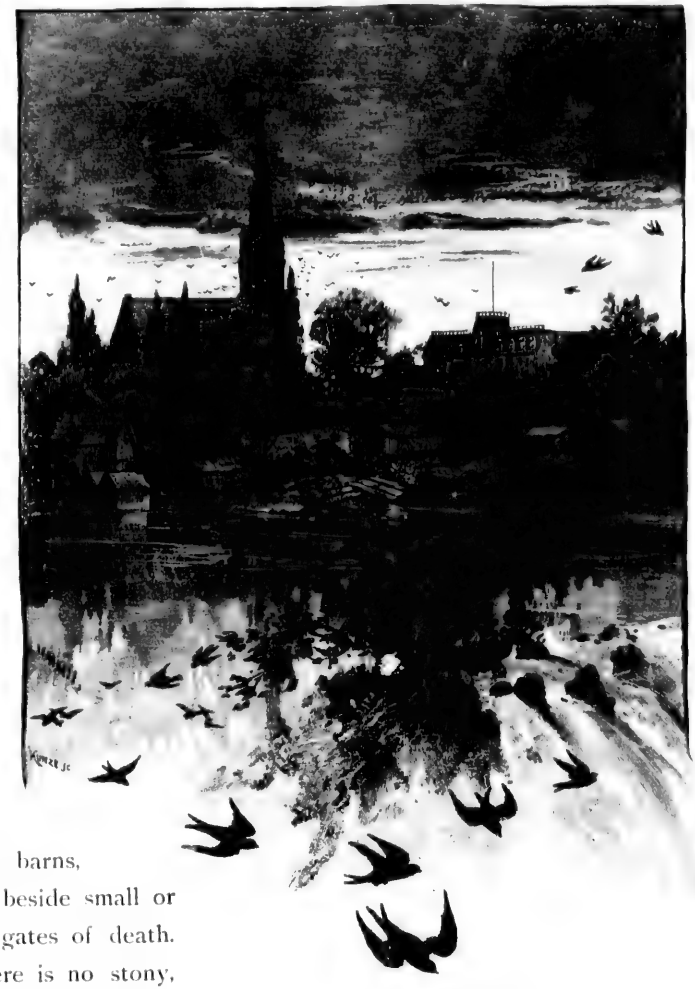


IN THE PARK, GODERICH.

and ever-recurring black-ash swamps. "Though the magnitude of the 'Cæsarean operation' on the woods was gratifying to the imagination, it yet occasioned some painful tugs to humanity. One morning upwards of forty of the men came in afflicted with the ague; they were of the colour of mummies, and by hardships frightfully emaciated." Yet when Galt asked the Directors for a doctor, no attention was paid to the request! But, difficulties notwithstanding, the road, such as it was, struggled into being; and in 1832, a post ran once a fortnight between Goderich and Guelph. Midway was Stratford, so intended by nature for a centre, that it was a town on paper in the Company's offices before a house was built on the Avon or the survey of the Huron road was commenced. Dr. Dunlop gave instructions, before starting on his overland journey to meet Galt at the mouth of the Menesetung, that one of the three taverns, for which the Company offered bonuses, should be built at Stratford, and be the half-way house between the settlements and Lake Huron. His instructions were not carried out, but in 1831 one William Sergeant was presented by the Company with a lot in the proposed town, on condition of his starting a tavern there. Thus Stratford came into being. In 1853, it became an incorporated village, and it is now the chief town of the county of Perth. Whether or not the Company intended the name of the town and the river as a compliment to Shakespeare is not known, but certainly the citizens are proud of the name, and the place is all compact of the great poet. The five

municipal wards are respectively entitled Shakespeare, Avon, Hamlet, Romeo, and Falstaff, and an inscription declares that the foundation stone of the spacious town-hall was laid on "April 23d, 1864, the ter-centenary of Shakespeare's birth."

Stratford is situated at the junction of five townships, and is the centre of a beautifully rolling and fertile country. Fields waving with golden grain, and rich, deep-green pastures on which flocks and herds are contentedly browsing, tell of those resources that are the true basis of a country's material growth, because their most abundant giving develops and does not impoverish. Extensive orchards, principally of apples and plums, and fringes of fine, hard-wood trees, add to the general air of warmth, and, almost everywhere, farm-houses of stone, brick, or first-class frame, tell that the people have got beyond the mean surroundings with which of necessity the first decades of settlement are associated. The barns are even more full of promise than the residences; for, let no traveller in the country ever forget the advice of the Clock-maker of Slickville, to select as his quarters for the night a homestead dwarfed by huge barns, and to avoid big houses beside small or dilapidated barns as the gates of death. In the whole county there is no stony, rocky, or hilly land. Its characteristic features is the softly-sloping fruitful valley which our artist has selected for his first illustration. As a consequence the county town has grown steadily and surely, and has become an important market



STRATFORD.

THE GODERICH LIGHT-HOUSE.

for farm products and a home of growing industries. Its merchants and manufacturers ship directly to England and other countries beyond seas, as far as Australia; and as it is now a great railway centre, its producers have every facility for communicating with distant markets. The Grand Trunk, the Port Dover & Huron, the Stratford & Huron, the Wellington, Grey & Bruce, and the Buffalo & Lake Huron Railways, run through the county; and its pleasant valleys have thus all the life and movement that constantly passing and re-passing trains give, to the great relief of what would otherwise be the dulness and monotony of rural beauty. The Grand Trunk Railway removed its shops from Toronto to Stratford in 1871, chiefly because of the advantages promised by its central position. An impulse was thereby given to the growth of the place, for the monthly disbursements connected with those works amount to over thirty thousand dollars. The character of the citizens,—and this remark applies to the other towns of the county as well,—may be seen in the sacrifices they make ungrudingly for the education of their

children. The Ward and Separate Schools are very good, and the High School, perched on a noble elevation, and with its spire rising to an altitude of 120 feet, is specially worthy of note. Its first floor, with lofty and airy class-rooms, serves as High School, the second is assigned to the Central School, and the third is a spacious assembly room. It is built of white brick, with bands and enrichments of red. At a point on the opposite side of the lower bridge, its massive bulk and graceful outlines appear to great advantage. The bluff on which it stands slopes abruptly upwards from the river to a height of about fifty feet. Masses of willows, maples, and elms clothe its sides, whose soft foliage and various shades of green are in fine contrast with the rich cream colour of the building and the sharp angles of its pinnacled roof. From the cupola the spectator looks out on a splendid expanse of cultivated fields and pastures, with dark forests stretching to the horizon. At his feet is the stirring town, irregularly shaped, partly concealed among trees, clasping its five townships in a helpful bond, the silver stream of the river adding life and beauty to the picture. The illustration gives one of the picturesque features of the landscape. From a point on the left bank of the Avon, in a direction nearly east, the opposite side rises by terraces to an elevation of about fifty feet, on the highest point of which, fronting the principal street of the town, the beautiful Presbyterian Church has been erected, its Gothic spire towering gracefully to the height of 215 feet. To the right of the church the upper story and cupola of an hotel breaks the outline, and in the foreground are groups of buildings and trees bounded by the glistening waters of the river.

From the long bridge, another pretty bid of landscape may be seen. The river at this point takes a graceful curve to the right. In the distance its banks slope upwards into a rich expanse of pasture, on which sheep appear paceefully feeding, walled in by the lofty trees of the forest beyond, while to the left a stately elm bends its branches over a pretty private residence. Again, looking down the river, to the right, a glimpse is caught of the Court House, with antique cupola and pillared front, all but hidden among the willows. Beyond it, on the same terrace, is the Episcopal, and farther, on the height, the Roman Catholic Church; both edifices are Gothic, of course.

Diverging from Stratford to either right or left, we come upon thriving, hopeful and progressive communities. To the north is Listowel, on the Maitland River, full of energy and public spirit, and Palmerston, named after "plucky Pam," which has grown in a few years from a railway station into a busy town with a rapidly increasing population. On the other side of Stratford is the celebrated grain market of St. Mary's. The Old World name of this prosperous place is due not so much to the devout spirit of the founders, as to their mingled gallantry and shrewdness. But the mixture did not pay quite as well as was expected. Met together to

christen "the Falls," as the locality was named from the Thames rushing over a succession of rapids at this point, the wife of the Commissioner of the Canada Company being present, suggested her own as a good name in default of a better, and at the same time offered £10 towards the construction of a much-needed school-house. The suggestion was accepted, and so were the ten pounds. Mrs. Mary Jones was canonized on the spot, and from that day the place was styled St. Mary's. But the Commissioner himself had a frugal mind. The people built their school-house at a total cost of £100, and applied for the bonus of ten per cent. offered by the Company for all such public improvements, when the Company, through the Commissioner, reminded them that they had already received £10, exactly the ten per cent. contemplated! From what source those ten pounds came has not yet been quite ascertained. At any rate the town got a pretty name, and was probably saved from being dubbed something "ville," that terrible affix which over the whole of this continent is apparently supposed to be equal to a patent of nobility, or, at the very least to convey with it a sort of brevet rank.

Proceeding by rail in the direction of Lake Huron, and passing the flourishing towns of Mitchell, Seaforth and Clinton, we come to Goderich, situated at the mouth of the Maitland River. The Lake, whose modern name is taken from the *soubriquet* of *hure* or wild boar, given by the French to the Wyandotte Indians on account of the manner in which they dressed their hair, is now before us; a pratically inexhaustible reservoir of sweet water of crystal purity, without a rival on earth but the mighty rivals, or the mightier Superior in its own neighbourhood. Including the Georgian Bay and the Manitoulin Bay, it has an area of about 22,000 square miles, so that European kingdoms like Holland and Belgium might be dropped into it, and, as the average depth is 860 feet, they would leave "not a wrack behind." Where all this fresh water comes from is a mystery. The volume altogether transcends our ordinary measures. The altitude of the Lake above the Atlantic being less than 600 feet, it follows that nearly 300 feet of its contents are below the level of the ocean. No wonder that storms on Lake Huron can pile up rollers that seem respectable in the eyes of those who know what the Atlantic can do in this way; but it is a wonder that most of the steamers on the Lake should carry so much top-hamper and be so little on the model of ocean-going craft. At almost any time during the season of navigation, travellers on Huron and its sister lakes may count on cool breezes or something stronger, except during the Indian summer in the latter portion of November, when the air is mild and warm, with a soft haze covering the sky, while the great expanse of water remains smooth for two or three unbroken weeks.

As seen from the Lake, Goderich lies in the centre of a large curve of the coast; and with its church spires, public edifices, and pretty private residences, enriched with the bright, green foliage of abundant trees, it has an air of quiet and almost sleepy

beauty. On closer inspection, it is obvious that its growth has not been left to accident, nor to the caprices of individual taste, but has been provided for by forethought and plan. Less than a mile from the shore, a small park was laid out in the form of an octagon, in the centre of which is now the town-hall, with cupola and clock, its four sides facing the four quarters of the compass. From this central point, spacious streets radiate north, south, east, and west, intersected by other streets at measured distances, along which shade trees have been planted abundantly. Beyond the town, to the landward side, the eye wanders over a vast and fertile plain, bearing in summer all the products of the temperate zone, peaches, almost equal to those of the Niagara district, included. To this rich plain, dark-green patches of reserved forest trees give the aspect of the glorious park-lands of England. Lakewards the boundless expanse of an inland sea meets the eye, extending its glistening waters to a far horizon. Here and there, at wide intervals, the level floor of water is broken by the white sails of a ship or fishing boat, or by the dark smoke of a distant steamer.

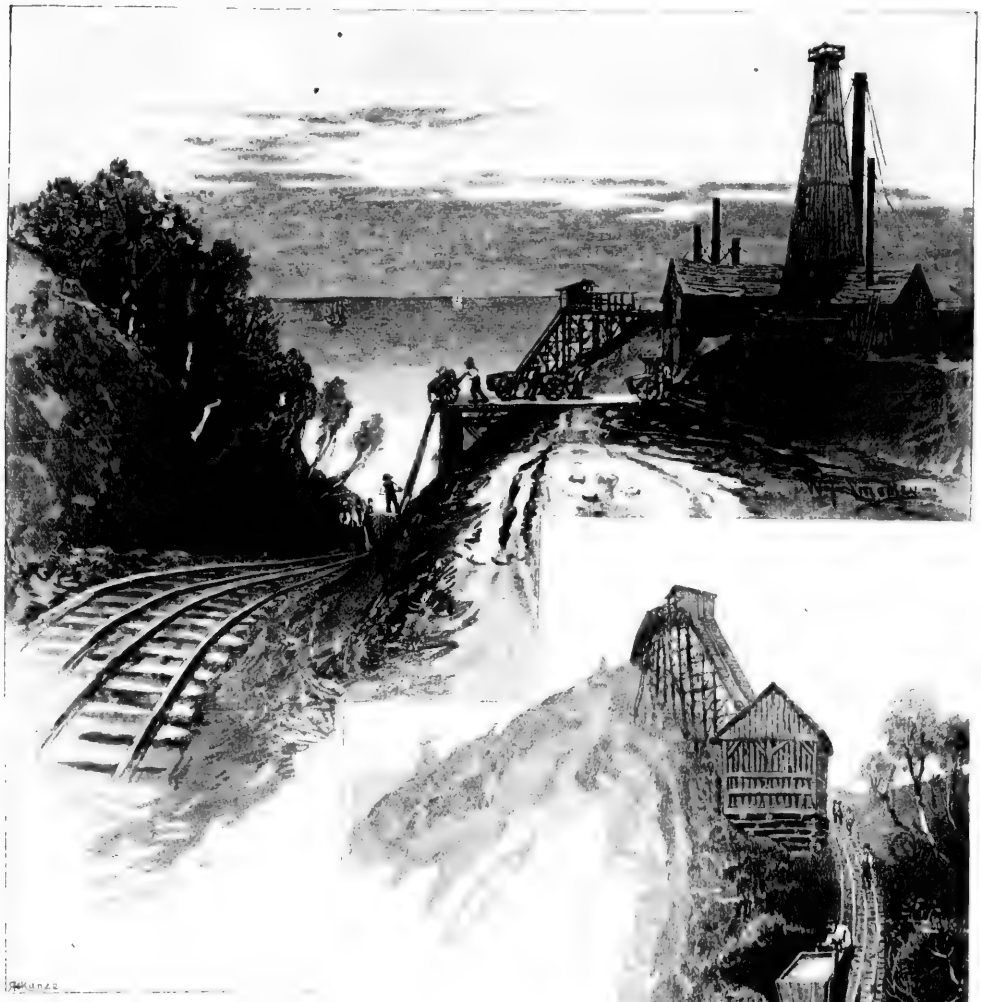
The corporation of Goderich has wisely secured an extensive portion of the bluff fronting the lake for a public park. Laid out with walks and adorned with trees, it is the chief resort of the town, and a favourite resort for young and old. Our first illustration represents a view taken from the high projecting point of the park, which looks sheer down on Ogilvie's big flouring mill. Here, a grand prospect is obtained of the Lake, its far-extending rugged shores, and the river, in the hollow, winding its tortuous way among grassy islets. Seated on one of the benches, or reclining under the lofty acacia trees, the stranger gazes with never-flagging interest on the extraordinary combination of colours that the waters of the Lake present. Near the shore, probably because of the wash that stirs up the sand, is a broad band of mingled yellow and earth colour; then, green gradually predominates till it becomes pure green; and beyond that the deep blue that reflects the sky. Under the influence of cloud masses, or still more strikingly at sunset, bands of richest violet, purple, and every hue of the rainbow, fuse themselves between and into the main divisions of colour, till the heavens are a blaze of indescribable glory, and the Lake is one mass of glowing, shifting tints, with definite outlines of such singular beauty that the picture is never likely to be forgotten by any one who has the soul of an artist.

Perched on another projecting bluff, that by some special favour is yet preserved from the destruction of the elements, the Light-house looks almost sheer down on the harbour. It contains a fixed light, consisting of numerous lamps with silvered reflectors, and sheds its welcome rays far over the dark waters. To the right, lies the harbour in the deep hollow or recess which the united waters of river and lake have eaten out of the land. A broad breakwater shields it from the wash of the Lake, and the entrance is protected by two long piers of crib-work. Massive as these defences are, they cannot altogether resist the hydraulic force of the waves, when the

storm sweeps from the wintry north. As, however, Goderich is one of the very few harbours on this exposed coast into which belated vessels can run for refuge, and is besides a principal shipping port for grain and lumber, the Dominion Government wisely keeps the breakwater in repair. Along the coast, to the north and the south, are several forest-crowned and rugged indentations, whose escarpments indicate that the Lake is by a slow but sure process absorbing the land. Long ages ago, the fertile plains which form the peninsula of Ontario lay as a sediment in the depths of a vastly greater lake than Huron. The gradual elevation of the continent drove the ancient waters into their present contracted channels. Evidently a reaction has set in by which the Lake threatens to reclaim its own again; and the time may come when, in defiance of all that man can do, the beautiful peninsula, now full of human life and activity, may return to its watery bed, or become like the swamps of St. Clair.

Goderich leaped into temporary importance a few years ago as the centre of a new industrial interest in Ontario. The Geological Reports of Sir William Logan early announced that the Onondaga group of salt rocks of the Silurian series underlay the drift and limestones of a part of Western Ontario; but not till 1866 was salt actually discovered. In this, as in a thousand other cases, searchers sought one thing and found another; the moral,—that cannot be too earnestly impressed on the citizens of a country, a great part of which scientific prospectors have not yet explored,—being, search and you are sure to find something. In this case, the discovery was made by a man of resolute spirit who, in the face of doubts, fears, and disappointments, was boring, on the north bank of the Maitland, in the neighbourhood of Goderich, for oil, without thought of salt. At that time, people were boring for oil in almost every likely spot in the western part of the peninsula. At the depth of about one thousand feet, he came upon brine of the finest quality. Three beds, respectively of 19, 30, and 32 feet, were found, with slight intervals between, of pure crystalline salt, and others were subsequently reported of 60 and 80 feet in thickness. The new industry paid so well at first that every one in Goderich invested in salt wells, nearly as eagerly as people a thousand miles away invest in the corner lots of paper towns in the north-west. The valley of the Maitland was soon covered with derricks, and the investors were happy. But good brine was discovered in other places, the Canadian demand proved too limited for the number of manufacturers, and the United States market was "protected." Soon, most of the salt works had to be operated only partially or to close altogether. The confiding people who had invested their savings in them during the salt "boom," now gaze mournfully on the smokeless chimneys and buildings tumbling into ruin, that tell of wasted capital and effort. The story has a moral, but a new generation is not likely to learn it, for seemingly each new generation has to pay for its own experience.

The area of salt rocks has been found to stretch from Sarnia to Southampton,



SALT WORKS ON LAKE HURON.

and east to a point beyond the prosperous town of Seaforth. They are the deposits of an ancient land-locked lake, embracing a part of Michigan in the west, the Ontario Peninsula on the east, and stretching south as far as Syracuse in New York. The salt was solidified, under conditions hard for us to imagine, and in quantities sufficient to supply this continent for ages. As the salt rock is dissolved by the water that runs down the bore from springs, it follows that the older the well the more abundant and constant will be the flow of brine, and that subterranean salt lakes will be formed of increasing extent and depth. At one of the mills, such an underground cavity lately

swallowed up several hundred feet of iron tubing, and the rise in the level of the brine was such that seventy feet less of new tube sufficed to replace the old.

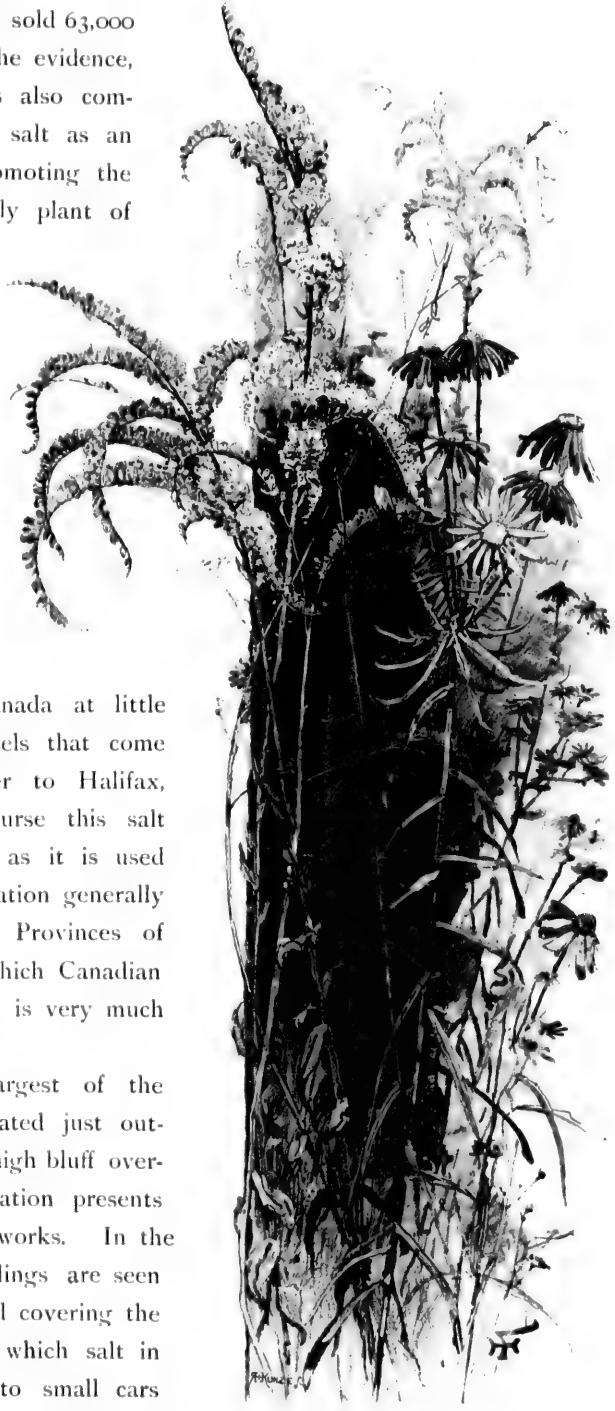
The chemical analysis of Dr. Sterry Hunt in 1866 indicated that the salt was the purest known, and the most concentrated possible. Subsequent tests, however, have shown a decided change, indicating an increase of gypsum and the soluble earthy chlorides of calcium and magnesium. This may arise from the brine acting as a solvent of the overlying earths, and increasing the impure elements. Chemical processes become, therefore, necessary to eliminate these foreign ingredients, and by this means the finest table salt, and salt of any quality for antiseptic or agricultural purposes, may be made. The brine is almost a saturated solution, having a density from thirty to fifty per cent. greater than any yet found in the United States. As yet the Chemical Company of Goderich is the only one that invokes the aid of chemistry; but science and new methods must come into play universally if we are to hold our own and develop our salt or any other industry. "Lack of finish" is frequently urged against Canadian products, and there is some ground for the charge, notwithstanding all that a short-sighted and miscalled patriotism may say. We may be quite sure that such an objection, if at all founded on fact, will be fatal in those days of fierce competition and nice adjustment of means to ends.

SALT WORKERS

In 1880, an Ontario Agricultural Commission was appointed to inquire into the agricultural resources of the Province, and matters connected therewith, and the commissioners found that salt now enters so largely into the business of the producer, especially as regards cheese and butter-making, pork-packing, and the fertilizing of the soil, that its consideration could not well be ignored by them. They therefore made inquiries into its manufacture, the extent to which it is used, and the prejudices against Canadian and in favour of English salt. The result of their inquiries was, that if properly manufactured and carefully dried, the well-known purity of Canadian salt is fully equalled by its adaptability to all dairying purposes, and its excellence as a factor in the work of fertilization. To show how extensively it is now being used in the west of the Province, it was

stated that a Seaforth firm had in three months of the then current year sold 63,000 tons for fertilizing purposes. The evidence, with scarcely an exception, was also completely in favour of the use of salt as an agent in enriching the farm, promoting the growth, and protecting the early plant of the root crops against the ravages of the fly, and as a remedy for some of the enemies that assail the spring wheat crop. It is no small tribute to the purity of Canadian salt that, notwithstanding the high fiscal duty of the United States, it is used in immense quantities in the great American pork-packing centres. On the other hand, English salt is brought to Canada at little more than ballast rates, in vessels that come for freights of grain or lumber to Halifax, Quebec and Montreal. Of course this salt is admitted free of duty, and as it is used by the fishermen and the population generally of the Eastern and Maritime Provinces of the Dominion, the area over which Canadian salt can be profitably distributed is very much limited.

The International is the largest of the Goderich salt-works. It is situated just outside the town boundary, on a high bluff overlooking the Lake. Our illustration presents two picturesque aspects of the works. In the foreground of the first the buildings are seen with the usual truncated pyramid covering the well. Near it is a stage, from which salt in barrels or bulk is discharged into small cars that run on a tramway to a pier on the Lake.



WAYSIDE FLOWERS.

AT KINCARDINE

Higher up, a similar trestle-stage is seen, from which the salt is poured through long enclosed chutes to a receiving house below, to be carried thence to the pier for shipment. In the second, we have a part of the works as seen from the long pier. The tramway curves up the deep hollow, and disappears behind the receiving house into which the two narrow chutes enter from the lofty trestle-work above. On the left is the bare, weather-worn escarpment that fronts the Lake, and on the right is the wooded and verdure-clad ravine seen in both views

Few counties in Canada are so generally fertile and so splendidly adapted for farming as Huron, and its rapid and steady development is simply what might have been anticipated from the class of people by whom it was settled. Everywhere it presents a gently undulating, well-watered and well-wooded appearance. In the south, the character of the land is a very rich vegetable deposit, underlaid by the strongest of clay subsoils. As we go north, it becomes lighter, but everywhere the crops are excellent, and evidences of increasing wealth and comfort may be seen on

every hand. Towns like Seaforth, Clinton and Wingham are already important centres of trade, although almost every house looks as if it had come recently out of the builder's hands. Half a dozen rising villages are likely soon to "evolve" into towns, although no county has given a larger contingent of young men and the very cream of its population to the North-west than Huron. As the traveller drives along the well-made gravelled roads, lined with bright-yellow golden-rods, and the purple Michaelmas daisy, he sees broad acres of waving corn and luxuriant meadow stretching far away on each side, a stump-dotted patch here and there alone reminding him that all this has just been won from the wilderness, and that the settler's arrival dates from yesterday.

Leaving Goderich regretfully,—for its pure atmosphere, the abundance of its salt and fresh waters, and its glorious sunsets, combine to make it a delightful summer resort,—we may proceed northward by one of the Sarnia steamers, touching first at Kincardine, the chief market-place of the County of Bruce, or travel overland to Walkerton, the county town. The north-western extremity of the peninsula of Ontario is politically divided into the counties of Bruce and Grey. Their general aspect and the nature of the surface are determined by the geological formation. The great escarpment of rock, embracing the Hudson River, Niagara and Guelph formations, which, as "the Mountain" winds round the head of Lake Ontario, turns in a north-westerly direction, curves gradually more to the west, and sweeps through the northern part of Lake Huron, cutting off the Georgian Bay and North Channel from the main body of the Lake by the Indian Peninsula and the Grand Manitoulin and other islands. This geological fact results in a comparatively level surface in the southern and western portion of the tract, while the north-eastern becomes broken and hilly in the interior, and rugged and rocky near the Georgian Bay. Bruce is a very new county, the settlements, excepting a few on the Lake shore, not dating back more than thirty years. The first settler built his shanty, it is said, as recently as 1848. Nowhere are we more surprised at being told of its extreme youth than when we see Walkerton, a beautiful little town, pleasantly situated in a saucer-shaped valley formed by the windings of the Saugeen. Its main street was "blazed" through the unbroken forest as the line of the Durham road in 1854. The people of Bruce are largely immigrants from the Western Highlands and Islands of Scotland, and the children of immigrants who settled in more easterly parts of Ontario a generation earlier. In many of the townships Gaelic is the prevailing language, and it is regularly used for the conduct of divine service in many of the churches.

The southern part of Bruce is rolling, the undulations being so long and gentle as hardly to admit of our using the terms hill and valley. Clear, beautiful running streams wind through the depressions, the majority of them feeders of the Sable and Saugeen, which flow north-westerly into Lake Huron. The whole county is magnificently watered, and the growth of timber is very heavy. Pine is scarce, except in the

Teeswater and other tributaries of the Saugeen. There is a large proportion of gravel in the soil, but the land is good, and the farms are well fitted for either arable or grazing purposes. Strangers often express astonishment at the sight of excellent farms with houses and outbuildings of log or inferior frame, but the explanation is that many of the people have only reached the stage of putting their land in order for the plough. Some have advanced to the point of building good barns, and a few have reached the third stage of having superior dwelling houses. Fruit growing is yet in its infancy. Peaches can be cultivated successfully only on the Lake shore, but apples and plums have shown astonishing results in the size and beauty of the specimens sent to the Agricultural Exhibitions. The long range of the Indian Peninsula seems naturally fitted to become one of the finest portions of the Dominion for the growth of apples, plums, and grapes. That the soil is good, though largely rocky or stony, the immense sugar maples and elms witness. The temperature is kept low in the spring months by the ice in the Georgian Bay, and thus the blossoming of the trees is retarded, while the large body of water on each side secures exemption from summer and early autumn frosts.

But our steamer is drawing near the harbour for which we took tickets at Goderich. Kincardine is situated at the mouth of the Penetangore, a corruption of Indian words, meaning a stream with gravel on one side, and sand on the other. On the land side, the village, which rises from the shore by a series of terraces, is encompassed by a fertile and beautiful range of townships. The river, which runs through it, though turbulent enough in spring, shrinks to a rivulet in summer. Its course has been skilfully turned northward by blocking the old channel and cutting a new one, in order to provide adequate accommodation for the northern extension of the Great Western Railroad, which has its terminus at Kincardine. By an abrupt bend, the stream now passes into an artificial harbour, which is protected by two long piers of crib-work, forming a channel wide and deep enough to float the largest ships that navigate the Lake. One light-house is placed near the end of the north pier, and another at the harbour. Our steamer passes up this narrow entrance, the passengers coming to the bow to see the port that they are making, after a thirty miles' sail on the Lake. The illustration shows the north pier with both light-houses on the left; in the distance, one of the large salt works, with fish-houses, that skirt the harbour; and part of the village above. As seen from the Lake, Kincardine reposes in the hollow of a graceful curve of the coast, the extreme points distant about eighteen miles, the cliffs here and there covered with native trees that descend to the water's edge, but in most places cut into and wasted by the erosion of the elements. The village has a flourishing appearance. The public square is planted with ornamental trees, and contains a beautiful Methodist Church, with the Model School on one side, and a large Town Hall on the other. The business centre consists of a long, well-

EVENING AT SOUTHAMPTON.

built street. To the north, on a height overlooking the village, is the Presbyterian Church, a large Gothic edifice, the interior elaborately frescoed, and the exterior only wanting a spire to make it equal in appearance to the best of our city churches.

Kincardine followed Goderich in the speculative mania that arose on the first discovery of salt. The borings, however, were wisely made on the low beach and not on the high cliffs; and although less picturesque were less costly. They had the advantage, too, of being close to railroad and harbour. Salt of the best quality was found at a depth of about 900 feet, and three substantial works were erected, capable of turning out a thousand barrels per day. Here, as at Goderich, over-production led

A FISHING STATION ON LAKE HURON.

to the inevitable consequences, and capital was wasted. Only one of the wells is now being worked, but it is hoped that improved methods of manufactur· and an increased demand may revive the others.

An illustration presents a view of the salt works from the broad, sandy beach to the north of the harbour. The two long piers, jutting far out into the deep waters of the Lake, look like one in the distance. On the nearer is the outermost light-house, while beyond is the vast Lake, its waters glistening under a brilliant summer sky, flecked here and there with fleecy clouds. The Lake is, of course, the main feature of the scenery of this western coast, and it gives a wonderful charm to every place that it touches. The time will come when the watering-places on these shores will be more prized by the people of the inland towns. Here, they can get close at hand fresh breezes, and a broad, sandy beach, while a small expenditure at almost any point will provide all needed facilities for bathing. A few miles north of Goderich a comfortable summer hotel has been started, especially for the accommodation of tourists, and a pleasanter place to spend a week in it would be difficult to find. The immediate surroundings are those of a large farm rather than of an hotel; and one has only to stroll down the wooded bank and along the beach to get at once into a

region whose perfect peace is broken only by the many-voiced laughter of the Lake or the thunder of waves rolling in with the majesty of ocean. Similar resorts will be multiplied indefinitely; for modern life is intense, and periods of relaxation are essential. No influences exert a more healing balm on the fevered spirit than those that constantly stream out from the desert or the forest, the mountains or the sea; and to the people of Western Ontario, Lake Huron is no indifferent substitute for the sea.

The ancient occupation of fishing is a more profitable industry to the people of Kincardine than salt manufacture. Large and substantial wherries leave the harbour at the early dawn, and return about noon from their favourite resorts, which lie about twenty miles distant. The ordinary catch varies from one to two thousand pounds. The fish are generally cleaned on the Lake, and on the boat's arrival in port they pass into a contractor's hands, by whom they are shipped to the markets of Canada and the United States, either packed in ice or—according to a new plan—frozen, unless when they are pickled or barrelled. The fish usually caught in the northern Lakes are:—the salmon trout, from twenty-four to sixty inches long, and sometimes weighing forty pounds; the white-fish, the pride of Canadian waters and by many *gourmets* considered the finest of the fishy tribe; the lake herring, very abundant at certain seasons in shallow waters, and not unlike the herring of the ocean; the lake

SETTING THE NET.

sturgeon and the gar fish, survivors of the ganoid and armour-clad fish of the Palæozoic age. Bass, perch, and the spotted trout—the joy of the sportsman—are caught by amateurs in the rivers and creeks, and by every boy who can lift a rod, and every loafer, when he can summon energy enough to take his hands out of his pockets, or a little more than he needs to fill his pipe. The farther north the better and the more abundant the fish. Hence, the more southern fishermen, after the spring catch, go north to Killarney, and as far as the fishing grounds and ports of Lake Superior.

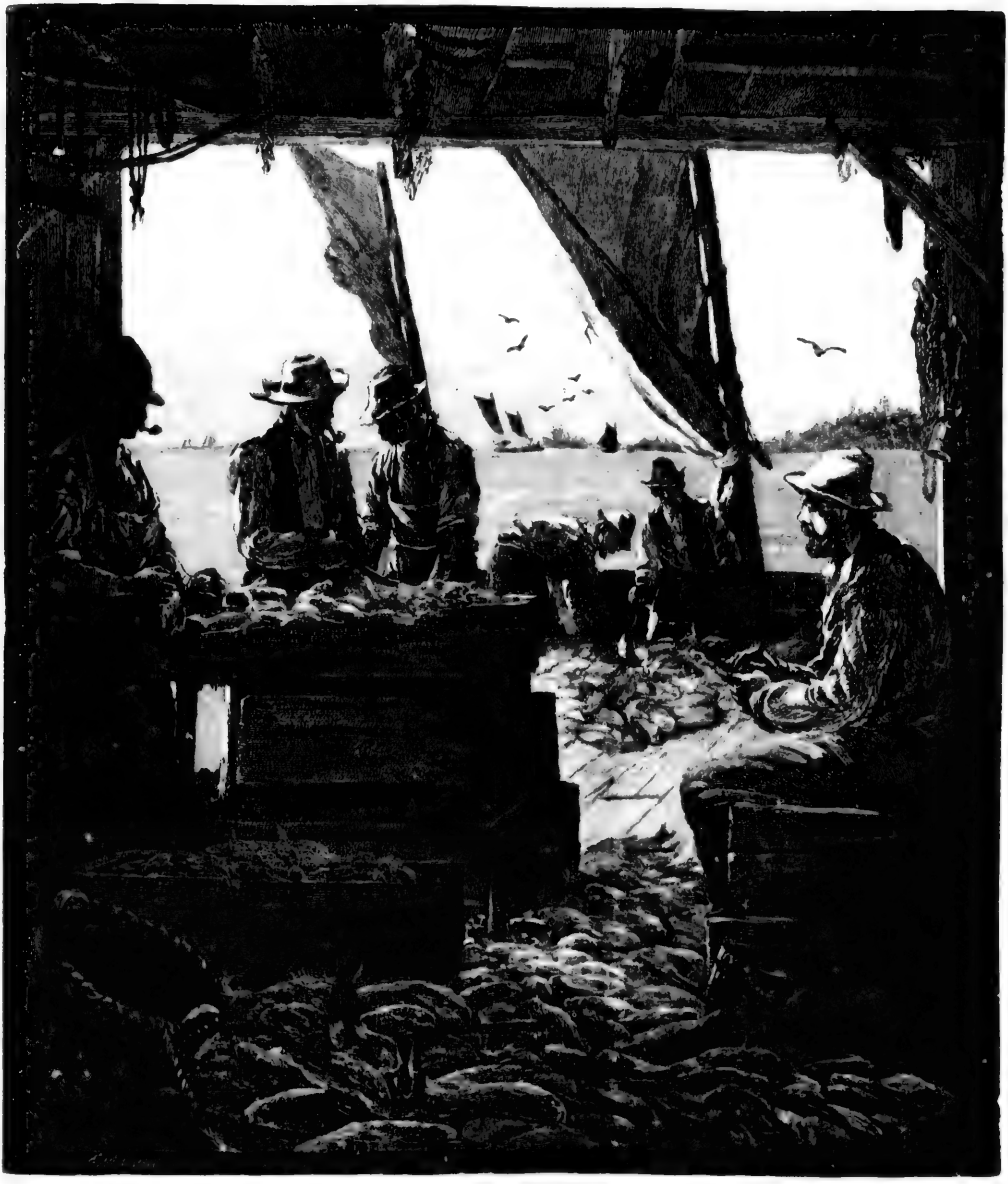
But we must go on to Southampton, the next port at which the steamer touches, if we would see the most famous fishing grounds and the headquarters of the fishing industry on Lake Huron. This village was the earliest settlement in the county of Bruce, and its founders, animated by hopes and ambitions, laid out a town-plot large enough for a city. But the fates were against it, and—strange fortune for any place in Western Ontario—it is stationary or positively declining. The brisk village of Port Elgin, where the educational institution or "college" of the United Brethren is situated, drew away its business, and now it is a little like one of those decayed families that linger lovingly in memory and speech on the glories of the past. No newspaper is published in the village. What more need be said to show how uninfluenced it is by the spirit of the age! Southampton, notwithstanding, is a charming spot, the very sleepiness of its inhabitants making it pleasant to visitors who long for nothing so much as repose. The village is situated at the mouth of the Saugeen, at the axis of a large curve of the coast. The mouth of the river is sheltered by a long pier of crib-work from the sweep of the north winds, and thus a harbour for the fine fishing boats of the place is formed. The principal harbour, however, is at some distance to the south of this river harbour. The construction of massive piers or breakwaters from the main shore to the end of Chantry Island, with a suitable entrance, has formed a magnificent anchorage for the largest vessels in the severe storms to which this whole coast is exposed. At the other end of the island, a large beacon has been erected at some distance from the shore, to indicate the limits of the channel and the extent of a dangerous shoal. The island is evidently part of an extensive bar, formed by the waters of the Saugeen and the Lake, which stretches along the whole front of the village, enclosing a deep basin with channels at both ends. Immense quantities of large boulders of granite, gneiss, and trap are found on the shoal, brought down by floes of shore ice from the northern coast; a fine instance of the process by which sand, gravel, and boulders have for countless ages been distributed over the northern regions of the earth.

The river harbour or cove is the one frequented by the fishermen. Their wharves line its right bank. Here, too, are their houses for cleaning, packing, and storing fish and tackle, with cottages intermixed, and reels for drying or repairing their nets. Looking down this side of the river our illustrations give us two views. In the one

WITH THE FISHERMEN ON LAKE HURON.

the huts and boats are under the shadow of a cloud, and the high banks on both sides are seen looming in the distance, while the flowing waters of the river are lighted up by a gleam from the rifted sky. The other is presented in bright sunshine. A group of firs lies to the right of the cove; on the sloping bank to the left are groups of huts and cottages; in front are the wharves, with boats just arriving, and, in the distance, the shimmering waters of the Lake.

The village proper lies between the two harbours, and, by a gradual ascent, stretches back a long way to the rear. A lake on the heights, covering a space of about twenty acres, and of unknown depth, is a curiosity in its way. Apparently it has neither inlet nor outlet, so that whence its water comes and whither it goes can only be conjectured. Doubtless it is fed by the drainage of the higher land that springs up within its bed, and retains its invariable level by a corresponding drainage of its waters through the stratified sand into the Lake below. It might easily be made the centre of a beautiful public park, were it not for a tannery recently erected on its bank by the aid of a bonus. Niagara is turned to base uses, and how can lesser glories hope to escape desecration? We are at present, thanks to our constant struggle with nature, in that stage of existence in which tall chimneys are regarded as more beautiful objects than those which crowned the Acropolis. A mill is a vision of delight, proudly pointed out to the stranger, and the hum of machinery is sweeter than the music of the spheres. We estimate the amount of happiness likely to be enjoyed in city or village by the number of its manufactures, and we are supremely indifferent to the opinion of more cultured people, who would agree with our estimate on condition that they were allowed to make it inversely. Of course, the artist can have no sympathy with such sentiments, but he might regard them as not simply indicating the savage state of being, had his father been one of the hardy Scotchmen who immigrated to Bruce thirty years ago. "Roughing it in the bush" is delightful for a pic-nic or summer holiday, but when it means unremitting toil for a lifetime under the sternest condition of living, it is not wonderful that everything that looks in the direction of labour-saving machinery should come to be hailed as a blessing, or that factories should be regarded as the symbols of civilization. Mr. Ruskin, if known at all to such a community, would be considered a lunatic. Esthetic deficiencies notwithstanding, a finer yeomanry than the people of those North-western counties it would be difficult to find. Religious, industrious, and progressive, they have conquered the wilderness; and the old men are willing to begin pioneer work again for the sake of their children. They bought their land for a nominal sum, and now that it is valuable they are putting it in the market, not from love of change, but because the proceeds will enable them to settle in the North-west, with half a dozen sons, on as many farms, in their own immediate neighbourhood. Such are the men who lay the true foundations of the country. No more fertile and beautiful district



PREPARING FISH FOR MARKET.

an that round Southampton and Port Elgin is to be found in Canada; and the same
y be said of the country all along the Saugeen and its tributaries; of Paisley, beau-
ully situated at the confluence of the Teeswater and the Saugeen; of the villages of
esley, Lucknow, Teeswater, and indeed of almost every township in Bruce. That
rt of the county lying north of a line drawn from the mouth of the Saugeen to the

OFF CAPE RICH
OWEN SOUND

mouth of the Sydenham was long an Indian Reserve. The Indians gave up a "half-mile strip" from river to river, on condition of the Government building a road from one point to the other. But the road brought in immigrants; and in 1855, Lord Bury, the private secretary of the Governor-General, was sent to the Chiefs to negotiate a treaty that would open, for a consideration, the Reserve for settlement. He succeeded in obtaining their consent, though the principal Chief was reluctant to "move on" before the encroaching white man. Now, the names of townships, town-plot, road and almost everything else in the peninsula suggest only his Lordship and the Keppel family instead of the old lords of the soil. Wiarton, the commercial capital of the district, needs only additional railroad facilities to become the centre of much wider interests. Among new towns it has an aspect of extreme newness; but its site at the head of Colpoy's Bay is of such striking and uncommon beauty that it deserves a visit. Colpoy's Bay claims a place beside Sydney, Halifax, and Quebec as one of the finest harbours of Canada. The entrance is marked by the lofty Capes Croker and Commodore, and the islands which lie between the capes completely protect it from the swell of the Georgian Bay, and form a land-locked expanse of water nine miles long and from one to three miles wide. What a place for yachting, both in itself, and as a base of operations for exploring the shores and thousands of islands of the Georgian Bay! Every one in Wiarton owns a boat and knows how to manage it. A visitor, horrified at seeing a Sunday-School pic-nic party going out in small sailing boats, was comforted on being told that the children were so accustomed to boating that they had become amphibious.

A trip out into the open sea of Lake Huron, with one of the fishing-boats that start from Southampton, is something that transcends ordinary yachting. The wherries, which are of the finest build and sailing qualities, are owned and manned by hardy Scottish Highlanders. Each boat has its complement of four men, one at least of whom is sure to be a mine to those who are interested in character. The owner of the wherry will probably have a rugged outside, but there are infinite founts of silent heroism within; and some of these become vocal and distinctly articulate if you let him know that you love the West Highlands, or show that you sympathize with the backwoodsman's life, or, better still, if you have a few words of Gaelic on hand. We owe much to Mr. Black for revealing "the Lews" to us; and Sheila herself is not so interesting as her father and her faithful henchmen. The Princess is partly ideal; the others are real. And such natures never forget the old land, though none are truer to the new.

The sail itself is delightful. There is a joy in the cool fresh breath of the gray morning, and then in the sense of rapid motion through the blue sparkling waters in boats that you know can face any storm that may arise. The interest of the catch the size and beauty of the silvery fish, and the novelty of the scene, all help to make

the expedition delightful; and when the fishermen are ready for the run home, instinct with the comfortable feeling that they have not laboured in vain and that they may take a sleep or a smoke, you are ready to accept their hospitable offer to accompany them another day.

From Southampton we cross country by stage to the county town of Grey, unless we prefer to sail from Wiarton, or make a long backward detour by rail till we come upon the Toronto, Grey & Bruce line. The approach to Owen Sound, the county town, is picturesque and rather striking, by steamboat, stage-coach, or even by rail. The great Niagara escarpment runs through the county, becoming "the Blue Mountains" of Northern Grey that extend to Cabot's Head. Much of the topography is therefore rough and broken compared with the districts to the west which we have hitherto been describing; so much so that at parts it is called mountainous. The rather ambitious adjective may be allowed, as long as we are in Ontario, on the principle that among the blind the one-eyed man is king. In order to escape the great limestone rocks that environ the town, the railroad begins a circuitous route about three miles from where the engine whistle signals the approach to its northern terminus, and thus—to the disturbance of our topographical ideas—we enter Owen Sound from the north instead of from the south. Coming by steamer from Wiarton, or in the opposite direction from Collingwood, we sail up the beautiful bay that has given its name to the town, and forms here an excellent harbour. On the one side is the old Indian village of Brooke, the spire of what was once the Indian Church the conspicuous object. On the other, Limestone Cliff stands out now high in air, though in former ages the waves of a mightier lake than Huron and the Georgian Bay combined dashed against its front. On both sides, along the coast as far as the eye can reach, the land shows a series of well-defined terraces or ancient beaches rising up to the perpendicular cliffs of Niagara limestone. In many places these cliffs are split into great sections, the rents of which have been widened by weathering into immature cañons, which on their exposed surfaces must be dangerous traps to the traveller. Such rent cliffs are fine instances of the destructive effects of atmospheric erosion, and of the way by which in the course of ages the Sound itself has been formed. The rock being highly absorbent of moisture, the autumn rains lodge in its crevices and joints; and in winter the crystalline expansion of freezing rends it into fragments. In spring, a mass of fallen *débris* enlarges the talus at the base of the cliff. If the waters of the Sound stood as high as they once did, their waves would grind these angular blocks into boulders, gravel and sand, and transport them into deep water. The enterprise of man is now doing what these natural forces no longer do, by burning the broken fragments into quicklime, and quarrying large blocks for the erection of factories and dwellings. Ice-floes have also done their work here as on the outer shores of the Lake, by trans-

porting immense quantities of gneissic and granite boulders and pebbles from the Laurentian rocks in the north to the shores of the Sound. A drive from the town to the little village of Brooke will show these in tens of thousands. As our steamer draws nearer to the head of the bay, great white rocks come into view. Then the rocks on both sides converge, and in the valley between, on an extended flood plain, formed by the bay and the river Sydenham, the pretty little town is situated. It was originally called Sydenham, and its founder believed that it would develop into the great *entrepôt* of western commerce, would become in fact a second Chicago. What a number of second Chicagos there have been in the visions of planners of town-plots and real-estate auctioneers! Indeed, so convinced were the people in 1850 that railways—if built at all—would have to come to them as the only practicable northern terminus, that they refused to grant assistance to one or the other of two companies that proposed to build from Toronto to the Georgian Bay. Consequently, the Northern Railway Company made Collingwood its terminus, and the other Company, then collapsing, Sydenham was left out in the cold with all its ambitions dashed to the ground. In 1856, it was incorporated as a town, under the name of Owen Sound, and its progress has been so continuous that it is now in the front rank of our provincial towns. We get a good bird's-eye view of it from the rugged limestone cliff on the west. The cliff is broken and rent, with *débris* of fallen rocks at its feet, the white escarpment continued beyond; then, the lofty spire of a church, with a continuation to the south of ribbon-like terraces, the lower covered with trees. In the hollow is the town, with its church-spires and public buildings, the most conspicuous of which is the High School, the busy harbour, and the quiet waters of the Sound. The medallion shows a bit of the river as it enters the town, houses on the left bank, and the Campanile of the Fire-Engine Station. "Off Cape Rich" tells its own tale, and one by no means infrequent on the lakes, a propeller encountering a stiff breeze as she rounds the cape into the Sound.

The next illustration is taken from the rear of the ship-building yard, where ships and propellers of large tonnage are built. A propeller is on the stocks; another, fully equipped, is drawing a stately ship from the harbour to the Sound. Beyond, on either side, is a glimpse of the lower part of the town and harbour, with elevator, shipping, and then the high cliffs in the distance. No town is better supplied with summer travelling facilities by steamboats than Owen Sound. An excellent line now runs to the Lake Superior ports in connection with the Toronto, Grey & Bruce Railway, and the boats from Collingwood make regular calls. The citizens are manifesting a great deal of enterprise in this direction, and many of the staunchest steamers on the lakes are built by the Owen Sound Dry-Dock Company, in their ship-yards near the mouth of the Pottawatomie River.

For many years Owen Sound laboured under the disadvantage of want of railway

OWEN SOUND—LOOKING UP THE HARBOUR.

facilities, that were early given to its rival, Collingwood, though, in 1845, it snatched from Durham the laurel-leaf of the county town. It has also the drawback of having a very shallow harbour, which necessitates constant and expensive dredging. The town has a more than fine display of public buildings, perhaps the most creditable of which is the new High School, erected at a cost, including grounds and equipment, of over twenty-five thousand dollars. There are also two other commodious and handsome buildings for Public School requirement. The town-hall, court-house, and many of the stores and private residences have a tasteful and pleasing appearance. Characteristic of the place, its journalism, represented by the *Times*, *Advertiser*, and *Tribune*, is sturdy and progressive. In the pre-railway days, its hotels and stage-coach lines did a flourishing business; and though the glory of "Coulson's" has somewhat departed, both that hostelry and the "Queen's" satisfactorily meet all demands upon them.

If we visit Owen Sound by driving from Southampton, we see something of the character of the intervening country. The land gradually rises, frequent outcrops of limestone occurring, and about midway across attains its greatest altitude, the streams on the one side flowing to the east, and on the other to the west. In summer the fields are luxuriant with good crops, and the farms have an aspect of thrift and prosperity. The forests assume a slightly northern aspect, and delight the botanist with their rich undergrowth of mosses, ferns, and flowering shrubs, amid fine specimens

of maple, beech, and ash. The road for a part of the way skirts the Pottawatomie, a small brawling stream that tumbles over Jones' and Indian Falls, a sheer descent of seventy feet, into dark ravines densely clothed with timber, before it empties into the Sound. On descending from the heights, the Sound is seen in the distance, extending for miles away out to the Georgian Bay, and, as it approaches the harbour, gradually narrowing like a wedge.

A visit to Owen Sound would not be satisfactory without a drive to the Inglis Falls, along the beautiful road that skirts the steep banks of the Sydenham. The way leads from the principal business street to the Cemetery Hill, to the left of which is the exceedingly lovely valley. We pass the rock which, Horeb-like, gives forth the water that supplies the town. We may explain that, underlying the Niagara limestones, a peculiarly stratified clay is found, which extends over the whole Huron region, called by geologists, Erie clay. The upper division of this deposit is well exposed on the Saugeen River, and is hence called Saugeen clay, the banks in many places showing it for a depth of twenty or thirty feet. It is a brown calcareous clay, mixed with sand and gravel, and is exposed on the east side of the Sound, where it is highly ferruginous. The Erie clay proper, or lower division, is a blue marl containing thirty per cent. of carbonate of lime. It is found about twenty feet under the surface deposit in Owen Sound, and is seen in some places where the base of the limestone is exposed. With a floor such as this, impervious to water, it is not wonderful that the limestone cliffs abound with ever-flowing springs of clear water. Passing the rock, the road leads through a farm of exceptional excellence, especially in so rough a district, and a little farther on we find ourselves "among the mountains near Owen

INGLIS FALLS.

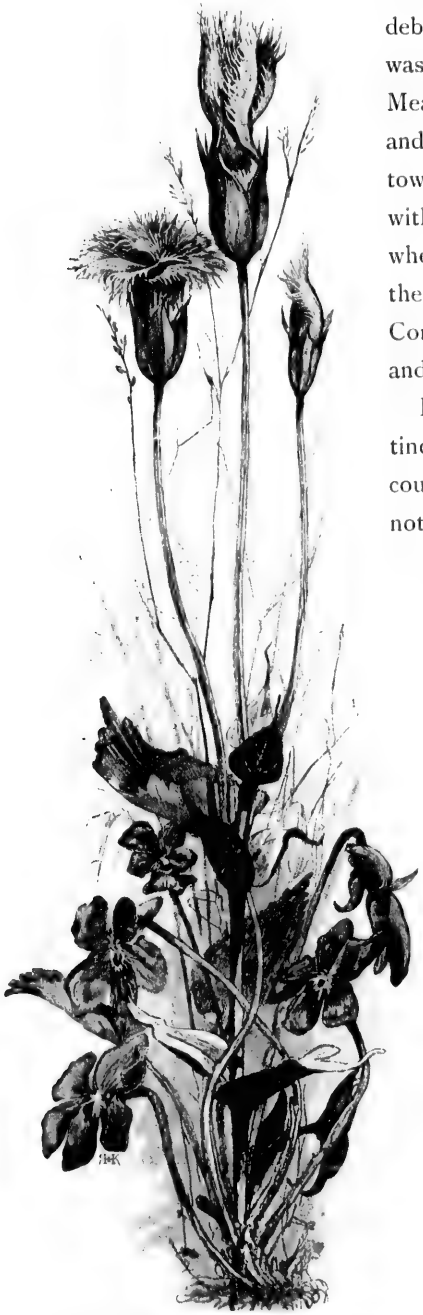
Sound." The view is well worth a longer drive, and Lord Dufferin exaggerated no more than was his wont over Canadian scenes when he declared it one of the most magnificent he had ever witnessed. Here and there the road runs so near the perpendicular rocks that we may touch them from our carriage. Cool, clear streams issue from the solid rock, trickle across the road, and leap joyfully down the steep descent into the dell beneath to join the Sydenham. Charming glimpses of the river are obtained through the trees from the main pathway. A little farther on and we hear—especially should it be spring or autumn—a sound combined of hissing, seething and roaring, that announces the Falls, and promises something worth seeing. The illustration presents them from the best point of view—the deep ravine among the vines some sixty feet below. The water escapes from between two mills, an old and a new, and tumbles over the sharp, shelving rocks in a mass of foam and spray, and then, with the ceaseless noise of many waters, gurgles over a series of rapids to the quiet reaches farther down. On each side the high banks are clothed with the rich verdure of lichens, mosses, ferns, creepers, and vines. The whole scene is very beautiful, and the courteous proprietor—one of the original settlers—is always willing to guide visitors to the points from which the Falls may be seen to the best advantage. It is worth while, too, to return to the town by the way we came. The rocky gorge, the glimpses of the river, the trees on its banks, and the great rocks towering boldly up by the way, give interest to the road till the Cemetery Hill is reached. There, the pretty town in the valley, the streets reaching up the hill-sides, the bay dotted with steamers and little pleasure boats, the great expanse of water to the north, the Indian Peninsula and the opposite shore, combine to make up one of the most extended and varied panoramas in the Province. Such hills and dales and waters had irresistible attractions for the Scotchmen, who were among the first settlers in the county, though to their children, who know that a "bush farm" means unremitting toil for a lifetime, the open, exposed prairie far transcends in attractiveness all the glories of mountain and forest.

As regards fruit-growing, the neighbourhood of Owen Sound is no exception to the rest of the splendid Lake Huron territory which we have been describing. Almost every kind of fruit succeeds well, and apples, pears, plums, and strawberries may be said to attain perfection. A reliable witness stated before the Ontario Agricultural Commission that so much attention is now being given to this fruit crop that, besides the supply of the home market, from three to four thousand barrels of winter apples had been shipped from Owen Sound alone in 1881, and that pear culture—which is beginning to attract more attention—could be carried on quite as profitably. The plums of the district are so remarkably fine that thousands of trees are being planted, and tens of thousands of bushels are already shipped annually, chiefly for the Chicago market.

AMONG THE MOUNTAINS NEAR OWEN SOUND.

To a great extent, it would be only telling the same story over again were we to describe the other towns in Grey. At the opposite extremity of the county from Owen Sound is Mount Forest, pleasantly situated on the most southerly branch of the Saugeen. The first surveyor mistook the stream for a branch of the Maitland, and the place accordingly was first called "Maitland Hills" or "Maitland Woods." When the real state of the case was known, the present name was formed by keeping what was true and dropping what was inaccurate in both of the old names. A walk or short drive by stage from Owen Sound takes us to Meaford, also on the bay. The drive, some eighteen miles in length, is a singularly picturesque one. The road runs through the townships of Sydenham and St. Vincent, which project far lakeward, and divide Nottawasaga Bay from the waters of the Sound. On the route the tourist will be struck with the wantonness in which Nature revels. Stupendous upright masses of rock poise themselves in dizzy proximity to the roadway, while innumerable paths

wander off on both sides into cool depths of forest or gloomy clefts, fringed with ever fresh adornings. Both townships were surveyed in 1853, and the first settler in St. Vincent was the surveyor, Mr. Charles Rankin, to whom and to Mr. George Jackson, the locality is indebted for important services. For many years it was hotly contested by the people where the site of Meaford should be. Finally the dispute settled itself, and the embryo village has now become a fair-sized town. It is prettily situated on the Big Head River, with a gentle slope towards the shores of the bay, where a harbour is formed by the united waters of the bay and river, flanked by a far projecting wharf. Commerce is represented by a number of grist, saw, and woollen mills, a foundry and machine shop.



WOOD VIOLETS, AND FRINGED GENTIAN.

But, let it never be forgotten that all that is distinctive and noteworthy in Grey, as in most of the counties of Canada, is to be found not in its towns, not at railway stations, but in the townships, along the gravel roads and the concession lines. There we meet the men and women who endured the rough welcome of the Genius of the wilderness; the men and women to whom we owe the smiling fields and orchards, and all the promise of the future. A good objective point for an expedition into the interior of the country is that most picturesque cataract known as the "Eugenia Falls," and thence up the Beaver River, a valley that is said to possess the finest climate, and to be without exception the finest peach-growing district in Canada. Our illustration of the "Eugenia Falls," in the neighbourhood of Flesherton, gives their characteristic features faithfully, and it is unnecessary to repeat in words what the pencil presents so truthfully.

Grey was fortunate in its first settlers. Two of the townships first surveyed were set apart to be divided up into grants to retired British officers, and to the children

of United Empire Loyalists who had not been supplied with lands previously. Both classes were extremly desirable immigrants; the first bringing with them money, intelligence and refinement, and the second having what was of even more immediate value, knowledge of colonial life, especially of life in the bush. But the great body of the immigrants were of the rank and file of the British Islands; and they brought little with them but hearts of oak. Those who had come to Canada because the siren voice of emigration agents had assured them that "the same tree yielded sugar, soap, and firewood," and that all the work they required to do was but "the pastime of a drowsy summer day," were speedily undeceived. Even those who had landed with money in their purse had a hard time of it, fighting lonely battles against a thousand unforeseen difficulties, surrounded by the most uncongenial environment. How those who had struggled to their destination on scanty funds lived for the first years, it is difficult to understand. They made no complaint, held out no hat for alms, but planted their potatoes among the stumps in summer, cleared off the deep snow, and gathered cow-cabbage for their food in winter, when they had nothing better in the house, and in the darkest days trusted that the God of their fathers would not desert them. The poet or historian of this "primeval and barbaric but heroic era" has not yet appeared. One American has written the history of Canada in the Seventeenth Century. Must we wait till another comes into our backwoods and writes for us the true story of our Nineteenth Century? The actors are passing off the stage, and their memories are already fading from the minds of men. Pity that it should be so before their records are gathered

EUGENIA FALLS, AND A GLIMPSE OF GEORGIAN BAY.

together; for their achievements, rather than the campaign of 1812–15, or skirmishes with "Sympathizers" or Fenians, are the foundation of our country. What are the discomforts of the camp for a year or two, compared to life-battles, that the wives and children had to share, with gloomy forest and dismal swamp, with tropical heat at one season, and at another with cold that would freeze the bread and the potatoes beside the very fire-side? In one sense, immigrants of the better class suffered most keenly. Their tastes were their torments. At first they struggled hard to keep some of the old forms and courtesies of life; but soon the struggle for the bare necessaries absorbed all their strength. Some of the others indeed suffered all that poor human nature could suffer. They starved, and that was the end of it.

This generation ne'er can know
The toils we had to undergo,
While laying the great forests low.

So sings, with direct and pathetic simplicity of style, that true Canadian poet, Alexander McLachlan, speaking what he knows, and testifying of what he has seen. The poet's eye discerns the hero. "Canada," he says, "is prolific in heroes of its own; men who venture into the wilderness, perhaps, with little save an axe and a determined will, and hew their way to independence. Almost every locality can point to some hero of this kind, who overcame difficulties and dangers with a determination which, in a wider sphere, would have commanded the admiration of the world. Energetic, inventive, sleepless souls, who fought with wild nature, cleared seed-fields in the forest, built mills, schools and churches where, but a few years before, naught was heard save the howl of the wolf and the whoop of the Indian. Who gathered, perhaps, a little community of hardy pioneers around them, and to which they were carpenter, blacksmith, and architect, miller, doctor, lawyer and judge, all in one." Such a man he describes with enthusiasm as "a backwood's hero."

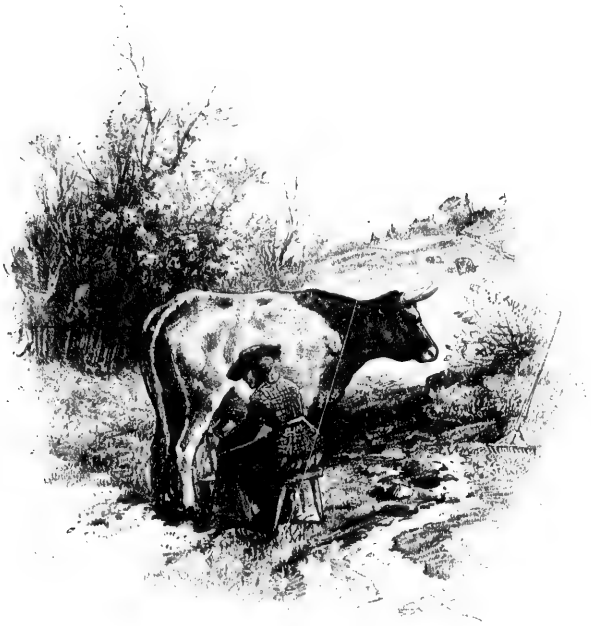
"He chopped, he logged, he cleared his lot,
And into many a dismal spot
He let the light of day;
And through the long and dismal swamp,
So dark, so dreary and so damp,
He made a turnpike way.
The church, the schoolhouse and the mill,
The store, the forge, the vat, the kiln,
Were triumphs of his hand;
And many a lovely spot of green,
Which peeps out there the woods between,
Came forth at his command.

What was it that he would not face?
He bridged the stream, he cut the race,
Led water to the mill:
And planned and plotted night and day,
Till every obstacle gave way
To his unconquered will.
And he was always at our call,
Was doctor, lawyer, judge and all;
And all throughout the Section,
O, there was nothing could be done—
No field from out the forest won,
Save under his direction."

Wherever there are men of a good stock there are sure to be leaders of men. And the backwoods life was not one of hardships unredeemed by visions of beauty or intervals of rest or fun. Each season brought its own quota of pleasure. To the logging "bee" the neighbours came from far and near, every man of them as independent as a king on his throne, for he owned his own acres, and had chopped his own homestead; and after the hard day's work and contests, songs and dances followed till the rude rafters rang again. The girls gathered the spring buds from the trees and the sweet violets from the grassy dells, and twined their hair with woodbine; but they milked the cows and cooked and washed, and worked in the fields at haying and harvest, and hitched the horses, and rode them, too, when occasion required, none the less. And the young men not only chopped and ploughed, but had fights with bears and wolves, or planned new kinds of water-wheels and rude gun-stocks and fiddles, and everything else that they or the women needed. Autumn showered its gold and purple over the woods, and the backwoodsmen reaped from a virgin soil more generous fare by far than the bleak moors of the western Highlands had ever yielded. In winter, by the light of the great back-logs roaring up the wide chimney, the lads and lasses did their courting. And though it took ten days to drive the ox-team sixty miles to Barrie for a barrel of salt, or still longer to take the grist to Toronto, what rare budgets of news were carried back from the outside world! Each year brought new improvements, and things looked brighter. The shanty and the log-byre gave way to the framed house well painted outside and well plastered within, with big barns hard by; the almost furniture-less cabin to comfortable rooms supplied with a sewing-machine and melodeon; or, perhaps, a piano, and a volume of PICTURESQUE CANADA; the oxen to a team of Clydesdales and a fast trotter; and the homespun to broad-cloth. And then, gazing around on the changed scene, the old man and the old woman would declare that their happiest days had been spent in the log cabin, whose walls are mouldering not far from the new house

to which their son has brought his bride. All honour to the pioneers! May their children never forget their memories, nor cease to imitate their virtues!

"Look up; their walls enclose us. Look around;
Who won the verdant meadows from the sea?
Whose sturdy hands the noble highways wound
Through forests dense, o'er mountain, moor, and lea?
Who spanned the streams? Tell me whose works they be,—
The busy marts, where commerce ebbs and flows?
Who quelled the savage? And who spared the tree
That pleasant shelter o'er the pathway throws?
Who made the land they loved to blossom as the rose?"



THE NORTH-WEST:

MANITOBA.

THE VIRGIN PRAIRIE.

SO far, we have been dealing with a Canada known to men from the days of Champlain. We now come to New Canada. Regions, long supposed to be under the lock and key of eternal frost and snow, or at best fit home only for buffalo and beaver, mink and marten, are being revealed as boundless prairies and plains, of exhaustless fertility, ready for the plough. In 1812, Lord Selkirk, a patriot who lived half a century too soon, declared that the valley of the Red River of the North would yet maintain a population of thirty millions. And beyond that valley stretches away to the north-west a breadth of fertile land, in the shape of an immense trapezoid,

whose apex is bounded by the distant Mackenzie, that possesses all the conditions necessary to rear a healthy and hardy race. Now, at length, the eyes of millions in old and new lands are being turned to this Greater Canada. A movement or swarming of men is setting in, similar to those migrations of nations that in former times determined the history of the world. Already,

> "We hear the tread of pioneers of nations yet to be,
> The first low wash of waves where soon shall roll a human sea."

Before long, Winnipeg will be more populous than Ottawa, or, its citizens would say, than Toronto; the Saskatchewan, a more important factor in Canadian development than the St. Lawrence; and the route from Hudson's Bay to Liverpool perhaps as well established as the beaten path from Montreal and Quebec.

Let us pay a tribute to the first white man who travelled and traded along the Winnipeg, Red, Assineboine and Saskatchewan Rivers. Here again, a Frenchman leads the roll of those whose portraits Canadians should hang up in their National Gallery, and honour from age to age. Pierre Gaultier de Varenne, Sieur de la Verendrye, deserves as prominent a place in connection with the North-west as Champlain occupies in the annals of Lower Canada. Cadet of a noble French family, the enchantments of an unexplored continent allured him to the New World. In 1728, while in command of a trading-post at Lake Nepigon, he heard from Indians of a river that flowed to the West. The same vision that had dazzled and inspired the sixteenth and seventeenth century explorers—lay and clerical—of a passage by the interior to the *Grand Ocean*, and thence to the wonders of Cathay, entered into the study of his imagination. M. de Beauharnois, who, from the castle of St. Louis ruled over New France, gave him verbal encouragement and exclusive rights to the fur trade of whatsoever regions he should discover. But neither the Governor nor the King of France had any money to spare for the enterprise of opening up the country west of Lake Superior. The labour and the expense fell on the man who had conceived the project, and who was determined to carry it out, because it would redound to the glory of France. Only they who know by experience something of what is involved in discovering new countries can estimate aright his danger and success. The men who made their way to "the great lone land" quarter of a century ago can form some idea of what he accomplished. Starting either from Nepigon or Thunder Bay, we soon come to the height of land that divides the Lake Superior tributaries from the streams running north and west. Here, a wilderness of interlaced lakes or rather huge tarns, in granite basins, fringed with forest, divides the country with primitive rock and almost bottomless muskegs. Over this vast region silence and desolation reign supreme. A semi-arctic

winter clings to it for seven months of the year. Canoeing westward for hundreds of miles by means of one of the strings of lakelets and lacustrine rivers, that extend vast distances to the west, carrying their supplies across innumerable intervening portages, Verendrye and his sons reached

FALLS OF THE WINNIPEG.

Rainy River and the Lake of the Woods. This beautiful lake which has been the starting-point for a boundary line in every treaty that has ever been made between Great Britain and the United States—has on one side a thousand miles of dark forest,

forbidding muskeg and Laurentian rocks, and on the other side a thousand miles of fertile alluvial. Verendrye built forts on its shores and islets, and made these the base for his journeys to the boundless plains that lie between the Upper Missouri and the North Saskatchewan. His four sons and nephew went at his bidding in every direction, establishing a great fur-trading organization over the whole of the North-west, in order thereby to gain the means of prosecuting discovery still farther. "He marched and made us march," they said, "in such a way that we should have reached our goal, wherever it might be found, had we been better aided." They penetrated in one direction to the Saskatchewan and the Athabasca, and in another to the Missouri and the Yellowstone, being the first to discover the country that Lewis and Clark, in the beginning of the nineteenth century, with a numerous troop in the pay of the United States Government, became celebrated for re-discovering. So far west did they force their way that they saw at last, in the far distance, the long silver-tipped range of the Rocky Mountains, from the tops of which they were sure that the western sea could be beheld. But, just as they congratulated themselves that success was within their grasp, their fickle Indian allies, dreading an attack from other tribes, forced them to turn back. Troubles accumulated on the head of the gallant Frenchman. One son, a Jesuit priest his companion, and a party of twenty-one men, were massacred by the Sioux on an island of the Lake of the Woods. At the same time, he heard of the death of his nephew, who had been his right hand from the beginning of the enterprise. Why recount his disappointments? Verendrye died eleven years before New France was ceded to Great Britain. When kings, intendants or ministers neglect heroes, their own end is not far off.

The Lake of the Woods has been long famed for its beauty. Except towards the south-west, where a wide "traverse" of open water makes the Indian scan the sky before he ventures out in his canoe, it is so filled with islands that to the tourist it appears a wondrously beautiful river rather than a lake. Land and forest are near and round him all the time. In some places fires, thoughtlessly left burning at camps, have swept over the islets, revealing the gneissoid rocks—unpromising to the husbandman—of which they are composed. But enough are left in all their varied beauty of form and colour to make a sail from Rainy River down to Rat Portage as charming as a sail among "the Thousand Islands" of the St. Lawrence. Gliding over the unruffled waters, the eye gets fairly cloyed with picture after picture of a somewhat monotonous type of sylvan beauty. At Rat Portage, the River Winnipeg issues from the lake in two divisions. The railway from Lake Superior to Manitoba crosses the river here, bridging each division just above the Falls. The traveller who has taken the train at Thunder Bay now gets a glimpse of the beautiful, after hundreds of miles of unutterable dreariness. He is near the dividing-line of the Laurentian and the alluvial regions; and before he bids farewell to the Laurentides they burst into scenes of rare picturesqueness.

LAKE OF THE WOODS.

At the eastern fall, the river, compressed between beautifully-stained granite rocks, rushes impetuously into a boiling caldron, at the side of which is a quiet eddy where an Indian is generally found with a hand net, scooping up magnificent white-fish almost as easily as a housewife takes them out of a barrel. The western fall is a long broad rapid with a drop of four or five feet at one point. These falls are only the first of an almost interminable series of rapids and cataracts down which the river leaps over primeval rocks, on its way to the great Lake Winnipeg, running between these rapids, in long stretches and windings, among green islets of inconceivable loveliness. A canoe trip with Indians from Rat Portage down to Lake Winnipeg, or a steamboat excursion in the opposite direction up the lake to Fort Francis on Rainy River, ought to content grumblers otherwise incurable. Rat Portage, in spite of its unpromising name, has a future more certain than most of the ambitious places in the North-west styled cities, on the strength of a railway station or a blacksmith's shop. It is the nearest summer resort for the Winnipeggers, and, as the water power is practically inexhaustible, it may also become a great lumber and milling centre. Men of faith speak of it as the Canadian Minneapolis, just as half a dozen villages in Ontario are styled Canadian Birminghams. Large handsome saw-mills and grist-mills are already built at the best points of vantage between Rat Portage and Lake Deception. This lake seems at first sight only one of the innumerable small lakes of the rather savage region in which they are set; but when the engineers who navigated its waters in search of a line for the railway thought that the end was reached, again and again new vistas opened out, and they called it Deception. Cross Lake has also a history in railway annals. The contractors who had to take the track across it found that they had undertaken a task like that of the Danaides. The earth and rock laboriously dumped in perpetually slid away from the bottom and spread out farther and farther until acres of solid ground were formed on each side of the bank. It was heart-breaking work, and contractor-breaking too, but the people who now glide smoothly over the road think little of all that, and the words "section fifteen" once in every newspaper, and the terror of engineers and governments, have already fallen completely out of men's minds. The whole of this region should be seen by moonlight. It is too rude and desolate for the full light of the sun; but the play of the moon on multitudinous lakes, twisted rock and low primeval hills, results in pictures and panoramic views of singular weirdness.

Between Cross Lake and Whitemouth River, the railway leaves the Laurentides, and strikes through swamp till it reaches the high open prairie. Now we are on the verge of the great sea of green that rolls its grassy billows all the way to the Rocky Mountains. Nowhere in the world is there such a breadth of fertile land untenanted. At some seasons of the year it does not look particularly inviting, but no matter what the month, the first sight of the prairie makes an impression as profound as the

first sight of the ocean. Each season has its distinctive livery. When the warm suns of March and early April have licked up the snow, the dead grasses of the old year look bleached and flattened out by the storms of winter and the rain. If fires had swept over the ground in the autumn, an uniform rusty brown is seen in the spring, far as the eye can reach. The prairie then looks to a farmer like a vast field. The only idea suggested is that of immensity. At this season, where the soil is high and light, or where sandy ridges occur, the *anemone patens*, the first flower of the prairies, shows to the bright sun its pale blue, inclining sometimes to delicate white and sometimes to rich purple. The joy with which this harbinger of spring is welcomed by those who have seen no signs of life in garden or field for six long months can hardly be exaggerated. Like the Mayflower of the Maritime Provinces, it "blooms amid the snows." It flowers before its own leaves appear to live. The old dead leaves surround the new flower, and so the most beautiful life is seen to rise out of death. It is at once the firstfruits and the fit emblem of spring. And now, a tender green begins to flush the boundless open. As spring advances, the grasses and plants gather strength. The prairie becomes a sea of green, flecked with parti-coloured grasses, and an infinite variety of flowering plants. The billowy motion of the taller species as they bend and nod before the breeze is the poetry of motion on a scale so vast that the mind is filled with a sense of the sublime as well as satisfied with the perfect beauty and harmony that extends on all sides to the horizon. The atmosphere, balmy and flower-scented, is also so charged with electricity that the blood courses through the veins under the perpetual influence of a stimulant that brings no lassitude in its train. Summer comes crowded—or rather covered—with roses. The traveller across the prairies walks on roses and sleeps on roses. By the end of June the air is loaded with their perfume. These are followed by an innumerable variety of asters, solidagos, and the golden coriopsis. But the ripe glories of the year are reserved for the season when summer merges into autumn. The tints of the woods in the older provinces are left far behind by the wealth of the prairie's colours. The reddish hue of the poas and other wild grasses, the salmon colour of the sedges, the yellow of the bunch, buffalo, and blue-joint grass, the deep green of the vetches, the saffron-coloured reeds, the red, white, blue and yellow of the rich autumn flowers, blend their beauties in a marvellous picture. As autumn advances, the grasses take a lighter hue. They are dying. One by one the flowers disappear. Instead of the variety of colour so splendidly lavished a few weeks ago, there is only an unbroken field of yellow, fast merging into white. It is now well on in October. The days are cool; the nights cold. Winter is at hand. Keen frosts kill all remaining traces of vegetation. But winter is not yet. The sun seems to sweep higher. The atmosphere takes on a hazy and smoky look. The sun is red during the day and at his setting. The frosts cease, and the Indian summer of the North-west sets in. Day in and day

LAKE DECEPTION.

out, often for weeks, this delicious after-glow, during which existence is a luxury, continues. Then the sun sinks low again. The smoke and the haze clear

CROSS LAKE.

away. The frost puts an end to farming operations, and the winter fairly commences—a winter terrible to the inexperienced for its length and severity, but perhaps the most enjoyable season of the year to Canadians, East and West.

Professor Hind, after speaking of the prairie as it appeared to him quarter of a century ago, on the Assineboine and between Winnipeg and the boundary line, "in its ordinary aspect of sameness, immensity, and unclaimed endowments," describes "its extraordinary aspects" in the following graphic language:—

"It must be seen at sunrise, when the vast plain suddenly flashes with rose-coloured light, as the rays of the sun sparkle in the dew on the long rich grass, gently stirred by the unfailing morning breeze. It must be seen at noon-day, when refraction swells into the forms of distant hill ranges, the ancient beaches and ridges of Lake Winnipeg, which mark its former extension; when each willow bush is magnified into a grove, each far distant clump of aspens, not seen before, into wide forests, and the outline of wooded river banks, far beyond unassisted vision, rise into view. It must be seen at sunset, when just as the ball of fire is dipping below the horizon, he throws a flood of red light, indescribably magnificent, upon the illimitable waving green, the colours blending and separating with the gentle roll of the long grass, seemingly magnified toward the horizon into the distant heaving swell of a parti-coloured sea. It must be seen too by moonlight, when the summits of the low green grass waves are tipped with silver, and the stars in the west suddenly disappear as they touch the earth. Finally, it must be seen at night, when the distant prairies are in a blaze, thirty, fifty or seventy miles away; when the fire reaches clumps of aspen, and the forked tips of the flames, magnified by refraction, flash and quiver in the horizon, and the reflected light from rolling clouds of smoke above tell of the havoc which is raging below."

All those pictures belong to the glowing summer. But the prairie, like the shield, has two sides. It should also be seen in a blizzard, if you can see and live, when the snow, driven before the wind, flies level through the air, cutting like a knife, and carrying with it an intense cold that neither man nor beast can face; when, as the storm gathers strength, sky and prairie are blended in one undistinguishable mass of blinding white, and nought is heard but the mad hurrying and howling of the wind around and overhead, and the hissing at your feet with which it drives through the long grasses that the snow has not covered completely.

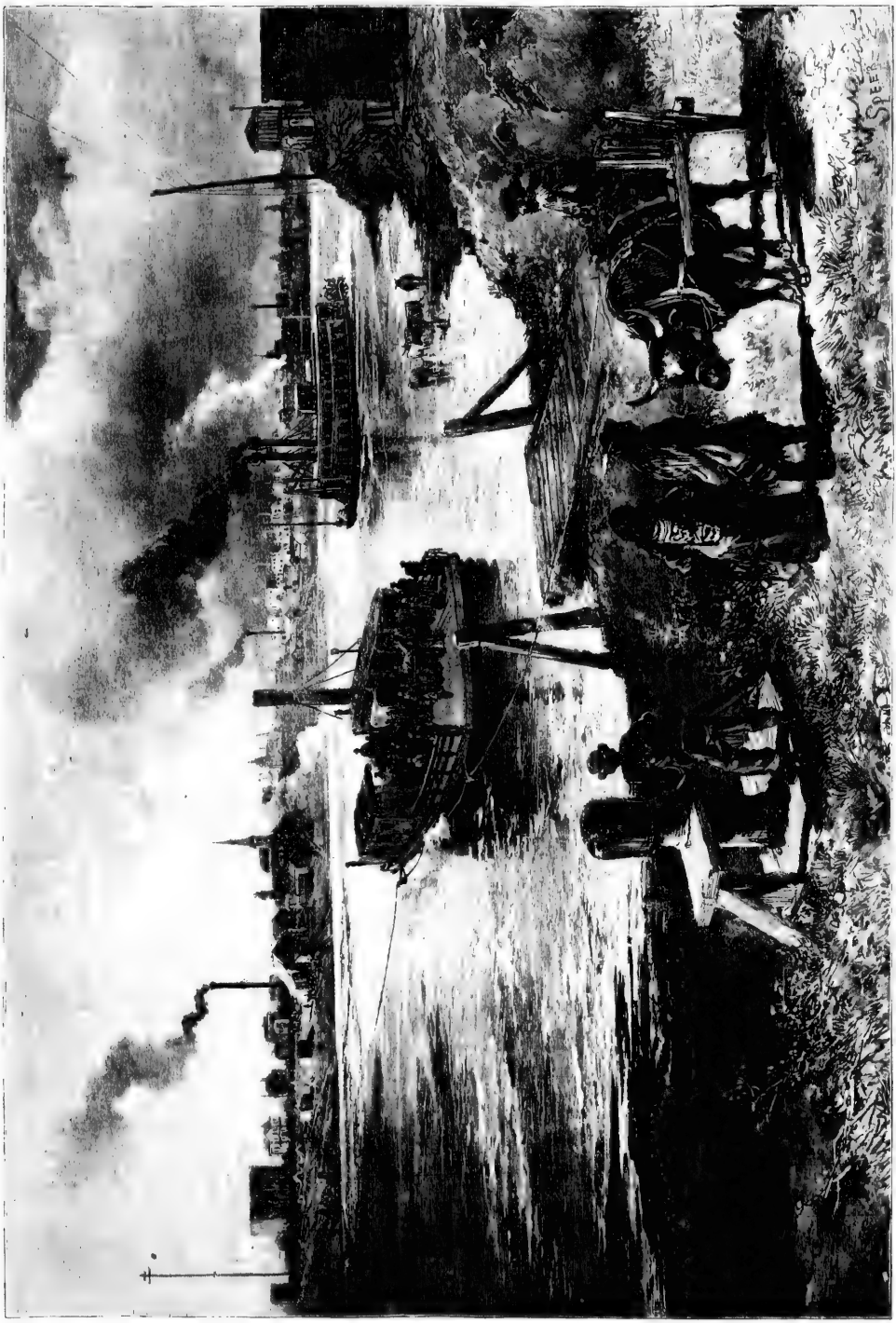
The North-west is not all prairie. And the prairie is not everywhere a monotonous, treeless expanse. Even in the Red River Valley, belts of wood usually skirt the rivers and the smaller streams or "creeks." Much of this wood has been cut down, so that there are long stretches of the river unshaded by trees, but wherever a belt of wood is seen it may be assumed that there a stream is draining the prairie. At Selkirk, where the Canada Pacific Railroad first strikes the river, the intervale is covered with graceful elms; and the country round about has a beautiful park-like appearance. Besides the elm, the trees of the Red River Valley are oak, ash-leaved maple and poplar. Of these, the poplar or trembling aspen, is the characteristic tree of the North-west. As the traveller goes west, he sees hardly any other for hundreds of miles. The ash-leaved maple is likely to prove the favourite shade-tree for the cities of Manitoba.

The railway crosses the Red River at Winnipeg, but Selkirk was the point originally selected by the Government for "the crossing" and for the site of a city that

would have soon become the capital of Manitoba. There were various reasons for this selection, only one of which need be referred to here. Between Selkirk and the old Stone Fort of the Hudson's Bay Company,

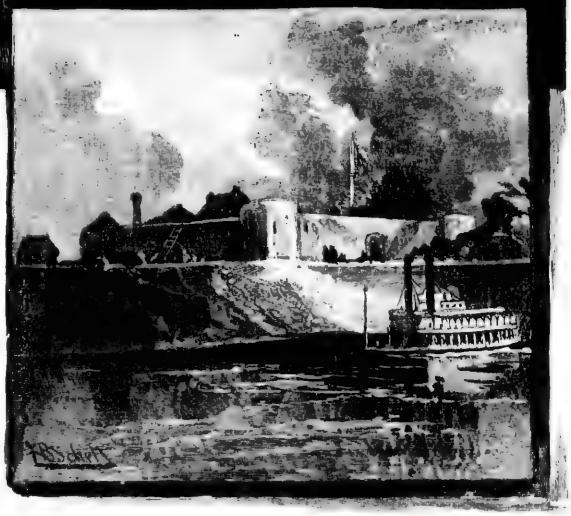
A PRAIRIE STREAM.

four miles farther up, the river is confined to a narrow bed by limestone banks, and consequently being dammed back in times of flood, it may overflow the country all the way to Winnipeg. As the quickness with which a bottle can



WINNIPEG, FROM ST. BONIFACE FERRY LANDING.

SELKIRK.



LOWER FORT GARRY.

be emptied depends principally on the size of its neck, it would seem that floods similar to those which have occurred three or four times in the century are unavoid able in the future. It is scarcely necessary to say that the man who whispers such a contingency in Winnipeg is looked upon as a very disagreeable person. Doubtless Noah was so regarded in his day. People who have paid their tens of thousands for corner lots dislike references to floods, past or future. When Mr. Sandford Fleming advised the Government to select Selkirk, Winnipeg was only "the miserable-looking village" that Captain Butler called it in 1870, and it might have been transferred bodily on a few Red River boats. It is otherwise now, and an old-fashioned flood—should it come—would destroy millions' worth of property. Time has vindicated the correctness of Mr.

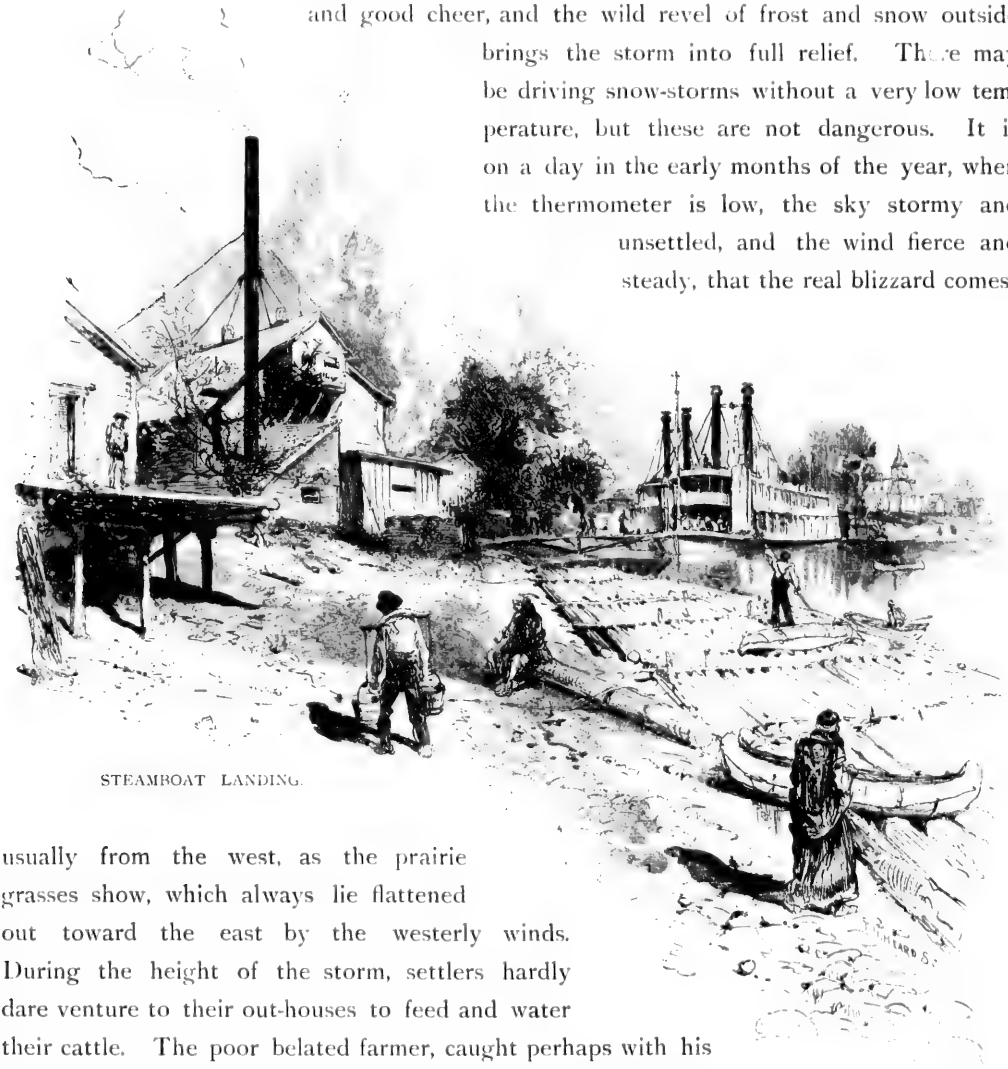
Fleming's judgment on other points. In this matter he may have been over cautious, but time will tell.

The growth of Winnipeg since 1877 has been phenomenal. Statistics need not be given, for they are paraded in every newspaper, and so far, the growth of one month—no matter how marvellous that may be—is sure to be eclipsed by the next. The going and coming at the railway station combines the rush of a great city with all the characteristics of emigrant and pioneer life. But instead of entering Winnipeg by railway, it is better to stop on the east side of the river and see the quaint French suburb of St. Boniface, and Archbishop Taché's Cathedral and College. We can then cross by the St. Boniface steam-ferry and take a look at the city in a more leisurely way. Even at the landing, the first thing that strikes us is that incongruous blending of the new and the old, of barbarism jostling against civilization, that distinguishes every corner of Winnipeg and every phase of its life. Specimens of almost extinct savage and semi-savage nationalities gaze at steam-boats and steam-mills and all the appliances of modern life with eyes that dream of far different scenes that were yesterday but have vanished forever. In this bran-new city a historical society, a first-rate club, colleges and cathedrals have sprung up, but you find at the landing that water is drawn from the river by the time-honoured "hauley system" and sold by the gallon. Here is old Fort Garry, but its glories have departed. Once it was the centre of the Hudson Bay Company's life and that meant the life of the North-west. Its walls and bastions were a veritable "Quadrilateral" in the eyes of the Indian and half-breed. They ought to have been saved as a memorial of the olden time, but progress is relentless. Progress abolished the walls and gates of Quebec. How could Fort Garry expect to be preserved, except in a picture?

Winnipeg is London or New York on a small scale. You meet people from almost every part of the world. Ask a man on the street for direction, and the chances are ten to one that he answers, "I have just arrived, sir." Friends meet who parted last on the other side of the globe, and with a hasty, "What! you here, too?" each passes on his way, probably to a real-estate office or auction room. The writer saw Winnipeg first in 1872. It consisted of a few rickety-looking shanties that looked as if they had been dropped promiscuously on the verge of a boundless prairie. The poorest inhabitant seemed willing to give any one a lot or an acre. And now, land on Main Street and the streets adjoining, is held at higher figures than in the centre of Toronto; and Winnipeggers, in referring to the future, never make comparisons with any city smaller than Chicago.

Winnipeg presents odd contrasts in summer and winter. In no city of its size are there so many University graduates. These rub shoulders, as if to the manner born, with Mennonites, Icelanders, half-breeds and Indians. Teams of splendid-looking horses and elegant equipages drive side by side with primitive carts drawn by oxen,

harnessed with buckskin or shaganappi. No city is gayer on a fine winter's day. The bright sunshine and exhilarating air make one utterly regardless of thermometer registerings. But it should be seen, too, when a blizzard is raging through the streets. The contrast between showy shops and houses full of comfort and good cheer, and the wild revel of frost and snow outside brings the storm into full relief. There may be driving snow-storms without a very low temperature, but these are not dangerous. It is on a day in the early months of the year, when the thermometer is low, the sky stormy and unsettled, and the wind fierce and steady, that the real blizzard comes;



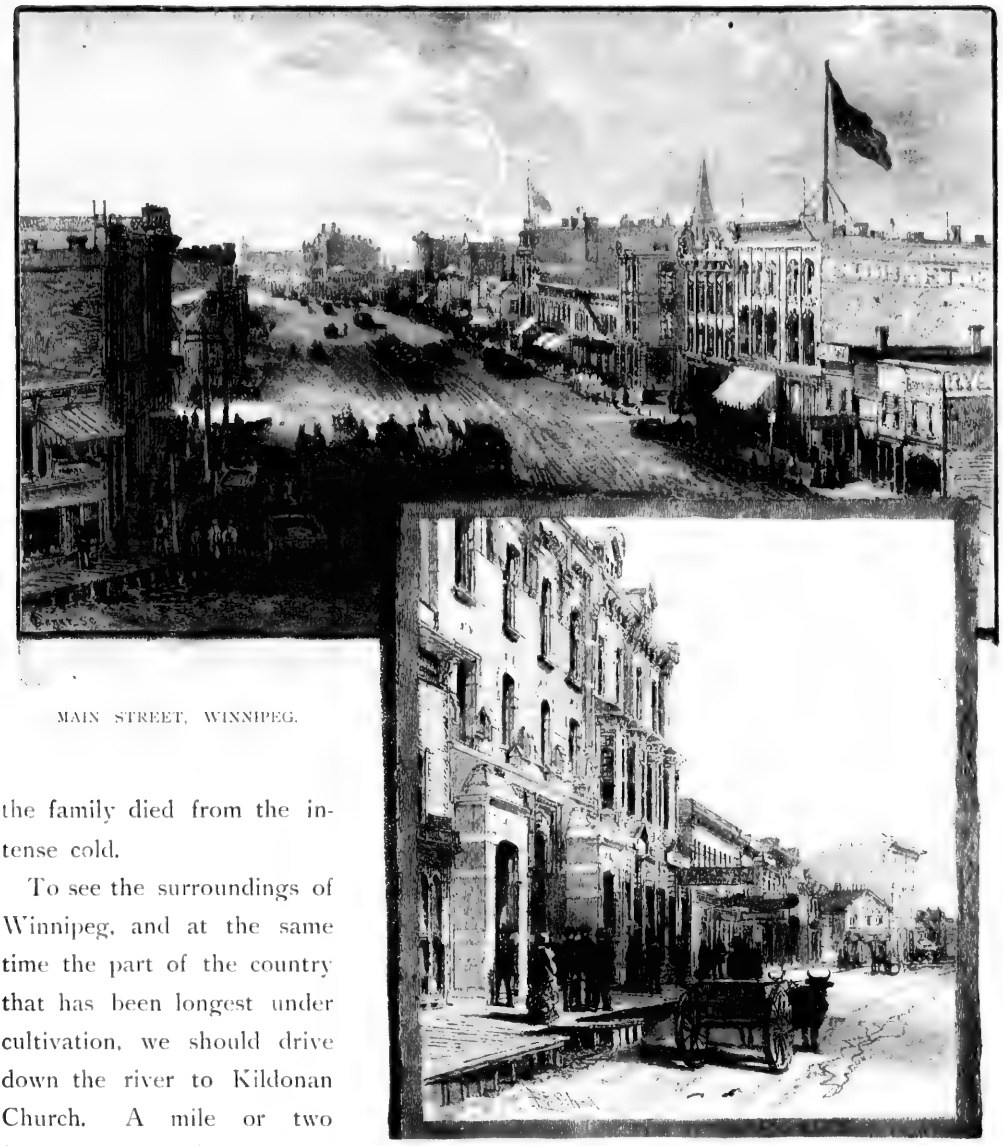
STEAMBOAT LANDING.

usually from the west, as the prairie grasses show, which always lie flattened out toward the east by the westerly winds. During the height of the storm, settlers hardly dare venture to their out-houses to feed and water their cattle. The poor belated farmer, caught perhaps with his team at some distance from a house, makes for the nearest bluff of woods. The trees bend double before the gale. All around he hears the snap and crash of breaking branches and falling trees, but these are not thought of in comparison with the greater danger that he has escaped. A huge fire can be built; and there is little risk of the firewood giving out. Should there be no friendly shelter of house or bluff near, he may come out from the blizzard alive. But the fine dry snow is so blinding and penetrating, and the frost so merci-

less, that the odds are very greatly in favour of the blizzard. In towns, the buildings block the fury of the storm; but streets in the line of the wind and open to its force present a more wild and stricken appearance than the prairie. There, one sheet of

A BLIZZARD IN WINNIPEG.

rushing white fills the whole horizon. In the city, the blizzard is broken up and is forced to show itself in detail. As you look through the windows, men or teams are now and then visible, fighting with the storm-fiend, while shingles, boards and light objects are hurled in all directions. With such force is the snow driven that, after the storm, the banks are as solid as ice. Heavy loads are driven over them without leaving a mark; and this, not as the result of any thaw or damp snow afterwards frozen, but simply from the impetus of the wind having compacted the fine dry particles into a solid mass. Happily, the blizzards of our North-west do not last very long, twelve hours usually seeing their force spent. A few years ago, one in Minnesota raged for three days and three nights. Every living thing outside perished. Cattle froze or starved to death in their stables. In many cases, firewood gave out, and though the furniture, floors and beams of the house were burned, the older and weaker ones of



MAIN STREET, WINNIPEG.

the family died from the intense cold.

To see the surroundings of Winnipeg, and at the same time the part of the country that has been longest under cultivation, we should drive down the river to Kildonan Church. A mile or two from the City Hall, St. John's College and Ladies' College, and the modest Cathedral stand between the road-side and a beautiful curve in the river. Here is the seat of the Bishop of Rupert's Land, whose bishopric originally extended from the Coast of Labrador to the Rocky Mountains, and from the boundary line to the North Pole. The first missionary of the Church of England arrived in 1820, but the bishopric was not founded till 1849. The white people of the settlement were Presbyterians, brought out from the Highlands of Scotland in 1812 by the Earl of Selkirk. The great majority of these, with the loyalty

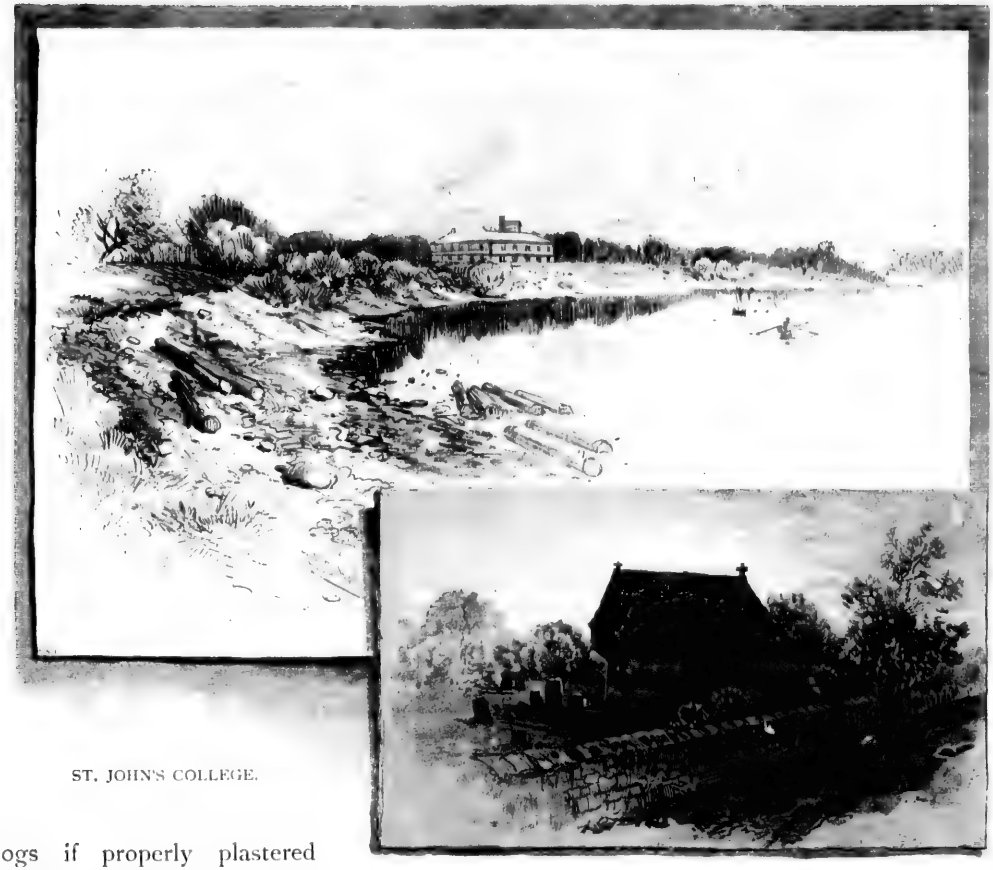
characteristic of their race, refused to desert the church of their fathers, and become Anglicans, although for forty years no minister of their own church came near them. In 1851, the Rev. John Black, a man of apostolic spirit, was sent to them by the Canada Presbyterian Church. Arriving, after an eight weeks' journey from Toronto, he was warmly welcomed by the Highlanders, even though he could not speak their beloved Gaelic. They at once organized themselves into a congregation, and built

OLD FORT GARRY.

manse, school-house, and the stone kirk of Kildonan, the steeple of which was for many years after the great outstanding mark on the level prairie. The land between Winnipeg and Kildonan was divided into riband-shaped farms, according to the plan adopted by the French two centuries previously on the St. Lawrence; the object in both cases being to give each householder a frontage on the river. These ribands are

now being bought up by speculators at what would have been considered fabulous prices three or four years ago. They extended two miles back into the prairie, and two miles farther back were allowed by the Hudson's Bay Company for hay-cutting. "Hay swamps" are almost as necessary as dry prairie to the Manitoba farmer. On each side of the road to Kildonan are fields that have borne wheat for sixty years without rotation of crops or manure—as convincing a proof of the exhaustless fertility of the soil as could be desired. In the wheat-fields, the women work at harvesting as heartily as the men. Where the prairie is not cultivated, the rude bark or skin tent of some wretched-looking Indians, or a stack of hay, is the only object between the road and the western sky line.

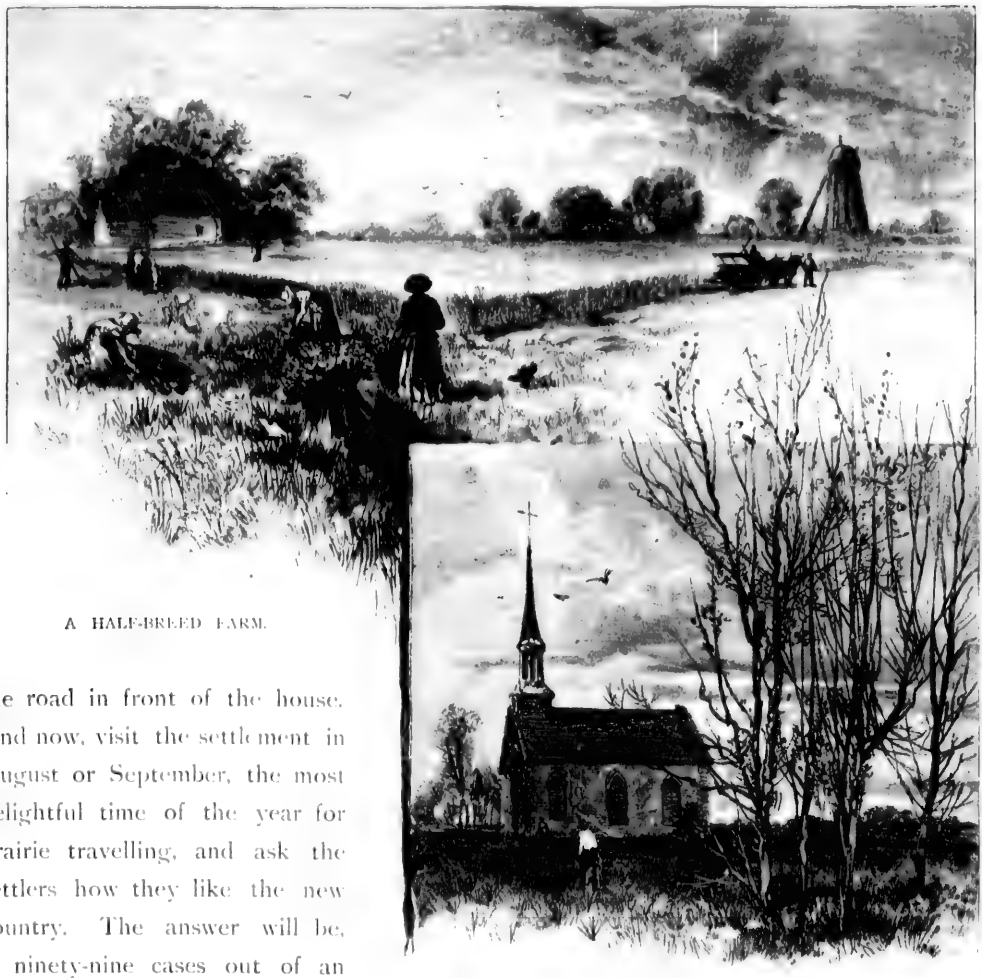
Interesting, and after a fashion phenomenal as Winnipeg is, it must not be supposed that we can find the true North-west in its towns and cities. There, speculators congregate to get up "booms" and similar transactions, bogus or slightly otherwise. But the brood of barnacles and vultures are unbeautiful and uninteresting to the artist and to healthy human beings. If we would see the great North-west, and those who, instead of discounting, are making its future, the poor but strong ones who support the barnacles and are preyed upon by the vultures, we must go out to the quarter-sections that the toilers of the prairie are home-steading and pre-empting. There, is enough to stir the imagination and warm the heart. From the commencement the elements of poetry are in the work and the men. The successive stages can be easily traced and the progress is rapid. Here is a picture of what is repeating itself every day. A group of families start from the older provinces in early spring, because though they may have to suffer peculiar hardships at that season, they are anxious to put up their buildings and gather a partial crop from the upturned sod before the first winter comes. The farms consist, at the outset, of the vast stretch of untilled land that has waited long for the plough; the farm-house is the emigrant's wagon or "prairie schooner"; the stables the sky, and their bed a water-proof on the prairie. In a week, less or more, the first house is up. Neighbour helps neighbour. A temporary house may be made of sods. At some points in Manitoba stone houses are seen. But, poplar logs, round or hewed, are the usual material, with perhaps a tier of oak or tamarack next to the ground, as poplar does not last long if in contact with moisture. Failing oak or tamarack, the building is set clear of the ground on stones or even a stone wall, and if possible banked with sand which is always clean and dry. The corners of the logs are dove-tailed or set on each other in the notch and saddle style. The spaces between the logs are chunked up with billets of wood and mortar. Sometimes, there is superadded a coating of the very tenacious whitish sandy clay, which is found everywhere in the Province, and which bakes harder than adobé. The roof is shingled or thatched, the thatch grass being put on with withes or laid in white mud. Wealthy settlers build more pretentious frame houses; but lumber is expensive, and the poplar



ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH.

logs if properly plastered make a substantial and warm building, which is likely to last until the family is tired of it. The settler now has shelter. Complacently he looks on his own neat, white-washed castle, and his own four walls. The walls are about all that he has; for the ground floor does not include even the Scotch "but and ben." It usually consists of one large room, with a rickety ladder in the middle that leads to the loft or upper story where rude quarters for the night are found. A dark strip on the green prairie that bespeaks the presence of the plough is the next step in advance; then a piece of fencing, or one or two stables or other out-houses. Cattle gather round the steading. Similar farm-houses spring up in all directions, dotting the hitherto lonely expanse with centres of life and interest. June comes, and the plough is in full swing. "Gee," and "Haw," are heard for miles round. Black strips of ploughed land, becoming larger every day, are pleasantly noticeable. Fences are run up Where the prairie has been broken beside the house, the chances are that the dark-green of the potato vine is seen coming through the sod; and farther off, a piece of oats or barley, looking strong and hearty. Perhaps a row of trees is planted along



A HALF-BREED FARM.

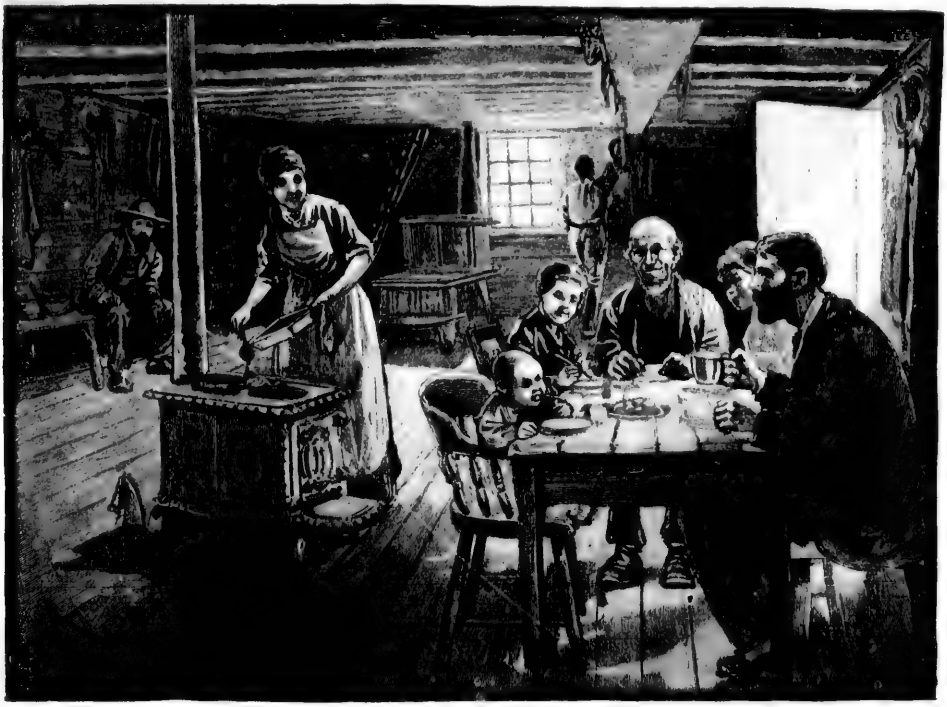
KILDONAN CHURCH.

the road in front of the house. And now, visit the settlement in August or September, the most delightful time of the year for prairie travelling, and ask the settlers how they like the new country. The answer will be, in ninety-nine cases out of an hundred, either "First-class," or "You couldn't pay me to return to Ontario," or "I have got the best farm in the North-west." With pride, they point out the progress that has been made in a few months, and contrast it with what would have been accomplished in the same time on a bush farm in any of the older provinces. Next year, a fine field of wheat is pretty sure to stretch away from the front door; the milk-house is furnished with rows of bright pans filled with creamy milk; but neither first year, second year, nor at any time is the passing stranger allowed to go on his journey without being offered the hospitality of the farm. He need not hesitate to accept a seat at the table; for, as a rule, the Canadian farmer's wife or daughters spread a clean table and cook their simple food as nicely as the dyspeptic Chelsea sage could have desired.

Listen to the advice that an old settler gives to a new-comer, with from $1,000 to

A PRAIRIE FARMSTEAD

$2,000 at his command, who proposes to make his home in the North-west: Secure, at the Dominion Land Office of the district in which you propose to settle, a homestead and a pre-emption. That costs $20. A yoke of cattle and harness, wagon, lumber, house furniture, implements and provisions for a year will cost from $400 to $800. The house and stable ought to cost little additional, except your



INTERIOR OF A SETTLER'S CABIN.

TH HARVESTERS.

labour. Invest the rest of your money in milch cows with their calves. Be ready to commence "breaking" early in June, and look for whatever promises quick returns. The cows should keep the house supplied with butter and milk, and there may be a surplus to sell. The sooner you get the plough to work the better. Make the breaking of twenty or thirty acres your objective point, and keep at it as steadily as you and your oxen can. The best time to break is from peep of dawn till about 9 A. M., and from 4 P. M., till dark. The oxen should rest in the interval, and their owner may take a sleep and then fix up things generally. Potatoes can be planted under the newly-turned sod, and, if the season be not too dry, will give a good return. Oats and barley may be sowed on the prairie and ploughed in. If you get fall ploughing done,

commence seeding next spring as soon as the frost is sufficiently below the surface to allow the harrows to cover the seed. The moisture from the frozen ground beneath continues to ascend and keeps the seed-bed in good condition. If money gives out, good wages can be had at any time on the railways, or the lumber mills, or almost anywhere, for a few weeks or months. We know of men who commenced a few years ago with $200 or less, and who, by dint of hard work and self-denial, have already earned comfort and a competency. But the settler must live according to his means. If he gets into debt and pays ten and twelve per cent for money, he is in a perilous state.

Every one has heard of the mammoth farms of the Red River Valley. These are to be found chiefly in Minnesota and Dakota, though capitalists are beginning to find their way to many parts of the North-west and are projecting similar undertakings as investments. Money can certainly be made in this way, for no part of the world is better adapted for the application of steam to agriculture and for all the expensive apparatus that modern farming on a large scale requires. The mammoth wheat farms are divided into sections, with an overseer and the requisite number of "hands" to each. In harvesting, scores of reaping and binding machines are used. The grain is threshed on the prairie, and immediately sent off to the market. The straw is burned, the hands are paid off, and the dividends for the year declared. Worshippers of "the big" talk with enthusiasm of these farms. They are no doubt useful, as far as the best interests of a country are concerned, but, after all, poor affairs in comparison with the log-house of the ordinary farmer; just as the deer-forest or grouse preserve in the Scottish Highlands is a miserable exchange for the wrecked shielings of the true-hearted clansmen, whose fathers died at Culloden for Prince Charles, and at Ticonderoga and Waterloo for us.

The North-west bids fair to be the future granary of the world. It is scarcely possible to estimate its "illimitable possibilities." People talk of one, two, or three hundred million acres of good land. These round figures indicate both their ignorance and the greatness of the reality. We have only to remember that the average produce per acre is twenty bushels of wheat to calculate the possibilities of such a country, taking the lowest of the above estimates, when peopled with tillers of the soil. This vast region is the true habitat of the wheat plant. Here it attains perfection. The berry is amber-coloured, full, round, rich in gluten, and with that flinty texture which is lacking in the wheat of more southern regions. The yield is astonishing, not only because of the richness of the soil, but because here the plant attains its full development. "Look," said a practical miller from Minnesota, who had visited Winnipeg, "I never before saw more than two well-formed grains in each group or cluster, forming a row, but here the rule is three grains in each cluster. That is the difference between twenty and thirty bushels per acre." Prof. Macoun, the Botanist of the Canadian Gov-

MODERN PRAIRIE FARMING

ernment Survey, reports that at Prince Albert, five hundred miles north-west from Winnipeg, and at Fort Vermilion on Peace River, six or seven hundred miles still farther away to the North-west, five well-formed grains are sometimes found in each group or cluster. Wheat from Peace River, seven hundred miles due north of the boundary line, "took the bronze medal at the Centennial in Philadelphia in 1876."

While the Hudson's Bay Company held sway over the North-west, it was the fashion to represent the country as utterly and hopelessly hyperborean. Echoes of the stories told in those days, of the ground remaining frozen all summer, of mercury freezing and axes splintering against frozen trees, still float in the air and make men unable to believe, in spite of all that has been recently written, that it can be anything better than an arctic region. Calumnies die hard. The emigrant will find difficulties in every country to which he goes, but there are none in the North-west that cannot be overcome by united effort and forethought. The climate is not very different from that of Eastern Canada, and is even more healthy. The winter is colder, but on account of the dryness of the air the cold is not so much felt. The summer is warmer, but the nights are always remarkably cool. April and May are usually dry, and all that the farmer can desire. June is the rainy season. July and August are the hot months, and during these the growth of all plants is marvellously vigorous and quick. The autumn is cool, dry, and invigorating, the very weather for harvesting. The rivers freeze in November and open for navigation in April. December is clear and cold, with but little snow. January and February are the coldest months, and storms may be looked for occasionally. March is sunny, and broken by thaws. During the greater part of the winter the air is remarkably still. The thermometer may sink to 50 degrees below zero, but people properly clad experience no inconvenience; and teaming, logging, rock-cutting, go on to as great an extent as in the Eastern Provinces in winter.

Some seasons are too wet, and then there is trouble in the Red River Valley, where the land is low. An extensive system of drainage has been organized by the Government and the municipalities, which will do much to meet this difficulty. Elsewhere, plough furrows are sufficient to drain the land. If the grain gets a fair start in the spring, no matter how dry the summer, a drought has no effect save on the length of the straw. The reason would seem to be that the frost never entirely leaves the ground and that the moisture arising from its thawing is supplied to the roots of the grain. It is certain that the roots penetrate into the soil to an astonishing depth.

Other difficulties may be mentioned; such as local hail-storms in August and September; terrific thunder and lightning; mosquitoes, especially in the neighbourhood of a swamp. Grasshoppers or locusts from the great American desert, occasional summer frosts, and alkali or an impure sulphate of sodium in the soil over large tracts of

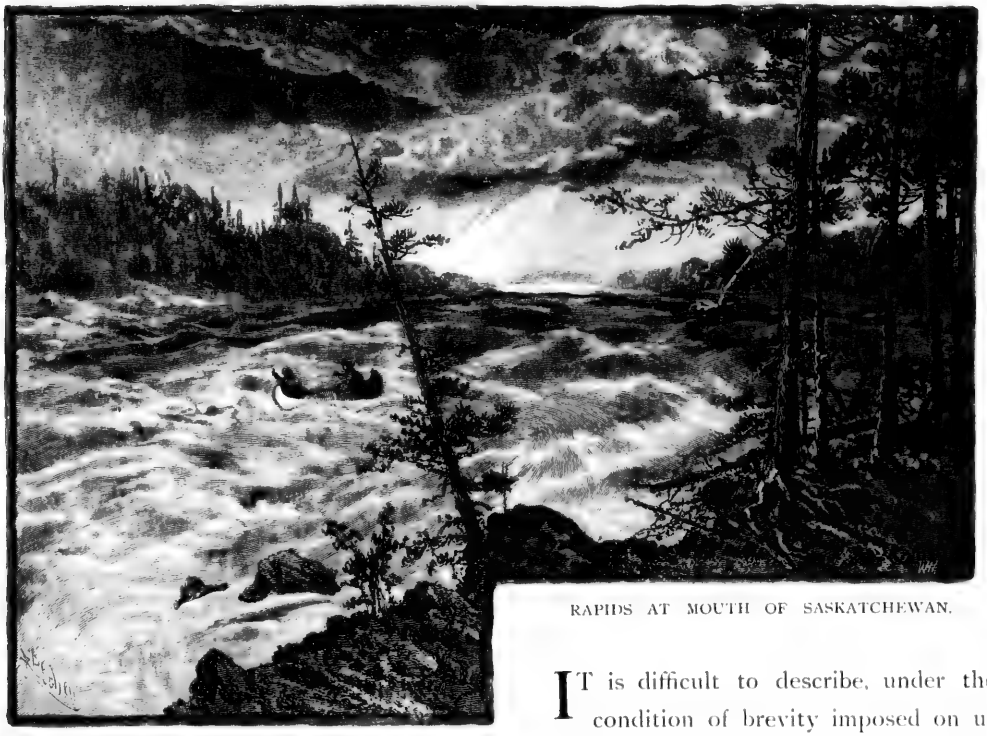
country, particularly in the heavier clay lands, must also be taken account of, but these have been magnified. As to the last, farmers now consider a little alkali in the soil beneficial. It brings cereals to maturity earlier and tends to stiffen and shorten the straw, thus enabling it to withstand the high winds. The chief difficulty is to keep it out of the wells. This is done by lining the well with stone or brick, and using water-lime or cement to make it impervious to soakage. The springs are entirely free from alkali, and all that is needed is to keep out the surface water. In a word, emigrants with small means must not expect to become wealthy suddenly. They can, with frugality and industry, attain to independence in Manitoba in a shorter time than in Eastern Canada; and that is saying not a little.

The Indians of Manitoba are gradually disappearing before the stronger races. Bred and reared in poverty and dirt, and having generally the taint of hereditary disease, they are as a rule short-lived. The Government has appointed instructors, well supplied with implements, seed and cattle, to teach them farming by precept and example; but the poor creatures do not take kindly to steady work. They are seen at their best when they assemble at the appointed rendezvous to receive their treaty money, faces daubed with bright paint, and Union Jack carried in front of the crowd. After the payments are made, they have a dance, and then a dog feast, washed down with as much fire-water as unscrupulous whiskey dealers can smuggle to them.

The half-breed population is much more important. There are English and Scotch half-breeds, but the majority are of French extraction. When Manitoba was erected into a Province, 240 acres of land were secured to each and all of these, down to the youngest born. The majority have sold their claims to speculators; but as the courts have recently interposed obstacles to the sale of minors' patents, all the reserves will not come into the market till 1889. The French half-breed fraternizes with the Indians, and leads a roving life. As a farmer he is not a success; but in camp, as a *voyageur* and trapper, or as a buffalo hunter, he combines the excellencies of both the nationalities he represents. The English and Scotch have more affinity with the ways of white men. Able representatives of both the French and the British *bois-brulés*, however, are found in political and professional life. But only a minority of those who are called half-breeds are entitled to the name. Any man or woman with Indian blood in his veins is usually classed as a half-breed. A few years ago, they constituted the bulk of the population of Manitoba; but they are becoming less in number and in importance every year. The more adventurous are moving west to seek fresh fields and pastures new, rather than remain crowded in their old sites The others will become absorbed in the general population; and the tinge of Indian blood may give to future North-westers a richer colour in cheek and eye, and impose some check on the keen acquisitiveness of Celt and Saxon.

THE NORTH-WEST:

RED RIVER TO HUDSON'S BAY.



RAPIDS AT MOUTH OF SASKATCHEWAN.

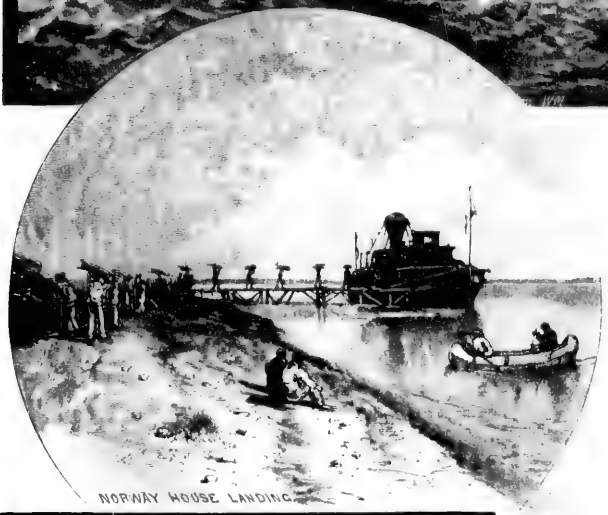
IT is difficult to describe, under the condition of brevity imposed on us by the nature of this work, the boundless regions and "illimitable possibilities"—as Lord Beaconsfield happily phrased it—of the North-west. Salient features may be given by pen and pencil, but unless these are multiplied mentally, an utterly inadequate idea is conveyed. Everything is on a scale so vast that anything like a definite conception is out of the question. Even its history, though now blotted out from the minds of men, has a largeness of outline that awakens interest and suggests a great destiny. We find ourselves in a new world, in the very heart of the American Continent, far away from its old Provinces and historic States, and yet we are told of a short road to Europe for which old France and England fought, which trade has used less or more from the days of

Prince Rupert, and by which Scottish immigrants entered the country three-quarters of a century ago. At this point, then, it may be not unfitting that we should pause in our description of the country; and in order to form a correct idea of the lakes, rivers and straits, as well as of the lands between the Red River of the North and the Atlantic, by what many believe to be the future highway from Manitoba to Europe, let us accompany a traveller who, a year or two ago, went from Winnipeg to London by this route.

Embarking at Lower Fort Garry on board the steamer "Colvile," belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company, in the morning of a beautiful day in the early autumn, we steam down the Red River to its mouth, thirty-three miles distant, and into Lake Winnipeg. The waters of the lake are as muddy as those of the Red River itself. Hence its Cree name—Dirty Water. Getting away from the marshes and out into the lake, Elk Island looms up, off the mouth of the Winnipeg River. This stream is as large as the Ottawa, and drains nearly the whole country from Lake Superior. All forenoon our course is down the middle of the lake. The land on our left, ten or twelve miles distant, is uniformly low and level. That on the right, not quite so far away, is also low, but it presents a slightly undulating outline. About the middle of the day we pass between Black Island on the right and Big Island on the left. We are near enough the shore to observe the little shanties of the scattered Icelandic settlement which extends on the west side of the lake all the way from the mouth of the Red River to Big Island. A few miles farther on, Grindstone Point, with its cliff of horizontal beds of limestone and sandstone, is close on our left. Our course now changes to the north-west, and in two hours we enter a part of the lake only two or three miles wide, with the Bull's Head on the left, and a rocky but rather low shore, covered with evergreen trees, along our right. The Bull's Head is a prominent point in a limestone cliff which continues to the Dog's Head, twelve miles distant. Here we come to the narrowest part of the lake, where it is only one mile in breadth.

Passing this, the great body of Lake Winnipeg now lies before us, expanding regularly till it reaches its maximum breadth of sixty-six miles opposite to the mouth of the Great Saskatchewan River, beyond which it terminates in a rounded sweep like the end of a tennis-bat. The extreme length of the lake is 272 miles, its depth nine fathoms, and its elevation above the sea, 710 feet. Geologically, it occupies a shallow basin of erosion, corresponding with that of the Georgian Bay, having Laurentian rocks along its eastern, and Silurian strata along its western side. The country to the eastward is everywhere of the ordinary Laurentian character of the north, not mountainous, but broken by rocky hills and ridges, with lakes, swamps and timbered valleys between. It is the great collecting basin of the waters for hundreds of miles from the west, the east and the south, and it discharges them all, by the Nelson River, into the sea.

STORM ON LAKE WINNIPEG.



From the narrows at the Dog's Head, our course lies near the eastern side of the lake as far as George's Island, seventy or eighty miles farther on. After a brief call at this small island, which has been named in honour of the late Sir George Simpson, we start to cross diagonally the broadest part of the lake in making for the Saskatchewan. Early the next morning we enter the fine harbour formed by the mouth of this river. We proceed only a short distance when the Grand Rapids, with a fall of about forty-five feet, bar the way; the only effectual impediment to the navigation of the Saskatchewan all the way to the foot of the Rocky Mountains. The goods are transported by a well-constructed horse railway, three or four miles in length, to the head of the rapids. While the unloading of the steamer was going on, we strolled along the north bank of the river to admire the grand rush of the surging water. Suddenly, a speck appeared upon its surface, advancing rapidly towards us. This proved to be a couple of Indians in a small bark canoe, "running" the rapid. As they shot quickly past, we could see how intently they were occupied with the work in hand. Much

need there was of all their skill and care, to prevent swamping at any moment. Their little craft soon disappeared, as if it had been engulphed in the foaming water below, but no doubt they reached the foot of the rapid safely, as they had many times before.

At the depôt of the Hudson's Bay Company at the head of the rapid, we found an officer of the Company about to start on a "voyage" to some post in the interior. His birch-bark canoe was of the kind known as half-size, being some four fathoms in length, with six feet beam, and capable of carrying about two tons, besides the crew: the full-sized "north canoe," or *canoe de maitre*, being about double this capacity. The "pieces," or packs of goods, each made to weigh 100 pounds, were being "portaged" by the *voyageurs* to the water's edge by means of their pack-straps, tump-lines, or slings of stout leather passed over the forehead. The guide or steersman, who is giving each man a "hand up" with his bundle, is an important personage on these voyages. On this occasion he is accompanied by his squaw, who is patiently waiting with her papoose slung on her back in its Indian cradle—a contrivance admirably adapted to the requirements of her roving life.

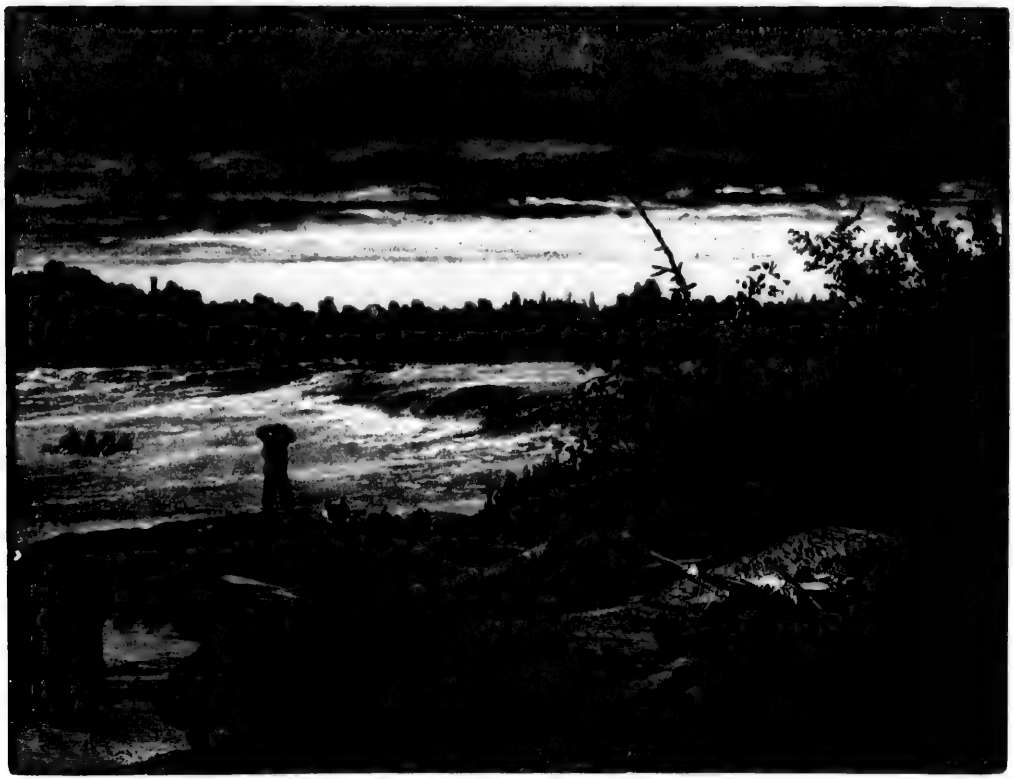
On our return to the "Colvile" we found the captain nearly ready to start for the outlet of Lake Winnipeg, which lies on the opposite or north-east side. Soon after leaving the mouth of the Saskatchewan, we encountered a strong breeze from the north-east or directly ahead. In an incredibly short space of time, the hitherto placid surface of the water was thrown into great swells and the spray was flying over the steamer's deck. The staunch "Colvile" heaved and plunged in a manner we little expected to experience. We were, in fact, realizing what we had often heard of—a storm on Lake Winnipeg. Fortunately the breeze subsided as rapidly as it had sprung up, and at daylight next morning we found ourselves moored, with bows up stream, at the wooding stage of Warren's Landing, on the western side of the outlet. Here the goods for Norway House, one of the principal posts of the Hudson's Bay Company, about twenty miles down the Nelson River, are discharged and placed in a store-house near the beach. Meantime, canoes and "York boats" are constantly arriving from the post, the steamer having been expected. One of the latter, bearing a great white flag with the arms and motto (*pro pelle cutem*) of the Hudson's Bay Company, brings the factor in charge of the district. About forty fine-looking Indians are now on hand, and as soon as the last bale of goods has been rolled into the store-house, they set to work with a will to carry cordwood for the return trip, on board the "Colvile," from a long pile standing a short distance from high water mark. The utmost good nature prevails, and every man vies with the others in running to the pile and hurrying back to the steamer with as many sticks on his shoulder as he can get his arm to support. The steamer is wooded in an astonishingly short time; the lines are thrown off, and we wave a farewell to the captain as the "Colvile" steams out into the lake with her head towards the south.

INDIAN TRAPPERS OF THE NORTHWEST.

Warren's Landing is named after a former chief factor of the Company, who lies buried a short distance behind the store-house.

The factor, being about to return home, kindly gave us a passage to Norway House. His crew rowed for a short distance, with their great sweeps, when a southerly wind sprung up, and they hoisted the picturesque square-sail of the boat high above our heads, like a banner, on the single rough mast, and we were soon making good time through Great Playgreen Lake and down one of the narrow channels of the river. Just before this channel opens into Little Playgreen Lake, we came in sight of the white houses and palisades of Norway House. A number of Indian boys, running and shouting on the bank, soon communicated the news of our approach, and in a few minutes we saw a man hurrying to the flagstaff to hoist the red ensign in honour of our arrival. We had not been long on shore before the six o'clock bell rang, and we were summoned to tea in the mess-room with the clerks and the officer in charge. The long summer evening of a northern latitude proved very enjoyable, and after tea we walked through the grove of Banksian pines on the north side of the post, and sketched the accompanying view across Little Playgreen Lake.

Let us now glance at the leading features of the water-way which we have commenced to descend. The Nelson is one of the great rivers of the world. With a drainage area more extensive than that of the St. Lawrence, it has a volume of water equal to at least four times that of the Ottawa. Taking a very general view of this vast stream, its course is a little east of north for 180 miles from the outlet of Lake Winnipeg to Split Lake, or the first half of its entire length. Another stretch of 180 miles, bearing a little north of east, brings us to the open sea at the extremity of Beacon Point; the whole length of the river, measured in this way, being only 360 miles. In the upper part of its course, the Nelson does not flow in a well-defined valley. For the first hundred miles, it straggles in a net-work of channels over a considerable breadth of the general slope towards Hudson's Bay, of which the whole country partakes. At the start, it leaves Great Playgreen Lake by two streams of almost equal size, which enclose Ross' Island, and by numerous smaller channels. Ross' Island is fifty miles long by twenty wide. On the west side of this island, fifty miles below Lake Winnipeg, the first rapid occurs. On the east side, thirty-seven miles down, are the Sea River Falls. The next sixty miles of the divided river is broken by rapids, chutes and falls, occurring at different distances down the various channels. At the end of these sixty miles of broken water, we come to a part of the river which, for 163 miles, might be navigated from end to end by steamers, were it not for a chute with a fall of about fifteen feet, which occurs about midway down. Sipi-wesk, Split, and Gull Lakes form part of this stretch. The first of these lakes is famous for its sturgeon fisheries. Fragments of the characteristic pottery of pre-historic Indians are found at the old camping grounds of this retreat, which is almost



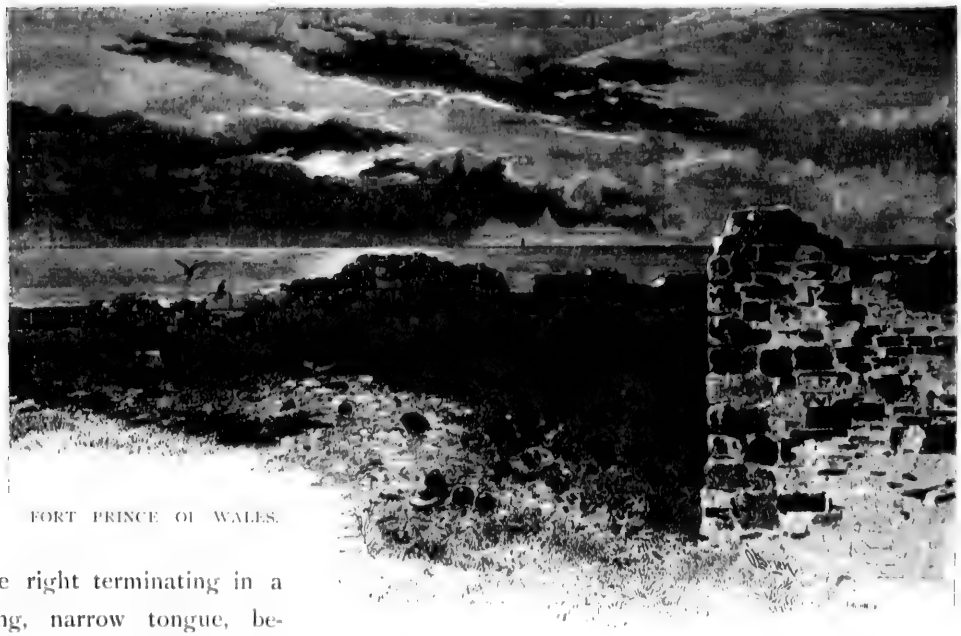
SEA RIVER FALLS, NELSON RIVER.

undisturbed even by the red man of the present day. As we pass through the "Flowing Lake," on a balmy afternoon in the autumn, the dark background of the spruce forest is enlivened here and there by the white wigwams of the modern lords of the country, and occasionally we catch a glimpse of a canoe gliding among the numerous islands, and dimly seen through the blue haze of the Indian summer. On passing a point, thirteen miles below Sipi-wesk Lake, our attention is suddenly arrested by the beautiful Wa-sitch-e-wan or White Falls, which is formed by a brook spouting over the high, rocky bank of the river, on the right-hand side.

At the foot of Gull Lake we enter upon a second interval of broken waters, which, like the first, is also sixty miles in length, terminating with the Limestone Rapids, where the river pours over some ledges of fossiliferous Silurian rocks, the first met with in approaching Hudson's Bay. Leaving the foot of these rapids, the river flows on to the sea at the rate of about three miles an hour, between steep banks of clay, often one hundred feet and upwards in height. Except for a mile or two below the rapids, the channel has about twenty feet of water all the way to the head of tide, sixty miles farther down. We now enter the estuary, which runs straight north-east,

WA-SITCH-E-WAN FALLS.

and have a clear view of the sea before us. Passing down the frith, the land becomes lower and lower on both sides, till it merges with the high water level, the shore-line on the left at the same time trending to the northward, and that on



FORT PRINCE OF WALES.

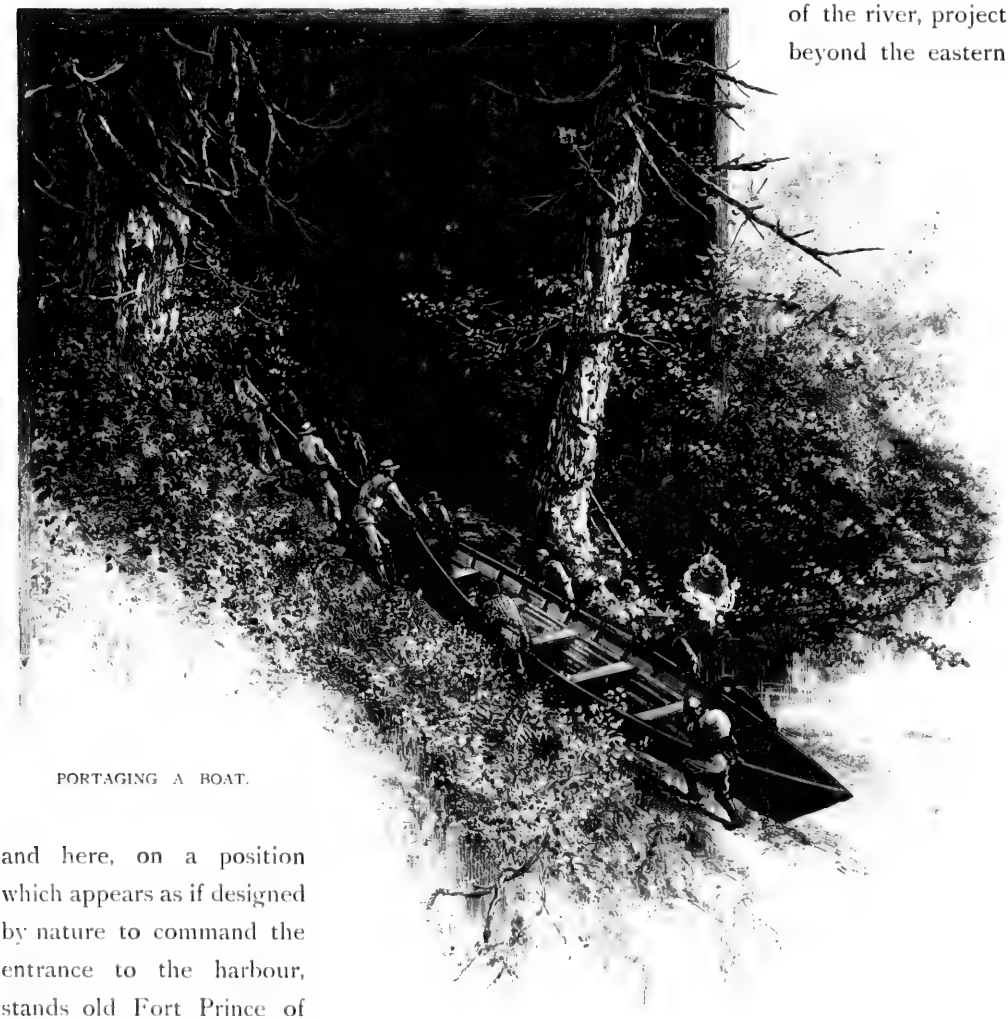
the right terminating in a long, narrow tongue, between the Nelson and the Hayes Rivers. Looking round this point, we see York Factory on the north-west bank of the latter river, six miles up.

The trip we have just completed is the first journey which has been made down the whole length of the Nelson River for many years, for this stream, although apparently the natural route, has been long abandoned by *voyageurs*, on account of the difficulties in the two broken stretches of sixty miles each, which have just been referred to. Another and better route, lying to the southward, is now adopted. Before glancing at it, let us return to Split Lake and take a run thence to old Fort Prince of Wales, at the mouth of the Churchill River, about one hundred miles to the northward of York Factory. Leaving Split Lake, we travel northward by a chain of ponds, with portages between, and at the end of twenty miles we reach a considerable sheet of water at the head of the Little Churchill River. Following this stream for ninety miles, in a north-easterly course, we fall into the Great Churchill, a splendid river, larger than the Rhine, and with water as clear as that of the St. Lawrence. It rises near the Rocky Mountains, between the Athabaska and Saskatchewan Rivers. For the greater part of its course it consists of a long chain of lakes, connected by very short links of river, generally full of rapids, falls and chutes. Between the Nelson River and the Churchill, above the point at which the latter is joined by the Little Churchill, the country is very thickly interspersed with lakes; indeed, the area of water appears to be at least equal to that of land.

On arriving at the Great Churchill, we turn down stream, and at the end of 105

miles, in a north-easterly course, reach the sea. Like the lower Nelson, the Churchill flows between steep alluvial banks, but horizontal beds of limestone sometimes crop out and form long perpendicular cliffs beneath the clay. Notwithstanding its large volume, the Churchill, owing to its rapid character, is not navigable above the head of tide water, which is only eight miles up from the sea.

Just inside of the mouth of the Churchill is a splendid harbour, the only good one known on the western side of Hudson's Bay. It is well sheltered by a rocky ridge, and is entered directly from the open sea by a short, deep channel, less than half a mile in width. Within, the largest ships may lie afloat at low tide. The western point, at the mouth of the river, projects beyond the eastern;



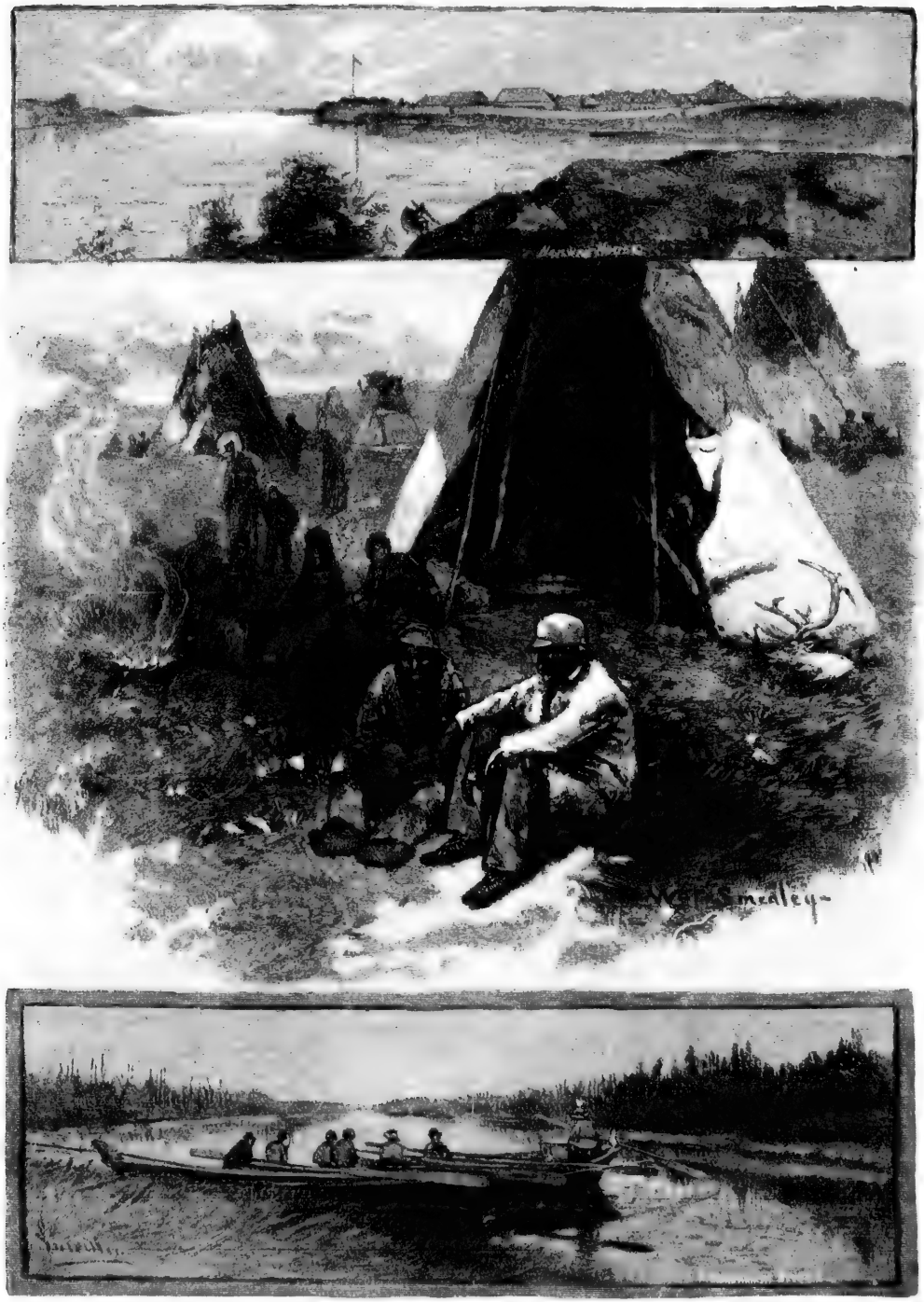
PORTAGING A BOAT.

and here, on a position which appears as if designed by nature to command the entrance to the harbour, stands old Fort Prince of Wales, one of the largest military ruins on the continent. More than one hundred years ago, this fort, mounting

forty large guns, was a great depôt of the Hudson's Bay Company. To-day it is the picture of loneliness and desolation; but Churchill, owing to its fine harbour, may become the principal seaport of the North-west Territories, should the projected railway be built from the interior. The walls of Fort Prince of Wales have a height of about twenty feet, and are faced with massive blocks of cut stone, obtained close at hand. The place was destroyed by the French Admiral, LaPerouse, in 1782, but at the close of the war the British Government compelled the French to indemnify the Hudson's Bay Company for the loss which they had suffered.

It is again necessary to point out that, although for good reasons, we travelled from Norway House to York Factory by the Nelson River, the boats of the Hudson's Bay Company have used, for many years, what may be termed the Oxford House route. "Voyaging" to York by Oxford House, the Nelson is left a few miles below Sea River Falls. We turn, then, into a small sluggish stream on the right, known as the Echimamish, or Water-shed Brook. After going some miles up, we come to a rude dam about a foot high, made by boulders laid upon spruce tops. This has been thrown across the stream for the purpose of deepening the water at a slight rapid. Our men soon make a breach in the dam, and before the water above has had time to be perceptibly lowered, they haul our York boat through. This process is repeated at a second of these primitive locks a short distance on. Twenty-eight miles east of the point at which we left the Nelson, our dead-water brook, which has assumed the character of a long narrow pond, comes to a sudden termination. We haul the boat across a low ledge of rock, twenty-eight yards wide, which is the height of land here, and launch her into the head of a narrow clear-water channel on the other side. This is the commencement of the rivers which we shall now descend to York Factory, and our guide informs us that we shall have to haul our boats across dry land only twice more. The low narrow ledge we have just crossed is called the Painted Stone. Dr. Bell names the stream we have entered upon, Franklin's River, after the late Sir John Franklin, who, when on his boat voyage of 1819, had a narrow escape from drowning in its waters near this very spot. Franklin's River is about fifty miles in length, and falls into Oxford Lake. In descending it we run many fine rapids, and sail through several lakes into which it expands. At one-third of the distance to Oxford Lake we encounter the Robinson Portage, the most formidable obstacle on the route. It is, however, a good wide road, 1315 yards in length, which has been so long in use that it is entirely free from stumps. The size and weight of our boat appear to be altogether beyond the strength of our crew of ten men, yet they drag her on rollers across the portage at an astonishing rate.

On reaching Oxford Lake, twenty-five miles in length, we were favoured by a fine wind, and in a few hours come in sight of Oxford House, conspicuously built on a hill at the eastern extremity and commanding a fine view up the lake. The slopes of



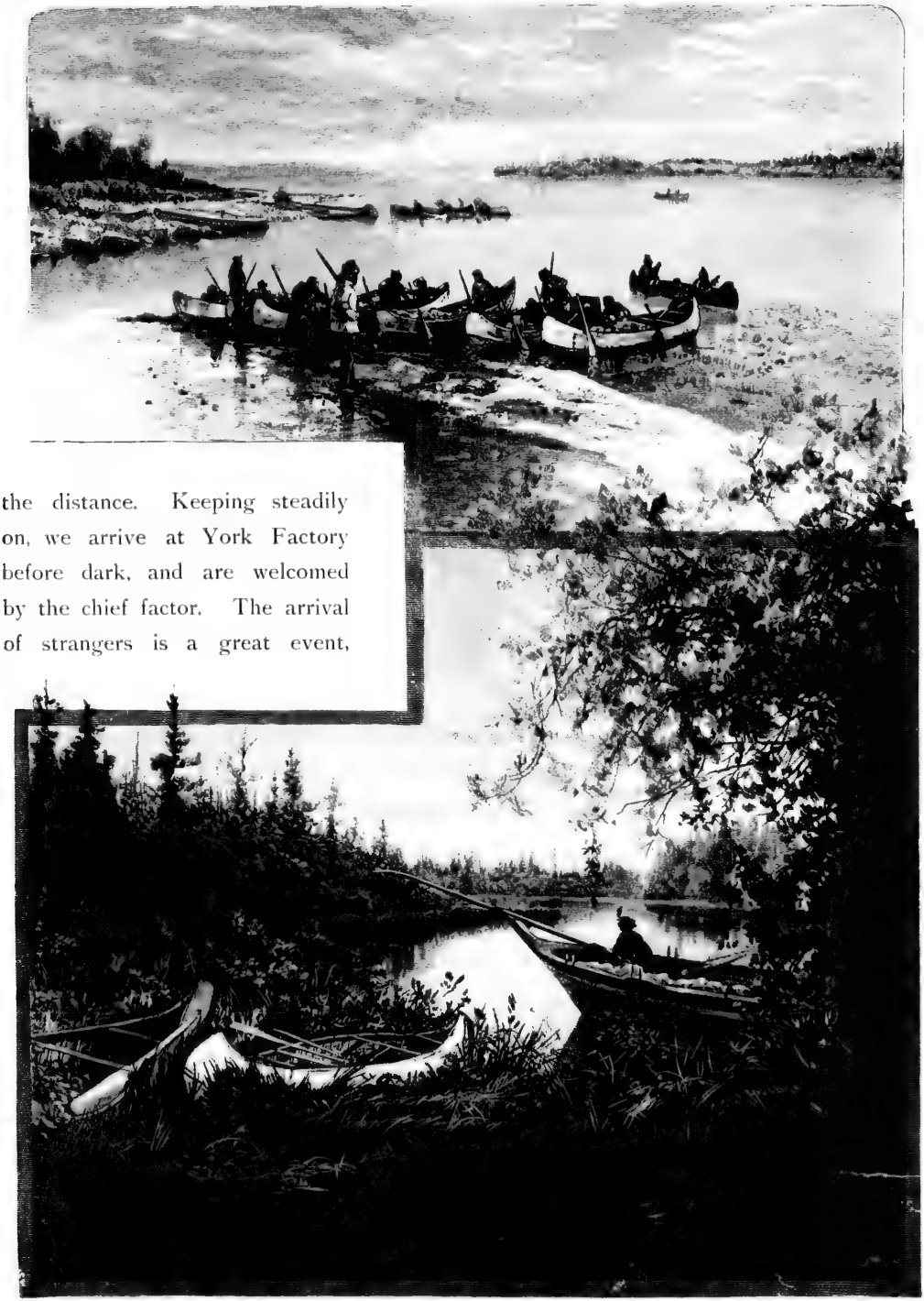
SCENES ALONG THE NELSON RIVER.

the hill, and also the flat ground between it and the lake, were dotted with the tents and wigwams of the Indians who had come to trade, and who were now enjoying their summer loafing season. Scores of small bark canoes, most of them turned upside down, were lying along the beach, and everything betokened peace and idleness.

We were hospitably entertained by the gentleman in charge of the post, and next morning resumed our journey. In descending Trout River, which discharges Oxford into Knee Lake, progress is interrupted by Trout Falls, a perpendicular chute. It requires but a short time, however, to drag our boat over the portage, as it is only twenty-four yards long. Here, we met a party of men coming up the river with the small York boat elsewhere represented in our sketch.

Knee Lake, so called from a bend about the middle of its course of forty miles, is studded with a great number of islands. It discharges by the Jack River, another rapid stream, into Swampy Lake, the last on our route. Leaving this lake, we enter Hill River, which for twenty miles spreads out widely between low banks and flows with a strong current through a curious labyrinth of hundreds of small islands, all of them well wooded. As we are carried rapidly along, winding in and out among the lanes of eddying water new and beautiful vistas open out to the right and left at every turn. Looking down one of the numerous avenues among the varying banks of foliage, as we approach the lower end of the archipelago, a new feature in the landscape comes all at once into view, in the shape of a single conical hill, rising apparently out of a great depression ahead of us. Its distance is just sufficient to invest it with a pleasing tint of blue. The novelty of the sight in this too level country is positively refreshing, and our men, as if prompted by a common impulse of delight, spring to their feet and give a hearty cheer. The river, which takes its name from this hill, now descends rapidly, and there is great excitement in running the numerous and formidable-looking chutes; but our crew know every turn, and we pass them all in safety. We soon come opposite the high cone, and, landing, walk to the summit, which proves, by the aneroid barometer, to be 392 feet above the water. From the top of this singular pile of earth, known as Brassy Hill, an unbroken view of the level-wooded country, spreading out like the ocean, on all sides, is obtained. About twenty shining lakes of various sizes break the monotony of the dark spruce forest; while our river, hidden here and there by its own banks, winds, like a silvery thread, away off to the horizon.

We pass the last chute at a place called The Rock, a short distance farther on, but still about 140 miles from York Factory. Henceforward, we are borne along by a swift unbroken current, between banks of clay, all the way to the head of tide-water. Eighty miles before reaching York, the Hill River is joined on the left by the Fox River, and the united stream becomes the Steel River. Thirty miles on, the Shawmattawa falls in on the right, and we have now the Hayes' River for the remainder of



the distance. Keeping steadily on, we arrive at York Factory before dark, and are welcomed by the chief factor. The arrival of strangers is a great event,

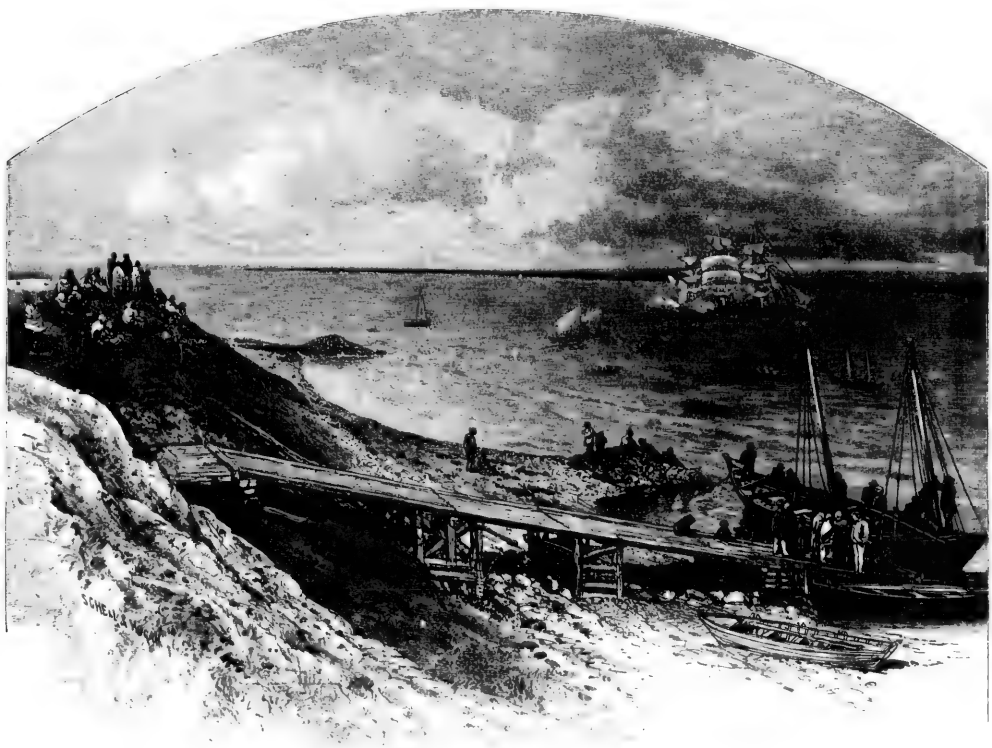
ON THE GREAT AND LITTLE CHURCHILL RIVERS.

and as we walk up from the landing, all the Indians, squaws and children about the place congregate on the bank to have a look at us. This old establishment is of rectangular form, surrounded by high palisades, with a large store-house or factory in the centre, and streets of wooden buildings on three sides. The mission church stands outside, a short distance to the north.

Before the enormous region between Hudson's Bay and the Rocky Mountains was approached from the south by steamboats and railways, York Factory was the depôt for receiving the furs from the interior and sending inland the goods which arrived by the ships from England. The fine furs annually collected here from all quarters often represented millions of dollars in value. It is popularly supposed that the fur-bearing animals of these regions are easily trapped. There could scarcely be a greater mistake. The life of the Indian fur hunter is really a most arduous one. Our picture represents a group of these hardy fellows tramping on their snowshoes to a hunting ground where they expect better luck than they had at their last camp. The packs they carry contain their clothing and blankets, ammunition, some meat and perhaps a little tea and tobacco. The toboggan, hauled in turn by each, has stowed upon it their kettles, traps and the peltries so far secured. They have left their last camping place early in the bitterly cold morning and after a heavy march of about twenty miles, through the dreary woods, the thermometer far below zero and the snow often drifting in their faces, they will scoop out a hole with their snowshoes and camp for the night. Having arrived at the proposed hunting-ground, they build a wigwam and next day begin to mark out by "blazing" (or clipping the trees here and there) long trails or "martinlines," near which they set their "dead-falls" and steel traps. These lines make great sweeps, often two or three days' travel in length, starting out in one direction and coming back to camp by another. The trapper walks round his line every few days to secure the martens, minks, fishers, etc., which have been caught, and to see that the dead-falls are all properly set and baited. This work is varied now and then by a run after deer, or digging out a hibernating bear or a family of beavers—the last mentioned being a difficult undertaking and none too well rewarded by the value of the animals captured.

At the time of our arrival at York Factory the annual ship from England was anxiously expected, and a few days afterwards she was sighted in the offing. A pilot was sent out, who brought her into the river at the next tide and anchored her opposite the Factory. This was the event of the year. The very sight of the ship, as she ploughed her way proudly up the river with her white sails swelling before a light breeze from the north, brought to the minds of the English and Scotch exiles of York Factory many thoughts of home and country. A salute is fired from the battery on the bank and answered from the ship, just before she drops her anchor. In a short time the whole available population sets to work to unload the vessel. This

done, at the top of high water of the next tide she weighs anchor, and moves out to sea, homeward bound. As she sails away, her diminishing form i watched by many eyes, and when she vanishes out of sight, all the people of York resign themselves to the long winter soon to close in upon them. On an average voyage, the ship crosses the bay and clears Hudson's Straits in about a week. In a fortnight more she is off the Land's End, and inside of another week she reports herself in London. The voyages of the Hudson's Bay Company's ships have been made with regularity for more than one hundred years, and the day may not be far distant when a great part of the trade of the North-west shall find its outlet by this route. York Factory and the fine harbour of Churchill, although in the very centre of the continent, are as near Liverpool as is Montreal; while they are at the same time within a moderate distance of the confines of the almost boundless agricultural regions of the great Canadian North-west.



YORK FACTORY—ARRIVAL OF HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY'S SHIP.

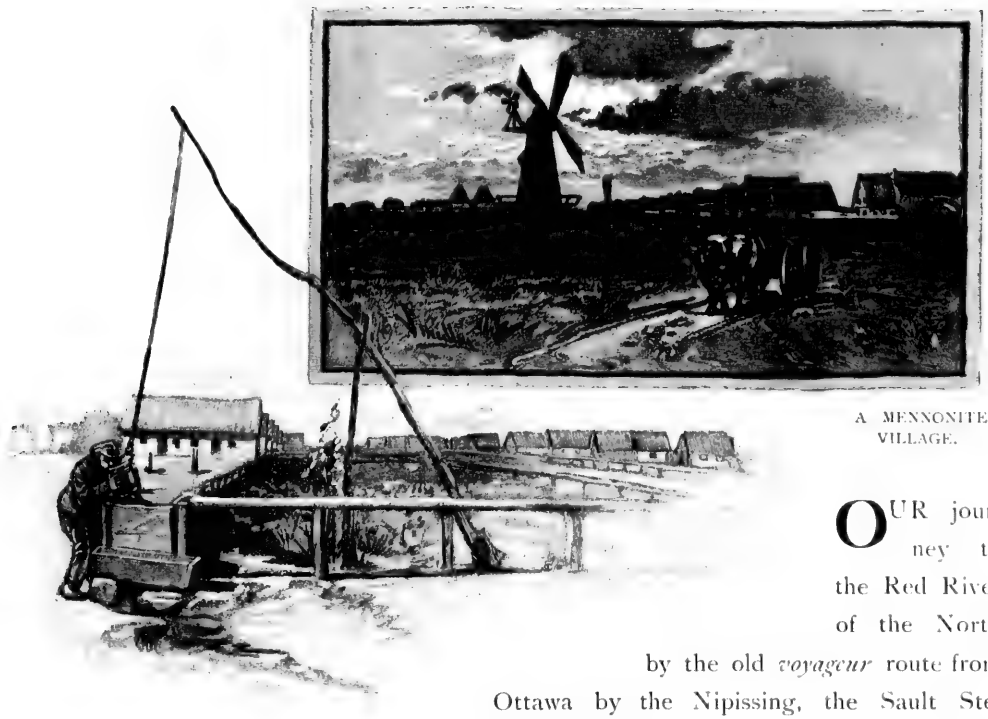
thence to the thriving Indian settlement of St. Peter's, through some of the most beautiful scenery in the North-west. Without going much farther from his base, he can visit the Icelandic and the Mennonite settlement, two ancient communities which, starting from the opposite ends of Europe, have sought and found homes for themselves in the heart of Canada. The prairie is seen at its best, and enjoyed most, on the back of a horse or from a buckboard. It is more diversified and broken than appears from a general view. The first impression of monotony soon wears away. And if the tourist has a gun, and knows how to use it, he may have sport to his heart's content. Mallard, teal, spoonbill and other species of duck, three or four kinds of geese, and a dozen varieties of waders—snipe and curlew predominating—are found in and about every creek, pond and lake. Prairie chickens are omnipresent in the open; and the wooded districts have the partridge and rabbit. Sand-hill cranes, as large as turkeys, and almost as good eating, are plentiful. But the sportsman must now go farther afield for elk, deer, bear and buffalo.

The prairie stream has special characteristics. Muddy at high water, it is always clear in summer, though unlike the brawling mountain torrent or the brook that ripples over a pebbly bed: in spots haunted by wild fowl: and where the wood has been allowed to grow, and shade the water from bank to bank, it has beauties all its own. The loam of the prairie cuts out easily when called on by running water. A few plough-furrows may before a year become a stream fifteen or twenty yards wide. This, joined by other "runs," and fed from the lower-lying lands, becomes in the rainy season a wide and deep creek. Should succeeding years be dry, vegetation may grow on the banks and form a sod so tough that the process of erosion is stopped. Otherwise, it may go on to an extraordinary degree. Hence the rivers are generally very wide from bank to bank, and every year the smaller streams encroach on the prairie. Old settlers say that seventy years ago, the Red River could be bridged at any point by felling a tree on its banks. Now, the tallest Douglas pine from the Pacific Slope would fall short. All along the banks of creeks near Winnipeg, buildings may be seen undermined by erosion, and fences suspended in mid-air. Sometimes, a stream that flows through forest within well-defined banks spreads when it reaches the open and becomes a dismal swamp. Every stream makes its way through the prairie in the most tortuous way imaginable. Peninsulas of various sizes and shapes are formed, and occasionally a complete circle is described.

Belts and "bluffs" of wood break the monotony of the prairie almost everywhere in Manitoba except on the Mennonite Reserve. This great treeless expanse was shunned by the first immigrants into the province, but the Mennonites have proved to them their mistake. Starting from Emerson, the "Gateway City," the traveller does not proceed far on his way to the setting sun before a broad level prairie, extending twenty-four miles to the north and thirty to the west, opens out before him. This is

THE NORTH-WEST:

THE MENNONITES.



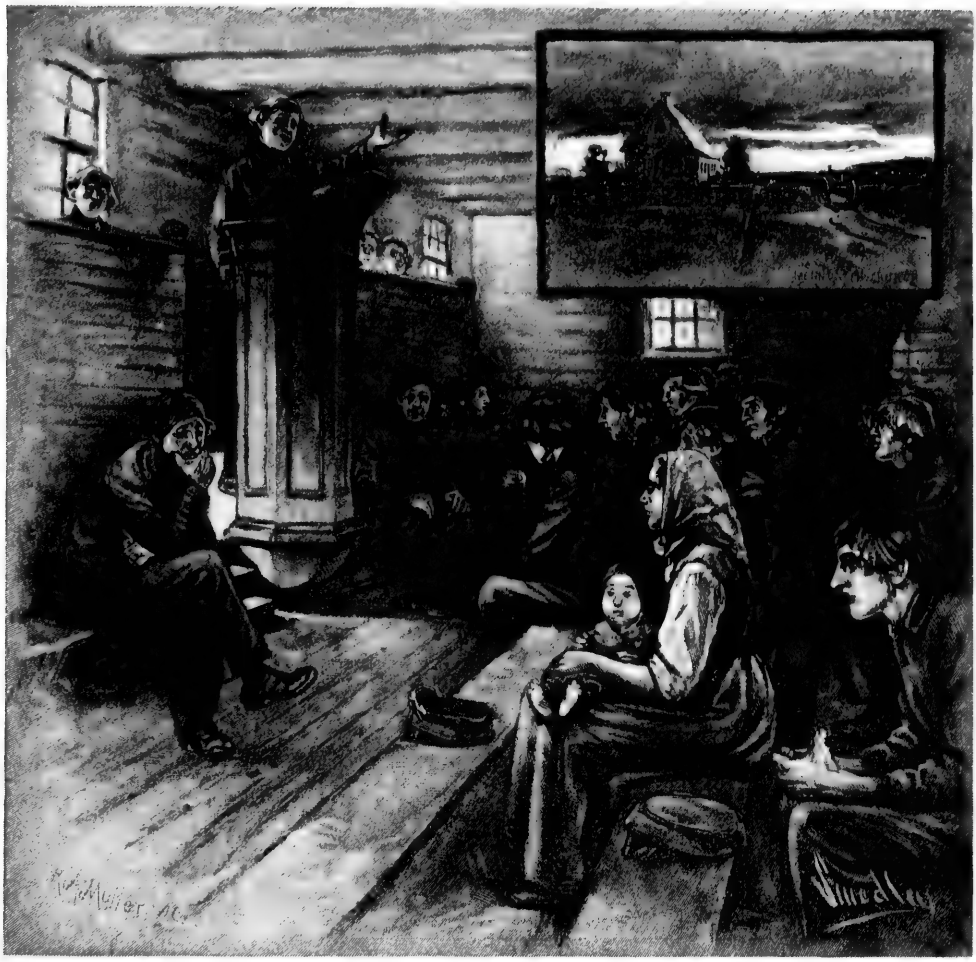
A MENNONITE VILLAGE.

OUR journey to the Red River of the North by the old *voyageur* route from Ottawa by the Nipissing, the Sault Ste. Marie and Fort William showed us how to reach the North-west, across Canadian lands and waters; and our expedition from Winnipeg by York Factory to England showed us how to leave it, without putting foot on foreign soil. The first of these two routes is historically Canadian; the second, historically English. The first will soon be all-rail; the second can never be good for more than four or five months of the year.

From Winnipeg as a starting-point, the artist should make several short excursions, before taking the long road west to the Rocky Mountains. In August or September, when mosquitoes cease from troubling, one can most pleasantly get acquainted with the picturesque features of the country, and the characteristics of its conglomerate of nationalities. He can drive down the river to the Stone Fort and Selkirk, and

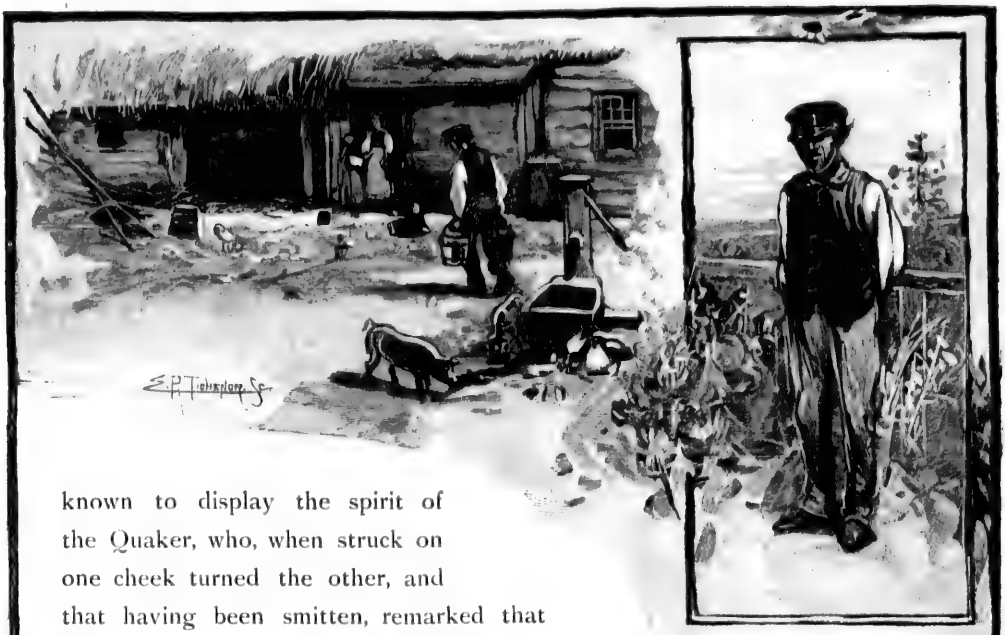
A MENNONITE GIRL HERDING CATTLE.

the Reserve, a beautiful stretch of farming land, unbroken by a single acre that is not first-class. Odd-looking, old-fashioned villages now dot the plain in every direction. One street of steep-roofed, low-walled houses, with an old-country air of pervading quiet and an uniform old-country look about the architecture, describes them all. There are about eighty of these villages in the Reserve. The farms are innocent alike of fences and of buildings. Each village has its herdsman, who goes out daily with the cattle. The husbandmen live in the villages, submitting to the inconvenience of distance from their work, in order the better to preserve their language, religion and customs, and enjoy the pleasures of social intercourse. To a stranger these pleasures would appear not to be very great. "They never have no tea-meetin's nor dances," said an old settler, of a rather different nationality, "and when they drink, every man walks up to the bar and pays for his own liquor. They ain't no good to the country." Notwithstanding this patriarch's very decided opinion, the Mennonites are a great good to the country. Thrifty and industrious farmers, they have already brought a large acreage under cultivation; peaceable and law-abiding citizens, they cost the country nothing for administration of justice. Any disputes that arise are settled amongst themselves, either by the intervention of friends, or, failing that, by the adjudication of the church. This adjudication takes place on Sunday, after public worship. The women and children go home, the parties and their witnesses are then heard, the bishop presiding, and the congregation say what is the "very right and justice of the case." The bishop has jurisdiction over the whole community, is elected for life, and "preaches round." Every village has a preacher of its own, who is elected for life by the villagers, chosen on account of his pious life and gift for exhorting. He receives no salary. The sermons, as might be expected, are generally practical, and as the whole duty of man is quickly exhausted by the preacher, there is frequent exchanging of pulpits with neighbourly pastors. All the people attend church. The men sit on one side and the women on the other. Visiting preachers are placed in an elevated pew to the left of the pulpit; and the choir, consisting of three or four elderly men, sit in a similar pew to the right. The bishop is elected from among the preachers; but though held in high honour, he, too, must support himself. No emoluments are connected with the office. Each village has also a schoolmaster. This functionary is appointed without regard to any particular gift or aptitude. It is enough if he will undertake the duty for a trifling remuneration. Reading, writing and arithmetic are the only subjects he is allowed to teach. Like their forefathers, the Mennonites regard learning as a dangerous thing, and not lightly will they sow its seeds among the young. Their religion has shaped their history. They adhere tenaciously to the same doctrines and forms of worship and government that their German forefathers gathered in the sixteenth century from the Scriptures and good pious Menno Simonis. They reject infant baptism and refuse to take an oath or



INTERIOR AND EXTERIOR OF MENNONITE CHURCH.

bear arms. Compelled to leave Germany on account of their refusal to do military service, they found an asylum in Russia. No better illustration of the helplessness and immobility of the political system of the great European Colossus need be desired than the fact that the Mennonites belonged to it for three centuries without being assimilated. Under the administration of the late Czar, the national faith that had been so long pledged to them was broken and their immunity from military service withdrawn. Obeying conscience, they parted with houses and lands for what they could get, and sought new homes once more. Their rule against fighting soon brought them into contempt with the early settlers in Manitoba, who not appreciating so tame a principle, would ever and anon test its reality by dealing out kicks and thumps to the long-suffering Mennonites. Under great provocation, some of them have been



known to display the spirit of the Quaker, who, when struck on one cheek turned the other, and that having been smitten, remarked that "now he had fulfilled the Scriptures," and forthwith proceeded to pay back the aggressor in kind, and with usury. As

INTERIOR AND EXTERIOR OF MENNONITE DWELLING.

a rule the Mennonites are honest, upright and moral, and were it not for the filthiness of their domestic habits they would be more respected by the "white men" of the country than they are. Most of their dwellings consist of a timber frame, built in with large sun-dried bricks of earth and straw, and covered with a straw-thatched roof. The ground is their floor. Fowls and other domestic animals have the freedom of the house. At meals all the members of the family eat out of one large dish placed in the centre of the table—a custom borrowed perhaps from Scripture, or it may be a trace of communism. The men generally are slow workers and move about with great deliberation. A large share of the out-door work falls to the lot of the women, who may be seen harrowing or even ploughing in the fields.

The Mennonites came to Manitoba in 1876, and they have prospered exceedingly. They at once accommodated themselves to the climate and all the material conditions that they found in the new world. Their religious faith, social cohesion and simple piety make them excellent pioneers. A better substratum for character could not be desired, and though at present sternly intolerant of all change, new ideas will gradually dawn upon their horizon and they will become good Canadians. They have long been accustomed to self-government, and that is always the right training for free men. Each village elects two masters; a herd schultz who is pathmaster and overseer of the herders; and a brontschultz, who looks after property and insurance. Every villager's property is appraised, and in case of fire, the sufferer gets two-thirds of his loss made up to him by a ratable assessment. A Kaiser or general business manager of the community is elected annually. He and the village masters constitute a kind of municipal council. They meet every Saturday afternoon in Reinland or Windmill village, as it is the "Capital" of the colony and has the largest church.

Already, a progressive class is arising among the Mennonites—American and Canadian solvents are evidently more potent than Russian. Some of the younger men wish that English should be taught in the schools, and hold other heterodox views equally abominable to the seniors. Some of the young women have seen Emerson, and sigh for the dainty bonnets and shapely dresses their "white" sisters wear. But the merchants of Emerson and West Lynn have few good words to say for the Mennonites. And travellers who have been in their villages report them churlish and unfriendly, as well as dirty in their houses and habits. But let them have reason to think their visitor friendly, and their real nature comes out. Oats are brought for his horse, and a cup of the best coffee to be had in the province, for himself. The coffee is ground as it is needed, in a little mill, with which, and with a brass or copper kettle, every house is supplied. Pipes are also brought out, for all—boys and men—smoke. A lad in his teens may be seen filially supplying his aged father with a light. Is it at all wonderful that we bid them a friendly farewell, quite convinced that there are worse people in the world than the Mennonites?

THE NORTH-WEST:

WINNIPEG TO ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

NEAR PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE.

OLD CHURCH NEAR LANDING.

TO summarize the great North-west is confessedly difficult, although Lord Dufferin's declaration that its "illimitable dimensions alike confound the arithmetic of the surveyor and the verification of the explorer" is a slightly post-prandial way of stating the fact. Perhaps the best way to give correct impressions to an ordinary reader is to take him on an expedition from Winnipeg to the Rocky Mountains. Having ridden across seas of green for fifty or an hundred miles at a stretch, swam mighty rivers, shot grizzly bears under the shadows of the mountains of the

setting sun, hunted buffalo with the Blackfeet or the Mounted Police, prospected for coal or timber limits, lost his way on an alkaline or cactus flat, or some semi-desert treeless expanse where no sign of animal life breaks the terrible solitariness from horizon to horizon, he is likely to return home a wiser man as regards the extent, character and probable destiny of the North-west. He can choose one of three routes for his expedition: either by steamer down Red River and Lake Winnipeg to the rapids of the Saskatchewan, and up this great river from that point to Fort Edmonton; or by the Canadian Pacific Railway due west as far as it will take him; or by the old-fashioned methods of prairie locomotion, horseback, a Red River cart, or a buckboard, along the trail north-westerly—the general course for a great part of the way being between the two more modern routes. Before starting, a brief description of the leading features of the country may not be out of place.

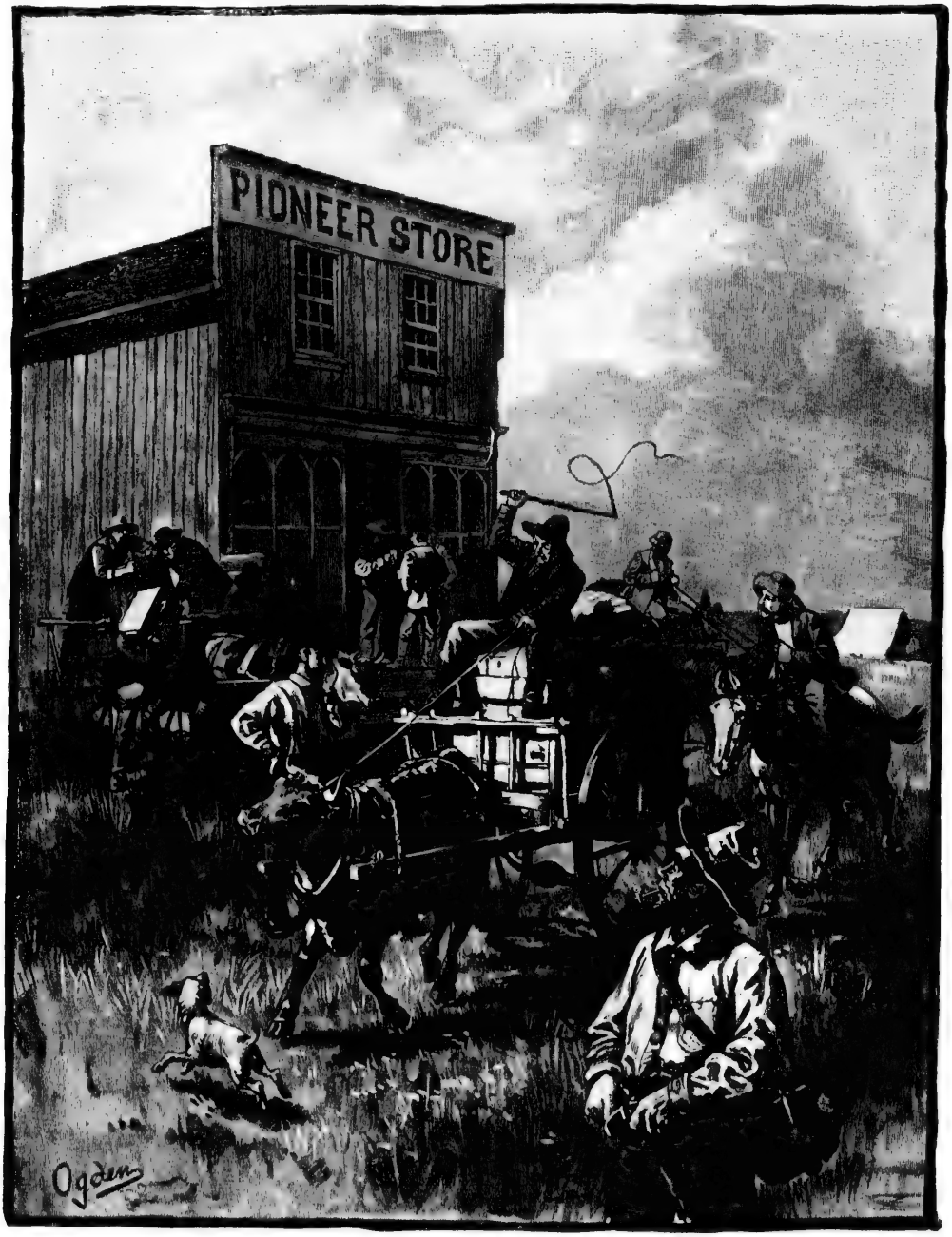
The thousand miles of alluvial that stretches from our Rocky Mountains to Lake Winnipeg and Hudson's Bay slopes downwards to the east and the north. The rivers consequently run to the east and north. The Red River rises in Minnesota, and cuts out for itself a tortuous, ever-widening trench or canal through the prairie, northerly to Lake Winnipeg. To men accustomed to see rivers running to the south, the Red River always seems to be going up-hill. The fountain-heads of the two Saskatchewans are in the glaciers of the Rocky Mountains, and the accumulated tribute of a thousand streams is poured by their united channel into the same great reservoir of Lake Winnipeg, which then discharges itself by the Nelson into Hudson's Bay. At the base of the mountain chain the elevation is between three and four thousand feet, while in the Red River valley it is only about seven hundred feet above sea level. The traveller from Winnipeg westward is thus always going up-hill, though he is quite unconscious of the fact, so gradual is the slope. A rise of nearly three thousand feet is spread over a thousand miles. Captain Palliser pointed out that this great sloping plain is divided into three distinct steppes. The first springs from the Lake of the Woods, and trending to the south-west, crosses the Red River well south of the boundary line. Thence it extends in a north-westerly direction under the names of Pembina Mountain, the sand dunes of the Assineboine, the Riding, Duck, Porcupine, and Pas Mountains, to near Cumberland House, on the Saskatchewan. The average altitude of this easterly steppe is from eight to nine hundred feet. It includes the valley or plain of the Red River, which, though low and marshy in many places, especially in the neighbourhood of Lakes Manitoba and Winnepegoosis, has everywhere a soil of inexhaustible fertility. To the old half-breed farmer the marshes were indispensable as "hay-swamps;" and his more scientific successors do not despise them, especially in dry seasons. After crossing this steppe, and ascending the eastern face of any of the hills or "mountains" that bound it on the west, the traveller finds, to his astonishment, that "the mountain" has disappeared, and that he stands on a plain almost as level as the one left behind,

BANKS OF THE RED RIVER.

but much better adapted to farming purposes, as "the soil is warmer, the surface more rolling, and therefore drier, and the water of a better quality and more plentiful in the form of brooks." This second steppe extends west to the *coteau* of the Missouri, thence northwards to the Elbow of the South Saskatchewan, on to the Eagle Hills near Battleford, and north-westwardly to Lac La Biche. Its mean altitude is about sixteen hundred feet. The southern half was formerly considered to be semi-desert, on account of insufficient rainfall, while the northern half, sweeping up to and round the North Saskatchewan, was called in contradistinction "The Fertile Belt"; but it is now known—chiefly from the explorations of Professor Macoun, the Dominion Botanist—that ninety per cent. of the whole of this vast middle plain is farming land of the very best quality, and that the average rainfall is quite sufficient for the growth of cereals. Indeed, during the last few years the tide of immigration has rolled over the southern

in preference to the northern half, and by the unanimous consent of actual settlers, the country is pronounced to be "the garden of the Lord." This fact has had great influence in determining the location of the Canadian Pacific Railway. When it was universally believed that the good land of the North-west was pretty much confined to the North Saskatchewan, the engineer-in-chief very naturally ran the line in that direction as far as Edmonton; all the more because it was known that the Yellow Head—the best pass through the Rocky Mountains—was in the same latitude, and that the far-reaching prairies that border the Peace River extended away to the north. But when, in consequence of explorations made at Mr. Fleming's urgent request, the real character of the southern country along the Qu'Appelle became known, it was evident that a more direct and shorter railway, running due west, would have many advantages, and that it was worth while to try to force a way through the Rockies by the Kicking Horse or some other Pass. The third prairie steppe extends to the Rocky Mountains. "This section is more broken than the others, and large tracts are better suited for pasturage than for the plough. Salt lakes and ponds, rolling hills, alkaline flats, deep ravines, called *coulees*, and rivers flowing in deep channels, are its leading features." Ranches have been taken up here by enterprising cattle-breeders from the older provinces. Herds of the best breeds are already roaming by thousands along the scores of streams that issue from the flanks of the mountains, and subsequently unite to form the St. Mary's, the Bow, Belly, and Red Deer Rivers. Exposures of coal beds, simply immense in thickness and extent, form another marked characteristic of this third steppe. The coal crops out along the river banks from near the boundary line to the Mackenzie River, and, though cretaceous, is used for all purposes like ordinary coal.

The old-fashioned way of crossing this broken billowy sea of green and gold that slopes upwards from Winnipeg to the Rockies is the best of all ways for a holiday party. The outfit need not be extensive. A Red River cart is desirable, a primitive looking affair, not an ounce of iron in it, and tough as hickory. Its great broad wheels bear up the little box with its half ton of stores and tent, when crossing swamps where an ordinary cart would sink to the hubs or perhaps altogether out of sight. An Indian or half-breed may be utilized as driver, cook and guide. You jog along on horseback, driving before you two or three ponies as relays. No need to carry oats. The nutritious grasses will keep your horses in good condition for weeks of travel. There is no road but the trail Hard, black and glittering in dry weather, only let the least shower fall, and the black loam sticks in a wonderful way to the wheels and the horses' hoofs. The best course then is to turn aside to the grass on either hand, and make a new trail for yourself, and pray for dry weather. A furious storm of rain or perhaps hail will come with little notice, accompanied with thunder and lightning absolutely terrific to those who have experienced only the mild electric



A PIONEER STORE.

disturbances of the eastern provinces. Always start before sunrise and camp before sunset, and look out for a site near good water, wood and a pleasant prospect. Many a pleasant camping ground you can promise yourself! Many a delightful ride, the

summer and autumn air always sweet, flower-scented, charged with pulse-stimulating electricity! Good shooting and good appetites go without saying.

Leaving Winnipeg and its wondrous bustle and "booms" behind, the first objective point is Portage la Prairie. The old trail keeps near the Assineboine. Far away stretches the level prairie, dotted sometimes with islets of aspens, sometimes with huge hay stacks and the houses of settlers. Not one-hundredth part of the land is under the plough, and yet it might all be bearing the best of wheat. What a wonderful air to breathe! Pure as in mid-winter, soft and sweet as from a bank of flowers, exhilarating as the breath of the North always is. Higher than ever you have seen it before and vaster is the great over-arching dome of deepest blue, flecked with masses of cloud, white as driven snow. Slowly the sun goes down, the last rim of the orb seen as from a ship's deck on the shoreless ocean. The dew falls heavily. The cooler air makes blankets welcome overnight even in mid-summer, and a cup of hot tea—nowhere so fragrant as on the prairies—equally welcome before starting again in the early morning. Portage la Prairie is one of the places that it would be a waste of time to describe. It is growing like Jonah's gourd, and the description of the village of to-day would be unsuited to the town of to-morrow and the city of next week. When the municipal assessment increases fifteen hundred per cent. in a single year, Dominie Sampson's "Prodigious!" is the only language that does justice to the occasion. Should the proposed ship canal between Lake Manitoba and the Assineboine be constructed, this rate of progress will probably be continued for a time; and as there are only twenty-six miles of low-lying prairie between the lake and the river, such a canal could be completed without difficulty. The "Portage," as the town is usually called, is beautifully situated on the banks of the Assineboine. Near by, a long, narrow, shallow, reed-fringed lake or slough indicates an old channel of the river. This slough—or, to use the vernacular of the place, "slew"—is a favourite haunt of wild duck, and the rich grass on the plains for miles round swarms with prairie chicken. It is a veritable sportsman's paradise.

From Portage la Prairie the railway keeps due west up the Assineboine. At Brandon, where the river turns to the north, the railway crosses it and holds on its westerly course. At the Portage, the trail strikes somewhat northerly in the direction of Fort Ellice, formerly an important centre of the Hudson's Bay Company. In a more direct northerly line, valuable forest extends from the south end of Lake Manitoba by the Riding, Duck and Porcupine Mountains, and thence north-westwards to the junction of the North and South Saskatchewan. Between the Portage and Fort Ellice, the land has been homesteaded and pre-empted by immigrants. Towns and villages are springing up in every direction, and vast breadths of fertile land which had lain unoccupied for centuries are being broken in upon by the plough. The Pioneer Store is the best point of vantage from which to study the new life that is flow-

EMIGRANT TRAIN, ASSINEBOINE VALLEY.

ing over the great lone land of a decade ago. This invaluable depôt, with its varied assortment of hardware, utensils and implements, dry-goods, groceries, gunpowder, fish-hooks and bibles, is always on the fringe of settlement. It cheers the advance of civilization, and is the base of all farther operations.

A magnificent view of the country in every direction opens out on the edge of the plateau, overlooking the Assineboine, over against Fort Ellice. Miles away from us, on the opposite bank, the wooden buildings of the Fort gleam white and shining under the light of the declining sun. A long train of freighters' wagons are on their way down the broad valley. Far to the south and north runs the river, to all appearance still as broad and deep as at Winnipeg. It is joined here from the

west by the Qu'Appelle, which is seen breaking through the plateau behind which the sun is setting. The united river meanders through the intervale at our feet, cutting out necks, islands and peninsulas of land of all shapes and sizes, some green and grassy, others covered with willows or heavier timber. Not far from "the Crossing" is a camp of Indians; and near by, a half-breed patriarch, who might be mistaken for an Indian, has also pitched camp. The family have sold out their Red River farm to a speculator, and are travelling to seek a new home farther west. The patched and blackened tent, the listless attitude of the inmates, and the general poverty-stricken look of things are all unpromising; but notwithstanding, the half-breeds make good pioneers.

Between the mouth of the Qu'Appelle and any point on the Saskatchewan every day's ride reveals new scenes of a country, bleak enough in winter, but in summer fair and promising as the heart of man can desire; rolling and level prairie; gently swelling uplands; wooded knolls; broken hills, with gleaming lakes interspersed. One trail leads to the Elbow of the South Saskatchewan, and thence to Battleford; another to Fort Carlton; another to Fort Pelly. The most beautiful section of this region is the Touchwood Hills—a succession of elevated prairie uplands extensive enough to constitute a province. At a distance they appear as a line of hills stretching away in a north-westerly direction, but the rise from the level prairie is so gentle and undulating that the traveller never finds out where the hills actually commence. There are no sharply defined summits from which other hills and the distant plain on either side can be seen. Grassy or wooded knolls enclose fields that look as if they had been cultivated to produce hay crops; or sparkling lakelets, the homes of snipe, plover and duck. Long reaches of fertile lowlands alternate with hillsides as fertile. Avenues of whispering trees promise lodge or gate, but lead only to *Chateaux en Espagne*.

Soon after leaving the Touchwood Hills, we come to the watershed of the South Saskatchewan; another region that may be easily converted into a garden; now boldly irregular and again a stretch of level prairie; at intervals swelling into softly-rounded knolls, or opening out into fair expanses; well-wooded, and abounding in pools and lakelets, most of them alkaline. We pass a long line of freighters' wagons, and almost every day immigrants pressing west in their prairie "schooners;" caravans or "brigades" of half-breeds also, their carts laden with Buffalo skins and dried meat, returning east after a buffalo hunt, of which they have probably seen the end. At the last ridge, we can see where—fifteen miles farther west—the South Branch of the Saskatchewan rolls along to the north-east. The horizon is bounded by hills far on the other side of the great stream. Those of our party who are bound for Fort Carlton make for the nearest ford and then reach the North Branch of the river by crossing the intervening plateau, at this point only eighteen miles wide. If we cross the river at

HALF-BREED CAMP.

the Elbow, we have a much longer ride before reaching Battleford. Formerly, Fort Carlton was an important post; but now, the Prince Albert settlement, fifty miles down stream, and—in the other direction—Battleford, till 1882 the Capital of the North-west Territories, is of greater consequence politically and commercially.

Battleford is situated on the south bank of the Battle River, near its confluence with the Saskatchewan. On the opposite bank of the river are the quarters of a detachment of the North-west Mounted Police. Here, we first meet representatives of this force, whose soldierly qualities are the praise of everyone entitled to speak of soldiers. Only three hundred in number, until increased to five hundred in 1882, they have been intrusted with the preservation of peace over the whole North-west, and they have done

AT THE FOOT-HILLS OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

the work to the satisfaction of the Government and the country. The Indians have been made to feel the majesty and the blessing of law, without an outbreak or a shot fired on either side. Two or three of the force have been known to ride into a camp of hundreds of armed savages and arrest on the spot and carry off for trial an armed swaggerer accused of murder—a signal proof of the supremacy of law, as Indians regard a member of their band as a brother, whose case they are bound, by ties of blood and sentiment, to make their own. Whiskey-traders, who formerly built forts and lived at license where they listed, have had their stores confiscated and themselves driven across the boundary line, in a state of intense disgust at the force and British institutions generally. No exercise of authority has been more appreciated by the Indians, for they hate whiskey-traders as much as they love whiskey. Though the force is scattered over the country at Carlton, Battleford, Edmonton, Forts Pelly, McLeod, Walsh, and other points hundreds of miles distant from each other, and unconnected by telegraph, the smallest detachment has always proved large enough for any duty with which it has been intrusted—an evidence of moral power that could have been acquired only by a long course of just and considerate dealing. The Indian policy of the Canadian Government is sometimes declared to be a failure, and at other times is mildly censured as expensive. Though by no means perfect, it may challenge comparison with that of the United States, or of any other civilized nation towards a weaker race. Judged by its fruits—the maintenance of order without shedding blood, and the steady growth of a conviction among the Indians that the Government means fairly by them—it may even be pronounced a success.

Crossing the North Saskatchewan, either at Carlton or Battleford, we continue our westerly course up the great mountain stream, which, like the Assineboine, seems scarcely to decrease in size the nearer we get to its source. The trail leads across a hilly country, intersected by scores of rivulets flowing from the north, a sight gladdening to eyes long accustomed only to streamless prairie. The windings of those numerous tributaries of the North Saskatchewan relieve the scenery from monotony. Every hour's ride presents us with a new view. We cross valleys singularly disproportioned in the magnitude of every feature to the size of the streams flowing through them; and lose ourselves in vast depressions, surrounded on all sides by hills, like the "punch-bowls" of the south of Scotland. From elevated points, far and wide, stretches can be seen of a country rich in loamy soil, grasses, wood, and water. Groves of tall white spruce in the gullies and along lake sides, branching poplars, with occasional clumps of white birch or tamarac, mingle with the still-prevailing aspen. The sombre spruces give new colour, and their tall pointed heads a new outline, to the landscape. Sometimes the trail leads across a wide open plateau, or up and down a long bare slope; sometimes through forest where no underbrush interposes obstacles to pleasant riding, while immediately ahead the wood always seems impenetrably close; sometimes

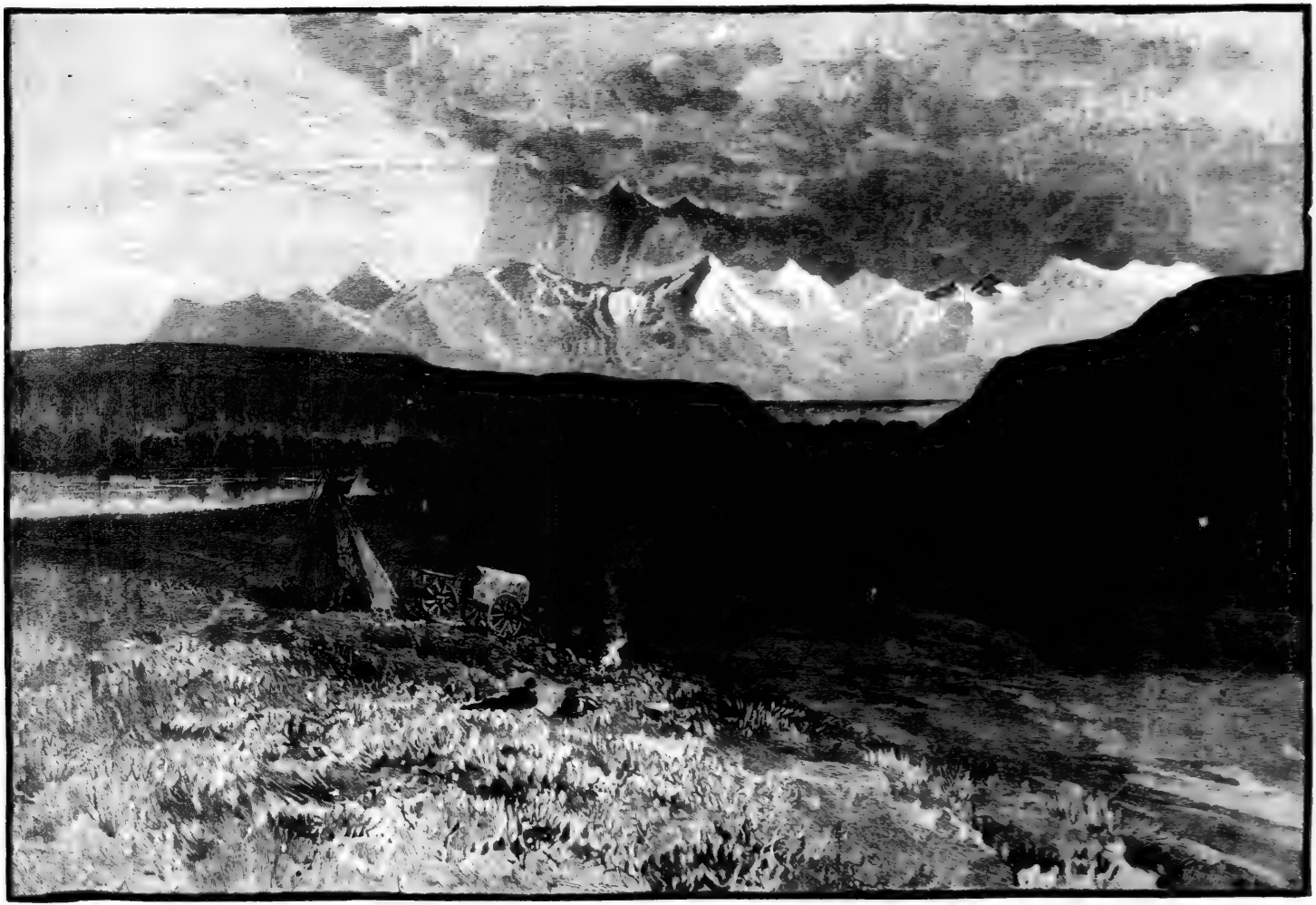
by apparently cultivated fields, hemmed in at varying distances by graceful trees, through whose branches the waters of a lake gleam, or the rough back of a hill rises, with higher uplands beyond, giving a more distant horizon. Occasionally we get a glimpse of the Saskatchewan, running like a mass of molten lead, free from rapid or sand-bar, between far-extending hills covered with young aspens. The frequent fires, kindled and left smouldering by careless travellers and Indians, keep down the growth of wood all over the North-west—a carelessness that settlers in future years are sure to rue bitterly. For one of the gravest of the unsolved problems connected with the colonization of the country is the consequent scarcity of timber. Tree planting, on an extensive scale, should be encouraged by both Provincial and Dominion Governments.

On the way to Edmonton we are sure to fall in with occasional camps of Crees. They are all friendly; and ever ready for a talk and a smoke, if you supply the tobacco. The squaws will barter freely their berries, fish, wild ducks or dried buffalo meat, for a little flour, tea, tobacco or any trinkets or luxuries you may offer. Treat them kindly and courteously, for they are the children of the old lords of the soil. Their camp is sure to be picturesquely situated beside a lake stocked with fish, near wood and bushes laden with the Indian pear or rich sasketoon berries.

A peculiar rite of the Indians inhabiting portions of the North-west Territories is the "Dog Feast." This feast is celebrated once a year at the principal points at which the Indians congregate in summer, either for the purpose of fishing or receiving their annuities or treaty-money. In the midst of the proceedings, which are conducted with the utmost gravity by the principal medicine-man of the band, a dog is slain, cut up, cooked and eaten. Although called the Feast of the White Dog, and this colour is preferred, a dog of any other shade will answer the purpose. The ceremony appears to have some analogy to the Hebrew Passover, but its origin and meaning are lost in obscurity, as is the case with most of the religious observances of these Indians. If you have time, it will pay to strike northwards to Lac la Biche, the granary of the Roman Catholic Mission; or to Whitefish Lake where the Indians, under the care of the Methodist Church, are being weaned from nomadic habits and becoming agriculturists.

But our objective point is Fort Edmonton. This thriving settlement, beautifully situated on the north bank of the Saskatchewan, is destined to become one of the most important centres in the North-west. No matter through what pass of the Rocky Mountains the railway may seek the confines of British Columbia, the position of Edmonton, between the boundless plains that extend along both sides of the Peace River, as it sweeps in majestic curves to the north, and the country to the south watered by the multitudinous streams that converge to form the South Saskatchewan, determines its future as a great distributing point. It is immediately surrounded also by stretches of splendid farming land; is rich with exhaustless forests, coal, and lakes and streams full of white fish and sturgeon; and the expenditure of a

NORTH-WEST MOUNTED POLICE.



KOOTANEY—FROM A SKETCH BY HIS EXCELLENCY, THE MARQUIS OF LORNE.

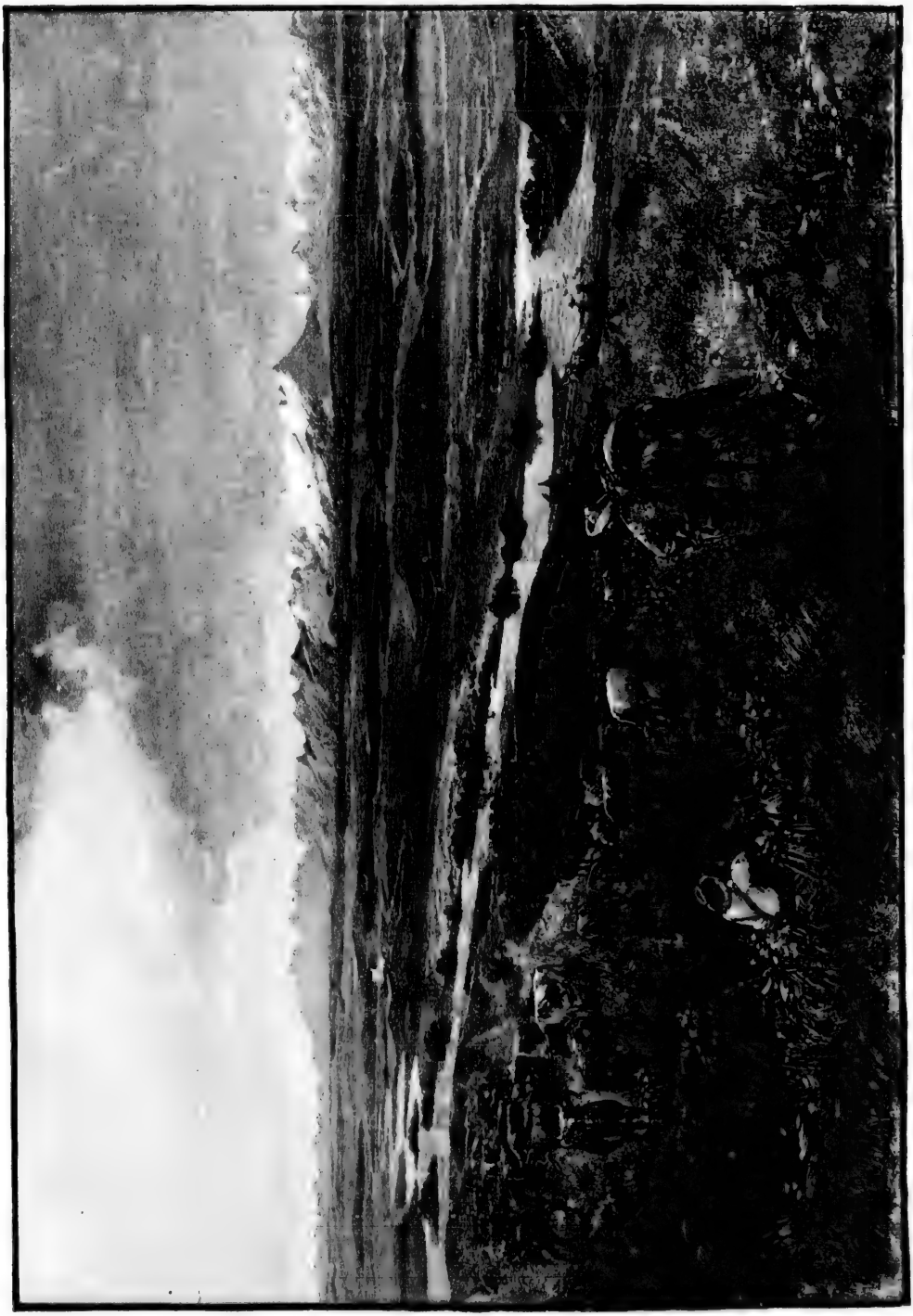
moderate sum would enable a steamer to make an unbroken voyage between Edmonton and Lake Manitoba. The Peace River country is so far to the north that it is difficult to think of it as suited to the growth of cereals; but it is still more difficult to reject the testimonies to its fitness, and to the vastness of its undeveloped wealth. "A canoe voyage from Hudson's Bay to the Pacific," by the late Sir George Simpson, edited with notes by Malcolm McLeod, is crammed full of facts taken from the journals of responsible officials, all showing that "behind the North wind," or beyond the North-west of which we have been speaking, extends a new region equally vast and promising; wheat and pasture lands, well-timbered, well-watered, and abounding in coal, bitumen and salt. Prof. Macoun declares that this is the richest region of Canada. The mean temperature of the seven months from April to October at Dunvegan is higher than at Halifax, Nova Scotia, almost a thousand miles nearer the equator. Already, the advance guard of an invading host, armed with ploughshares, and accompanied by wives and children and domestic cattle, have reached Edmonton. Very soon their horses and herds will cross the Athabasca, and crop the rich herbage that covers the banks of the Smoky and the Peace Rivers.

In 1882, an order in council divided the North-west, outside of the enlarged Province of Manitoba, into the four districts of Assiniboia, Alberta, Saskatchewan and Athabasca. The beautiful and rich agricultural valley of the Qu'Appelle must always be the heart of Assiniboia, and the ranches of the Bow River the glory of Alberta. The lands of the North Saskatchewan, along the western section of which we have been travelling, constitute the third province *in posse*. The Peace River country, to be known hereafter as Athabasca, is the only one of the four where a white population has not yet gathered about one or more centres; but this last is likely to excel all the others, and, probably, to be in the end the Banner Province of Canada. Steamboats can navigate the Peace for quite as many months in the year as they now navigate the St. Lawrence. It offers fewer impediments to navigation than either the St. Lawrence or the Saskatchewan. The soil is as rich and the prairies are vaster than in Manitoba or Assiniboia. And the immunity of the whole region, from the "infamous and unspeakable 'hopper,'" throws a heavy weight into the scale in its favour. How does it happen that practically boundless prairies should be found in this far northern and forest area? Dr. G. M. Dawson says that "there can be no doubt that they are produced and maintained by fires. The country is naturally a wooded one, and where fires have not run for a few years, young trees begin rapidly to spring up. The fires are, of course, ultimately attributable to human agency, and it is probable that before the country was inhabited by the Indians it was everywhere densely forest-clad. That the date of origin of the chief prairie tracts now found is remote, is clearly evidenced by their present appearance, and more particularly by the fact that they are everywhere scored and rutted with old buffalo tracks, while every suitable locality is pitted

with the saucer-shaped 'buffalo wallows.'" To the same cause—the action of constantly recurring fires—is to be attributed the absolute treelessness of the prairies for hundreds of miles between the two Saskatchewans and farther south, in the third steppe, where

THE FEAST OF THE WHITE DOG.

alone the prairie is seen in its pure and naked perfection. Here, for day after day, the traveller moves like a speck on the surface of an unbroken and apparently interminable level expanse. Nothing intervenes between him and the horizon, and let him gallop as fast as he will the horizon appears ever the same and at the same distance from him. All the while, too, he sees no living thing on the earth or in the air. Silence as of the grave reigns supreme from morning to night. The spirits of the most buoyant traveller sink as he rides deeper and deeper into this terrible silence, unless he has learned to commune with the Eternal. Knowing the cause of this treelessness, we now know the remedy. Direct human agency can replace what indirect human agency has displaced. Governments, Dominion and local, should at once encourage tree planting on an extensive scale, and the success that has attended systematic efforts in this direction in the Western States is the best encouragement to us to go and do likewise. Such efforts are not needed in Saskatchewan and Athabasca, where there



NEAR FORT CALGARRY—LOOKING TOWARDS THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

FROM A SKETCH BY HIS EXCELLENCY, THE MARQUIS OF LORNE.

is abundance of wood, consisting chiefly of aspen, cottonwood, birch and coniferous trees.

Many as are the attractions of Athabasca, we do not propose to visit it on this occasion. At Edmonton we call a halt. Our journey to the west and north is ended. We turn now to the south, first to the Old Rocky Mountain House; thence to Fort Calgarry in hopes of seeing the iron horse or some signs of his approach. Calgarry has been the great objective point of the Canadian Pacific Railway, after the route by Brandon, Qu'Appelle and Moose Jaw Creek was decided upon. It is in the heart of the old Blackfeet country, that fairest section of the North-west which is the western curve of the old "Fertile Belt" or "Rainbow." Here, on account of the Chinook winds streaming through the passes of the Rocky Mountains and up their flanks, the average temperature, during the winter months, is fifteen degrees higher than in Western Ontario.

When the mountains come into view, we find that the North-west has kept its best wine to the last. The majestic range of the Alps, sweeping round Northern Italy, seen from the roof of Milan Cathedral, multitudinous peaks glorying in historic names, guarding from the barbarians of the north the rich plain at their feet, is not a grander spectacle than the view from Calgarry. Little wonder that the red man placed his paradise beyond that endless succession of white-crested sierras, which, in long unbroken line, barred his way to the happy hunting grounds farther west. On the other side of those mountains of the setting sun, peak over peak towering up to the skies, was surely a fairer land than even those ocean-like expanses of green and gold from which they rose so grandly. Little wonder that he called them "The Bridge of the World," for they seemed a fit boundary between the plains over which he had hunted all his life, and a mysterious world beyond. The sportsman has as much reason to rejoice in this section of the country as the lover of the picturesque. The countless herds of buffalo that once blackened its foot-hills and plains and valleys are being replaced by Herefords, polled Angus, and other breeds of domestic cattle, but the mountains still afford good sport for the rifle, and the lakes and streams swarm with trout. One specimen, a kind of mountain salmon, ranges from five to thirty pounds weight. The general character of the rivers and their sheltering valleys is aptly illustrated by the Marquis of Lorne in a pen picture, which we extract from his Winnipeg speech:

"The river beds are like great moats in a modern fortress—you do not see them till close upon them. As in the glacis and rampart of a fortress, the shot can search across the smooth surfaces above the ditch, so any winds that may arise sweep across the twin levels above the river fosses. The streams run coursing along the sunken levels in these vast ditches, which are sometimes miles in width. Sheltered by the undulating banks, knolls or cliffs which form the margin of their excavated bounds, are woods,

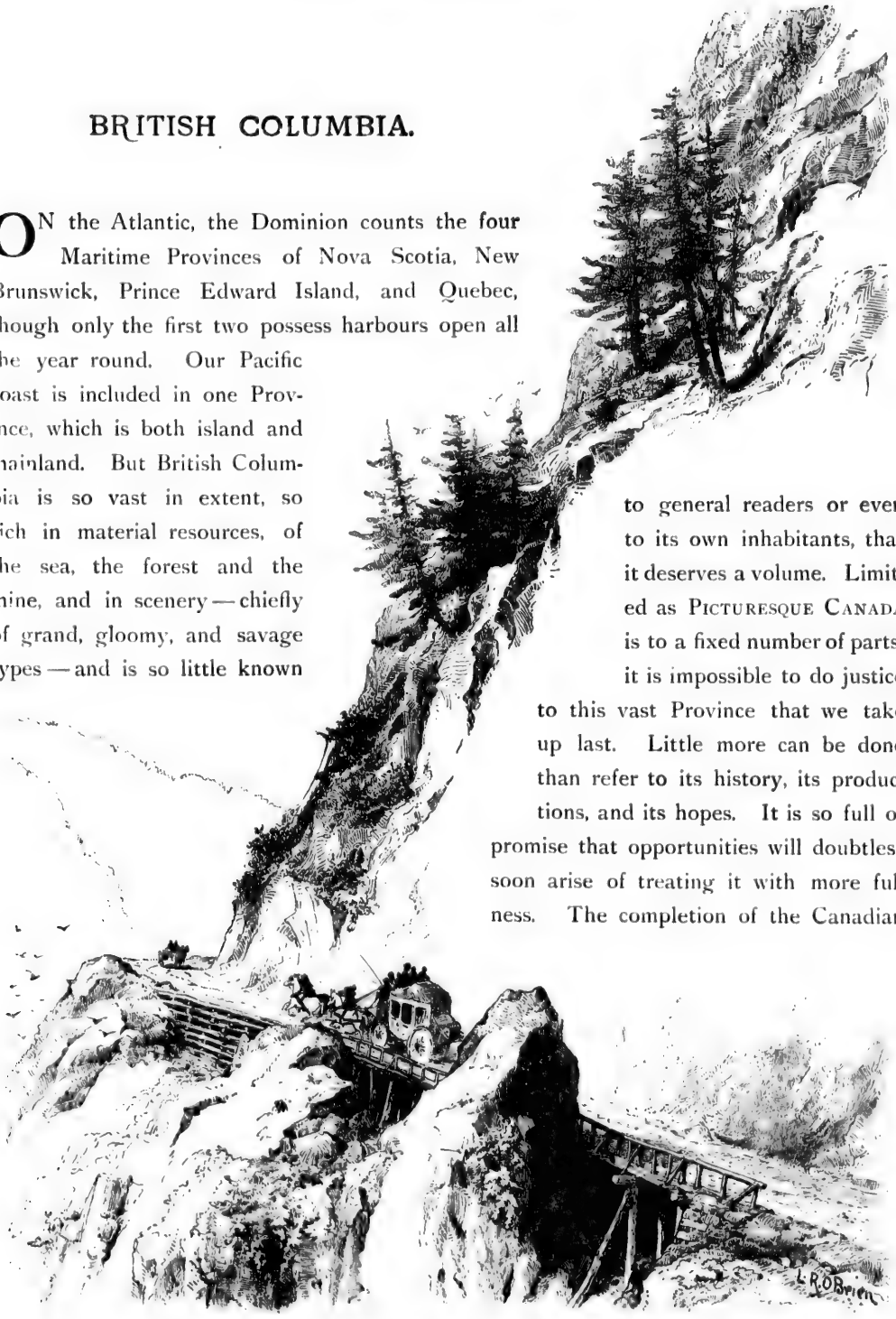
generally of poplar, except in the northern and western fir fringe. On approaching the mountains their snow-caps look like huge tents encamped along the rolling prairie. Up to this great camp, of which a length of one hundred and fifty miles is sometimes visible, the river valleys wind in trenches, looking like the covered ways by which siege works zig-zag up to a besieged city. On a nearer view the camp line changes to ruined marble palaces, and through their tremendous walls and giant woods you will soon be dashing on the train for a winter basking on the warm Pacific Coast."

We penetrate the various passes by following the rivers up the valleys that separate the transverse ridges, an interminable succession of which constitute the apparently unbroken chain of the Rocky Mountains. These passes increase in altitude as we go south. Thus, the Peace River Pass is only 2000 feet above sea level. The Tête Jaune or Yellow Head, which the Canadian Government adopted at Sandford Fleming's suggestion, is 3700 feet. The Kootaney Pass, in latitude 49° 30′, is nearly 6000 feet high, and the Kicking Horse not much less.

But, our expedition is not charged with the task of exploring the Passes that lead to the mountain frontier of British Columbia. We have to return from Calgarry to Winnipeg, by the route marked out across the plains for the Canadian Pacific Railway. Deeper and deeper is this great national highway penetrating into the hitherto lone land, opening the way for myriads of all nations to enter in and take possession. We come upon thousands of men engaged on the work of construction. The scene is one to inspire the patriot and the lover of his kind. The wealth, the skill, the forethought and disciplined energy, once devoted to fire-eyed war, are now pledged to the Army of Industry and Peace. With congratulations and hope, we welcome the steel rails—harbinger of a new civilization and material pledge of the unity of our Dominion.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

ON the Atlantic, the Dominion counts the four Maritime Provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, and Quebec, though only the first two possess harbours open all the year round. Our Pacific coast is included in one Province, which is both island and mainland. But British Columbia is so vast in extent, so rich in material resources, of the sea, the forest and the mine, and in scenery — chiefly of grand, gloomy, and savage types — and is so little known to general readers or even to its own inhabitants, that it deserves a volume. Limited as PICTURESQUE CANADA is to a fixed number of parts, it is impossible to do justice to this vast Province that we take up last. Little more can be done than refer to its history, its productions, and its hopes. It is so full of promise that opportunities will doubtless soon arise of treating it with more fulness. The completion of the Canadian



WAGGON ROAD ON THE FRASER.

Pacific Railway has enabled tourists and artists to explore its seas of mountains, with their deep gorges and intervening plateaus, from the summit of the main chain of the Rockies to the Pacific coast. Already the advantages of its commanding geographical position are in part appreciated by commerce, and through the ports of Esquimalt, Victoria, New Westminster, and Vancouver has begun to flow the enriching currents of inter-continental and trans-Pacific trade.

In the sixteenth century, bold British navigators like Drake and Cavendish, laughing to scorn Papal Bulls that assigned the New World to Spain and Portugal, sailed into the Pacific by the Straits of Magellan, plundered Spanish galleons, but sought in vain for the long dreamed of passage back again into the Atlantic. Where they failed, Apostolos Valerianos, better known as Juan de Fuca, a Greek in the employ of the Viceroy of Mexico, claimed to have succeeded in 1592. He may have entered, through the straits now known by his name, into Puget Sound, and then, having sailed up through the Straits of Georgia and re-entered the ocean, imagined that he had discovered the northwest passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Or he may have only heard from an Indian of those great interior waters and have built up a plausible story "touching the strait of sea commonly called Fretium Anianum, in the South Sea, through the northwest passage of Meta Incognita." At any rate, no one entered them for many a long day afterward; and in 1778 Captain Cook, sailing along the coast which Drake had called New Albion two centuries previously, and finding no entrance, tells us—with a bluntness excusable in an English sailor referring to a Greek—that the story was a myth, even so far as the alleged Strait of Fuca was concerned. "We saw," he says, "a small opening, which flattered us with the hopes of finding a harbour. These hopes lessened as we drew near; and at last we had some reason to think that the opening was closed by low land. On this account I called the point of land to the north of it Cape Flattery .... It is in this very latitude where we now were that geographers have placed the pretended Strait of Juan de Fuca. But we saw nothing like it; nor is there the least probability that ever any such thing existed!" Continuing his course to the north, Cook entered an inlet which he named King George's Sound, but which was called Nootka by the natives; and Nootka it is to this day. Although unnecessarily positive about what he did not see, and representing on his charts Nootka and the whole of Vancouver's Island as part of the mainland, Captain Cook was most accurate in his observations—nautical, astronomical, geographical; and his notes on the fur-bearing animals, the fish, the forests, and other productions of the country, as well as regarding the natives, are still interesting reading. Their publication led to trade springing up between this northwest coast and China. In 1786 English merchants residing in the East Indies purchased two vessels and placed them under the command of John Meares, Lieutenant in His Majesty's navy, with instructions to do what he could to develop a trade

DEVIL'S CANON, BANFF, N.W.T., CANADA.

in furs, ginseng, and other products of Nootka and the adjoining coast. Meares did his work well. Purchasing ground from the chief of Nootka, he erected a breastwork and house or factory; built, with the aid of Chinese carpenters, a little ship of forty or fifty tons, and launched her into the Sound, to the great delight of the natives, and started what promised to be a profitable business. But in the eyes of Spain all this was poaching; and in 1789 Spanish ships of war came to Nootka, seized the English vessels, and took possession of the port. Captain Meares brought the matter before the House of Commons by petition, and war was very likely to have been the result, for in those days England had not "the craven fear of being great." The Spanish Government, however, agreed to make restitution, and it was even thought proper that an officer should be sent to Nootka to receive back in form the territory and factories or other buildings. Captain George Vancouver was selected for the purpose. He was also instructed to make a survey of the coast from 30° north latitude, and to ascertain the existence of any navigable communication between the Northern Pacific and the Northern Atlantic oceans. It had been reported in Britain that in 1789 an American vessel, the sloop Washington, had found the Strait of Fuca, had entered it, and had "come out again to the northward of Nootka." Captain Vancouver was, therefore, instructed to examine "the supposed Straits of Juan de Fuca, said to be situated between 48° and 49° north latitude," and their Lordships of the Admiralty added, with a wisdom decidedly greater than their knowledge of the American continent, "The discovery of a near communication between any such sea or strait and any river running into or from the Lake of the Woods would be particularly useful!"

On his voyage up the coast Vancouver, by an odd coincidence, fell in with the gentleman who had commanded the sloop Washington, and learned from him that he had penetrated the Straits of Fuca for only fifty miles. Vancouver was Captain of the Discovery, sloop of war, and the Chatham, armed tender. His Lieutenants were Puget, Mudge, and Baker. The Chatham was under Lieutenants Broughton, Hanson, and Johnstone. A glance at the map to-day shows us the names of those gentlemen, immortalized by their voyage of discovery.

Vancouver proceeded up the Straits of Fuca, landing at different points on the south coast. He was charmed everywhere with landscapes that "called to our remembrance certain delightful and beloved situations in old England." On June 4, 1792, he went on shore, and, "pursuing the usual formalities which are generally observed on such occasions, and under the discharge of a royal salute from the vessels, took possession of the coast." Going north, he honoured the interior sea with the name of the Gulf of Georgia, after His Majesty, and Burrard's Inlet, near Vancouver, after Sir Harry Burrard of the navy. Coming out by Charlotte Sound into the ocean, he made for Nootka, and there "found riding His Catholic Majesty's brig, the Active, bearing the broad pennant of Señor Don Juan Francisco de la Bodega y Quadra, commandant of

the marine establishment of St. Blas and California." Quadra received the English with great courtesy, but was willing to give up only the spot of ground on which Mr. Meares' house had been situated. The rights of Spain to island and mainland he considered beyond dispute. Vancouver, with equal politeness and firmness, pointed out that San Francisco was the northernmost settlement occupied by the subjects of His Catholic Majesty in April, 1789, and, therefore, that according to the agreement of the Court of Spain exclusive rights could not be claimed beyond that port. The whole matter had to be referred back to Englnad and Spain for instructions. Vancouver went on with his surveys; and when he returned to Nootka in 1794, learned to his great regret that Quadra was dead. The island he called after himself and the courteous Spaniard; but Quadra's share in the name was soon forgotten.

Not till 1843 was any further attempt at settlement on Vancouver Island made by white men. In that year the Hudson's Bay Company built a fort at Victoria, and subsequently the British Government constituted the Island as a crown colony. Discoveries of gold on the mainland, reported to the Home Government in 1856, attracted crowds of gold seekers in 1857 and 1858, and Victoria experienced the same kind of "boom" that cursed Winnipeg in 1882. Thousands of adventurers pressed on across the Gulf of Georgia to wash the bars of the Fraser or "Crazy" River, and up as far as the Thompson and Bonaparte, overcoming obstacles that would have stopped the most determined army ever organized. A few hundreds of the hardiest and most intrepid reached their destinations; a few scores secured bags of gold dust. The rest perished miserably, or drifted back to Victoria and to California, broken men, but laying the blame not on themselves, but on "British old fogyism" and "the absence of American enterprise." During this time of aggressive rowdyism the mainland was constituted into a colony. Unlike Vancouver Island, it had originally been entered from the east. Agents of the Northwest Company had crossed the main divide of the Rocky Mountains and given their names to its great rivers, but their labours had led to no political action. In 1866 the two crown colonies were united under the name of British Columbia, and in 1871 it became a province of the Dominion.

Victoria, the capital, is the most charming little city in America. It has not one-fourth of the life, activity, and wealth of Portland, the capital of the State of Oregon, nor the bustle and apparent vigour of Seattle; but in no city on the Pacific coast north of San Francisco can you get a dinner such as is served daily in the Driard House, and nowhere else are there such views of glorious mountain ranges as from its environs, such an atmosphere and climate, and such opportunities for boating and bathing, or for drives into the country along well-built roads, past cottages that look like toy-boxes, surrounded by roses and honey-suckle, and quaint little roadside inns that remind one of out-of-the-way nooks in remote counties in old England rather than of the fevered life, the glitter, and the discomfort of the farthest and newest west. Vic-

toria must become the garden and the sanitarium of the Pacific slope, and of much of our own northwest, when its prairies are tilled by the hands of the diligent. Nestling beautifully on low ever-green hills overlooking the bay, its inner harbour running up to within a few hundred yards of the naval station of Esquimalt, offering from its

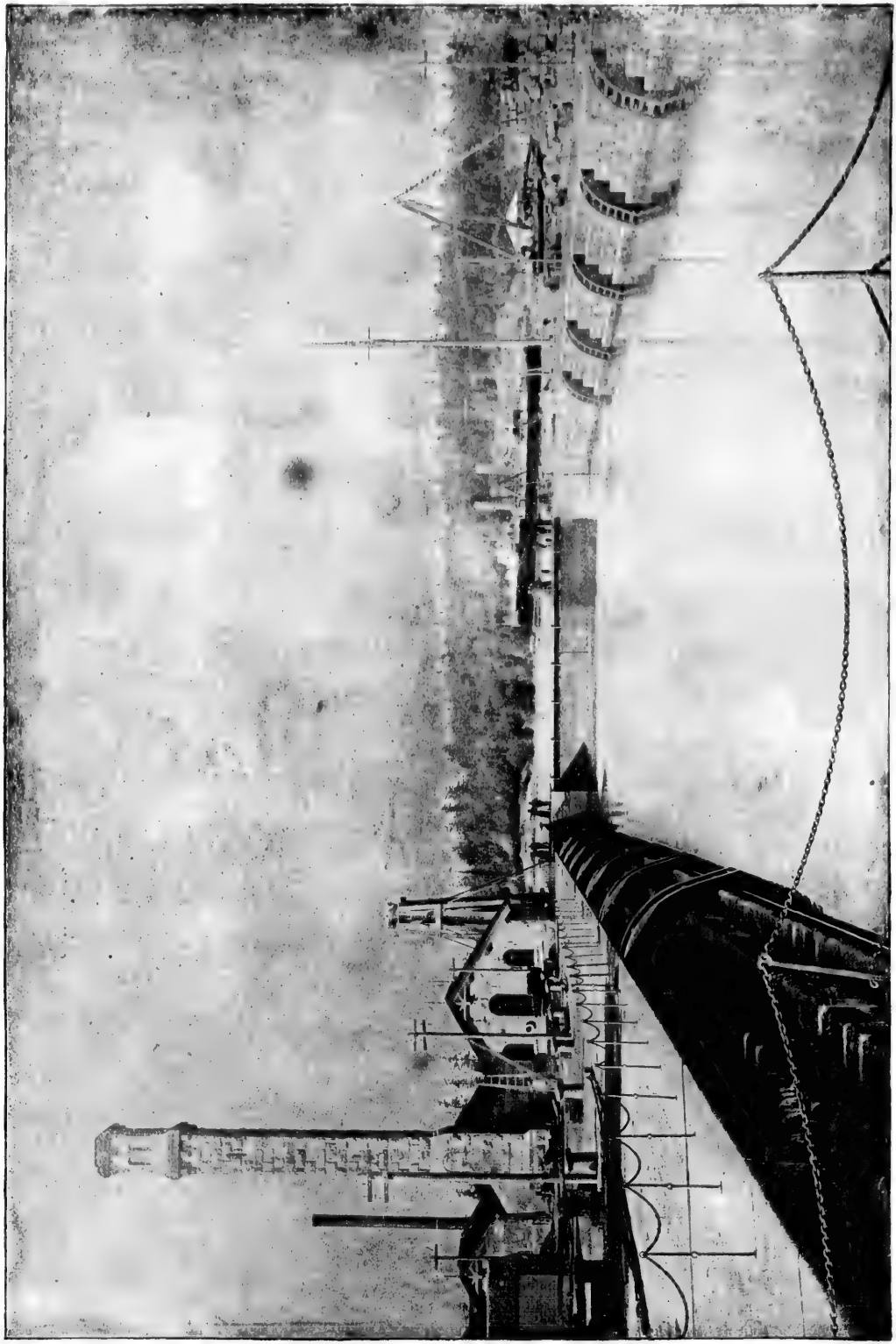
ESQUIMALT HARBOUR.

natural park of Beacon Hill views of the great Olympian range, and of the Cascades with the grand form of Mount Baker supreme,

it is simply impossible to do it justice in an illustration, and the attempt is not made. Only those who have lived in Victoria know how enjoyable it is simply to exist in such a climate and amid such surroundings. No one who visits it in the spring months thinks the language of Mr. Macfie extreme in his "Vancouver Island and British Columbia." In March the trees are covered "with tinted buds and the fields with verdure. Then become visible the star-eyed and delicately blue collinsia, the chaste erythronium, the scarlet-blossomed lilies, and the graceful trillium; the spring grass and young fern show promise of returning life; the unfolding oak leaf and budding wild fruits proclaim that winter is gone. The sensations produced by the aspect of nature in May are indescribably delightful. The freshness of the air, the warble of birds, the clearness of the sky, the profusion and fragrance of wild roses, the widespread variegated hues of buttercups and daisies, the islets and inlets, together with distant snow-peaks bursting upon the view as one ascends some contiguous eminence, combine to fill the mind with enchantment unequalled out of Paradise." Another writer, who always weighs his words well, Mr. Sandford Fleming, in his "England and Canada," says: "It is not possible to live in a more favourable climate. The winter is especially mild, the thermometer seldom falling below freezing point. The summer is temperate; the thermometer, Fahrenheit, seldom rises above 72°, the lowest range being 23° 30′. Southerly winds prevail for two-thirds of the year, and summer lasts from May to September. The atmosphere is sensibly affected by the current which flows from the southern latitudes of Japan and China. The Kuro-Siwo brings the warmer temperature of the southern seas in the same way as the Gulf Stream has heightened the salubrity of the British Islands."

It has been said that the weather of Vancouver Island is milder and steadier than that of the south of England, the summer longer and finer, and the winter shorter and less rigorous; and this is saying a great deal. The climate of this Island must be almost perfection. It is its oldest inhabitant who should be the most free from disease.

The harbour of Victoria has a narrow entrance, is small, not very deep, and is rather inconveniently shaped; but as Esquimalt is near enough to serve as an additional port, Victoria does not suffer. When the days come, foreshadowed in the address of the Chinese residents to Governor Kennedy, the neck of land that now separates the two harbours may be cut: "Us like this no charge place; see it will grow and grow higher to highest; can see a Canton will be in Victoria of this Pacific. The maritime enterprises will add up wonderfully and come quick. China has silks, tea, rice, and sugar. Here is lumber, coal, minerals, and fish—an exhaustless supply which no other land can surpass." Esquimalt harbour is a gem; not very large, but the anchorage is excellent, and it has all the other requisites of a first-class harbour; and in the Royal Roads outside, along the coast as far as Race Rocks, any number of ships can ride safely.



DRY DOCK, ESQUIMALT, B.C.

With the railway complete from Victoria to Nanaimo, the islanders believe that Esquimalt will be the emporium for the trade from the coast of Asia, and that passengers and freight will be taken thence in cars to Nanaimo, and from that point cross the Gulf of Georgia in steam-ferries to Vancouver. It may be so. Who in this century will set limits to the possible? New Westminster, a capital when the mainland was a separate Province, and still the center of a promising district, hopes to get a share of this great expected trade, and in the meantime has built a short line to connect with the Canadian Pacific Railway, at Vancouver, the Pacific terminus of the trans-continental railroad.

The question as to where all the trade was to come from, on which so many hopes were built, has already been answered to a great extent. The discovery of the Klondike gold fields and the consequent influx of prospectors and traders have given these points ample proof of the wisdom of this action. The wonderful development of the trade with China has also shown to the world the advantages of these harbors and the excellent railroad facilities for connection with trans-continental lines. The extension of British sovereignty over ports and districts in what is familiarly called the Far East has, by increasing the importance of Esquimalt as a naval station, added to the rank of other towns as shipping points.

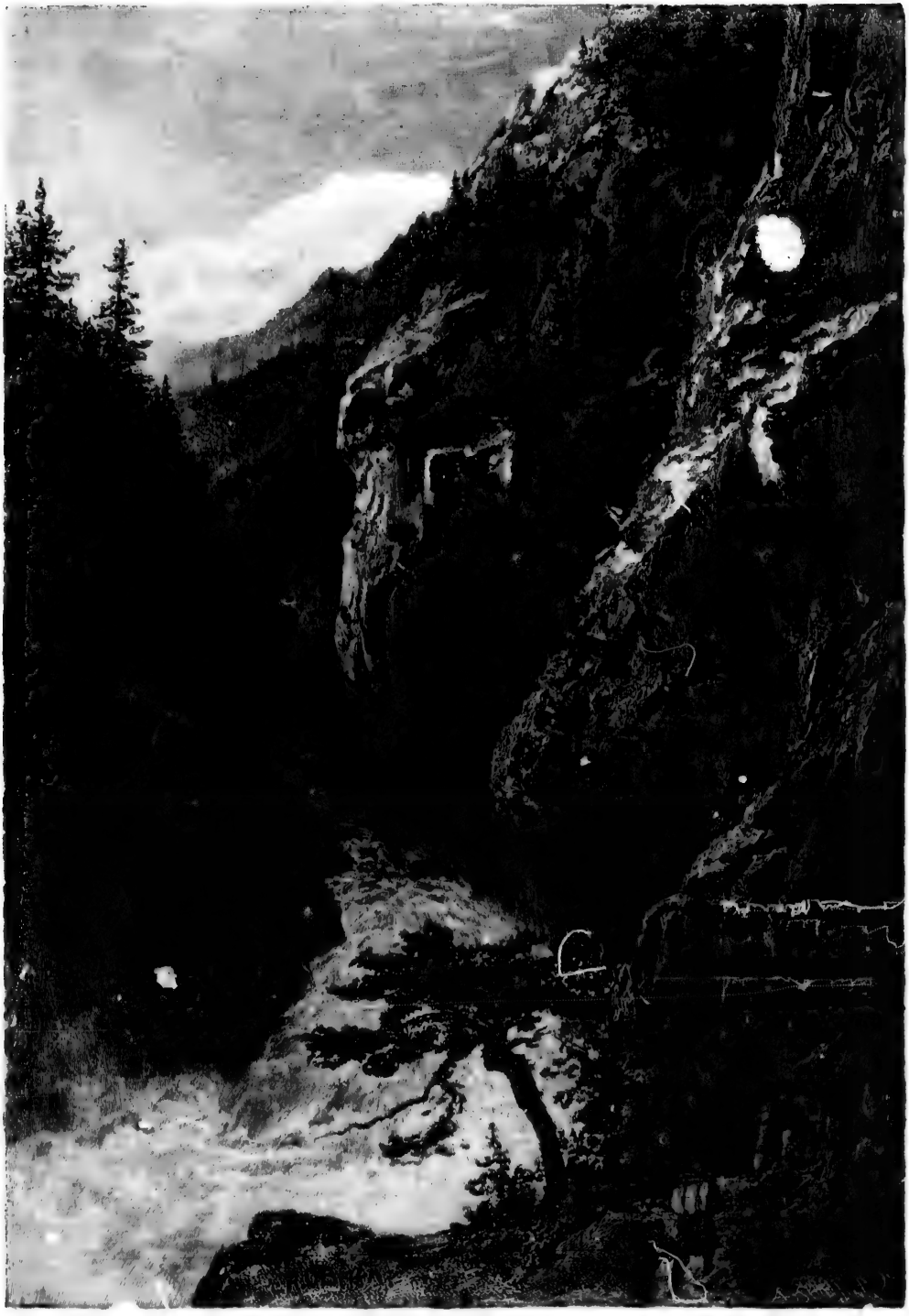
From New Westminster a drive of six or seven miles along an old concession line running due north takes us to the upper end of Burrard Inlet. Nearer the mouth of the Inlet, and on opposite sides, are the villages of Granville and Moodyville, both places created by, and living upon, saw-mills and the ships that come for lumber. Up to the head of the Inlet, a distance of three miles, extends Port Moody, a beautiful sheet of water, varying in width from one-third to more than half a mile, and with good anchorage everywhere. Vancouver, charmingly situated on the south shore of the inlet, had no existence before the year 1885, when it became the Pacific terminus of the "C. P. R." A year later, when it had 600 inhabitants, the embryo city was devastated by fire. Its growth, its civic vitality and the activity at its wharves, added to the substantial appearance of Hastings Street, its chief thoroughfare, with a population close upon 20,000, are marvellous. On the peninsula, to the west of the town, is Stanley Park, a fine reservation of original forest, 940 acres in extent.

British Columbia has had to grapple with the question of road or railway construction from the first days of the colony till now. Perhaps there never was a country in the wide world where the problem was so difficult, nor one where with such limited resources it has, on the whole, been so successfully solved. How to reach the rich bars of the Frazer, how to get to Cariboo or the Big Bend of the Columbia or Kootaney, how to obtain railway connection with the rest of the Dominion, have been the great questions that have successively agitated the public mind. Steamboats can

PORT MOODY.
Vessel containing first shipment of Canada Pacific R. R. Iron.

ascend the Fraser as far as Yale. Beyond that village, the cañons through which the river boils make navigation too difficult and dangerous for ordinary traffic. For a number of years after 1858, Yale was the great centre of gold mining, or washing, rather. Every sand bar was crowded with white men from all lands under the sun; and Yale then had the proud pre-eminence of being the wickedest place in British Columbia. Now, only Chinese are at work re-washing the abandoned claims; and Yale is neither better nor worse than any other village on the Pacific slope. The scenery at Yale is of the boldest, and is characteristically British Columbian. Granite Mountains rise precipitously from the river, and enclose the village on every side. There is little soil to cultivate, but a Chinaman has redeemed a garden from the mountain side, and it is a specimen of what could be done on a larger scale. The patch is irrigated so deftly with water when needed, or with liquid manure, that there is hardly a vegetable or fruit that can be named, all of the best kinds, too, that the quiet, industrious fellow is not ready to supply you with. The miners have come and gone. Every one gave them welcome when they came, and shed a tear, metaphorically, when they went. They took the cream from the river bars and left no other sign. The gardener got no welcome and expects no tear. But, when he goes, he leaves something behind. The country is the richer for his labour for all time.

It was a question whether the road to Cariboo should be made up the Fraser, or



A CAÑON ON THE HOMATHCO.

by steamer from Victoria to the head of Bute Inlet, and waggon-road thence up the Homathico. The latter would have been the shorter and, perhaps, the more picturesque route. The proposed water highway is one of the wonderful fiords that cut their way through iron snow-capped mountains into the very heart of the Cascade range. The scene at the head of the Inlet is magnificent. Great mountains, curtained with glaciers, rise almost perpendicularly into the region of eternal snow. The only sound heard is the muffled thunder of cataracts leaping from bluff to bluff, or washing down the slippery rocks in broad white bands. The cañons of the Homathico are even grander than those of the Fraser. "The towering rocks, thousands of feet high, serrated and broken by dark chasms; far above these again, the snow-clad peaks, connected by huge glaciers, out of which issued torrents that fell in cascades; and in a deep gorge beneath, a mountain torrent, whirling, boiling, roaring, and huge boulders always in motion, muttering, groaning like troubled spirits, and ever and anon striking on the rocks, making a report like the booming of distant artillery. With all this wildness, there is the fresh beauty of vegetation. Wherever there is a crevice, to the base of the snow-clad peaks, were clumps of evergreen trees, and lower down wherever a handful of soil could rest it was

ON THE NORTH THOMPSON RIVER.

sprinkled with wild flowers, amongst which bloomed the sweet lily of the valley." The Fraser River route was adopted, and a waggon-road, connecting the rich Cariboo mines with the settlements on the sea, was built. For a young colony with a handful of people it was a work as wonderful in its way as any of those that have immortalized the Romans as the great road-makers of the world. It had to be hewn for miles sideways out of rocks that rose almost perpendicularly from the river to the height of sometimes more than a thousand feet, or cloven through projecting spurs, or built up with crib-work. As we wound along the narrow road, the waggon appearing at a distance like an insect on the face of the mountain, brushing against the hillsides that rose abruptly far above, and gazing down at the Fraser hundreds of feet below — at one time a mass of sea-green water crested with white, boiling through gateways of columnar rocks apparently not a hundred feet apart, at another time a muddy torrent heavy with snow-fields melted by summer suns — how could we help paying tribute to the pioneers, the hearts of oak who crawled or footed it over these boundless savage wildernesses, animated though they were by no loftier passion than the *auri sacra fames?* And when they reached Cariboo, what a country for men with no implements but the pick and shovel they had packed on their backs! "A molten sea, lashed into gigantic billows, which at the very height of the storm had been suddenly petrified," these tumultuous masses seamed with swollen creeks and gulches, slopes everywhere thickly wooded, gorges choked with fallen timber, and all supplies of food hundreds of miles away!

The hardest nut that engineers and politicians have had to crack has been the railway route through British Columbia. The Yellow Head Pass, near the sources of the Fraser, formerly called Cowdung Lake, or Leather Pass, was selected as a common point for a northern, central, or southern ocean terminus; and after explorations long continued the line was located thence down the North Thompson. But when the work was transferred by the Canadian Government to a syndicate, an air line from Winnipeg was decided on, and the railway, therefore, runs generally along the line of the fiftieth or fifty-first degree of north latitude. Travellers — their number increases — who have had to penetrate the valley of the North Thompson will not be sorry that a sunnier route has been chosen. We followed in the track of Milton and Cheadle, and our memories of the gloomy valley are pretty much the same as theirs. As with most or all of the rivers of British Columbia, it is a gorge rather than a valley. Uniform forests of dark green spruce, fir, or cedar clothe the high hills that rise on each side of the stream, and glimpses are had every now and then of higher ranges of snowy peaks beyond. There is timber for the world's market for the next few centuries, and, as far as we could see, nothing more.

But the most wonderful thing in British Columbia is Mr. Duncan's Indian settlement at Metlakahtla. This simple great man left England in 1857 as a lay agent

MOUNTS CHEOPS AND HERMIT, SELKIRK RANGE OF THE ROCKIES.

of the Church Missionary Society, to labour among the Tsimshean tribes on the north coast. He landed at Fort Simpson, learned their language, and did his best there for some years; but finding it impossible to accomplish permanent results where the surrounding influences on the converts were all opposed to his teachings, he, like another Moses, proposed that they should remove to a place where they could begin a new settlement under laws drawn up by him and approved by themselves. They fell in with the proposal and pointed out Metlakahtla, an old home of their own, as a suitable Palestine. When the time for the exodus came, many who had urged him to take the decisive step drew back, and only fifty souls, men, women, and children, accompanied him. What is to be seen at Metlakahtla now? Lord Dufferin in 1876 told the world of "the neat Indian maidens in Mr. Duncan's school as modest and as well dressed as any clergyman's daughters in an English parish," and of "scenes of primitive peace and innocence, of idyllic beauty and material comfort." Bishop Ridley, who visited it in 1879, was amazed when at the sound of the church bell he saw well-dressed Indians pouring out from the cottages on both wings of the village, and meeting like two strong currents at the steps of their noble church, the largest in British Columbia, and built entirely by themselves. "It would be wrong to suppose," he very properly remarks, "that the love of God impelled them all. All without reasonable cause to the contrary are expected to attend the public services. A couple of policemen, as a matter of routine, are in uniform, and this is an indication that loitering during service hours is against proper civil order. This wholesome restraint is possible during these early stages of the corporate life of the community. At present one strong will is supreme. To resist it every Indian feels would be as impossible as to stop the tides. This righteous autocracy is as much feared by the ungodly around as it is respected and admired by the faithful." Alas that the Bishop should have dashed himself against "this righteous autocracy." But, as long as British Columbia is a Province, or one streak of Indian blood runs in the veins of any of its people, as long as the heart of the Christian beats in sympathy with life-long martyrdom, so long will the name of William Duncan be honoured, not in Canada alone, but by the Church universal, and most of all by those who feel that the white man owes a debt to the red man.

Entering British Columbia from the east and proceeding westward by the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, we make the acquaintance of five ranges of mountains. The Rocky Mountains proper form the eastern boundary of the Province. Descending their western slopes by the valley of the Kicking Horse, we come upon the Columbia, sweeping away to the north, and see the Selkirks rising on the other side of the river, apparently so impenetrable that for a long time it was supposed that they were cleft by no pass, and that there was no way of conquering them but by a flank movement down the Columbia and round by its "Big Bend." There is a pass, however, and in

1865 Mr. W. Moberly, C. E., would have discovered it or perished in the attempt, but his Indians refused to follow him, insisting that if they went on they would be caught in the snow and never get out of the mountains. Consequently the honour of discovering it fell to Major Rogers, C. E., who, after repeated attempts, succeeded in 1882, greatly to the satisfaction of the syndicate that had undertaken the construction of the railway. Crossing the Selkirks by the Rogers Pass, we come again upon the Columbia, greatly increased in size, and now running to the south, and see the Gold range rising on the other side of the river, cloven to the feet by the Eagle Pass, which Mr. W. Moberly discovered in 1865. Previous to this the Gold range was supposed in British Columbia to be an unbroken and impassable wall of mountains. From the summit of the Pass a series of lakes extend westward, the largest known as Bluff, Victor, Three Valley, and Griffin, all strung like beads on the Eagle River, and emptying through it into the exquisitely beautiful, star-shaped Lake Shuswap. Emerging from the dark blue waters of Lake Shuswap, and sailing down the South Thompson, we come upon the elevated plateau that extends from the Gold range west to the Cascades. The physical character of this intervening region is directly the opposite of the humid mountainous country.

At Kamloops the North flows into the South Thompson, and the united river pursues its course to the Fraser. Everywhere the country is of the same general character — low brown hills and benches dotted with an occasional tree, everywhere a dry, dusty look, except where a little creek is used to irrigate a flat or garden plot and convert it into a carpet or riband of the freshest green. These bits of green are like oases in a desert, beautiful to look upon and yielding abundantly every variety of fruit or grain. From Yale to the Gulf of Georgia is the Lower Fraser, or New Westminster district, perhaps the most valuable part of British Columbia from an agricultural point of view. Irrigation is not required as in the interior, and the rainfall is not too excessive, as in other parts of the coast region.

The best views of the Cascades are obtained from the deck of a steamer in the middle of the Straits of Georgia. From the same standpoint we see the fifth range, counting from the prairies of the northwest, a range which has been submerged here and there by the Pacific Ocean, but which stands out grandly in the Olympian Mountains to the south of the Straits of Fuca, in the noble serrated range that constitutes the back-bone of Vancouver Island, and in the Queen Charlotte Islands and the Archipelago away along the coast of Alaska. This half-submerged range protects the mainland shores of the Province from the ocean, and is the explanation of the spectacle presented by its coast line, which Lord Dufferin declared "not to be paralleled by any country in the world. Day after day," said His Excellency, "for a whole week, in a vessel of nearly 2,000 tons, we threaded an interminable labyrinth of watery lanes and reaches that wound endlessly in and out of a network of islands, promon-

tories, and peninsulas for thousands of miles, unruffled by the slightest swell from the adjoining ocean, and presenting at every turn an ever shifting combination of rock, verdure, forest, glacier, and snow-capped mountain of unrivalled grandeur and beauty."

YALE.

From the description just given of the country between the summit of the Rocky Mountains and the long rollers of the Pacific, it is evident that British Columbia is the complement of the northwest. The one is a sea of mountains; the other a sea of waving grass in summer, an unbroken expanse of snow in winter. But just as the fertile and illimitable plains and prairies of the northwest are diversified by ranges of sandhills and abrupt steppes or ancient beaches, by alkali flats and deeply eroded valleys, so the successive ranges of mighty mountains beyond are seamed and separated by great rivers or arms of the sea whose sands are golden and whose channels are choked with fish, while stretches of pastoral land offer the best food in the world for horses, cattle, and sheep, and every here and there pleasant nooks by lakes and river bottoms may be made to bring forth for a large population and to blossom as the garden of the Lord. The Province is in its infancy, and, like every other country in

the nineteenth century, in haste to be filled up and become rich. Let it have patience. Its time will come; for Lord Dufferin was not too enthusiastic when he called it a "glorious Province." There is other wealth than that which comes from the labour of the farmer. A vein of gold-bearing quartz or argentiferous galena will draw men with pick and shovel from the ends of the earth, and build up a town in a month. An acre of water on the lower Fraser, or on one of the innumerable inlets that cut deep into island and mainland, will yield more than the richest prairie farm. These pastures of the sea are exhaustless, for as fast as they are cropped the Pacific contributes fresh supplies, and the fisherman does not need to till and feed the soil from which he expects to reap. A spar of Douglas pine is worth more than a field of wheat. And the coal of Nanaimo is the best on the Pacific coast. All that British Columbia needs for its full development is labour. Therefore, let it welcome every kind of labour that offers to cultivate its soil, work in its canneries, dig in its mines, or build its roads. All such labour enriches a country, no matter who the labourers may be, no matter whether they eat pork and rice or beef and potatoes, no matter whether they smoke opium or drink whiskey. Make laws against all kinds of immorality and uncleanness that law can reach; prohibit both opium and whiskey, but encourage labour. Labour is capital, the only capital that can be depended on and that needs the least regulation by politicians. Therefore, not only because God loves the world, not only because all men are free — free to sell their labour and enjoy its fruits —but because the common weal is most promoted when the rights of the meanest are respected, British Columbia should scorn to imitate the anti-social legislation of California. Looking at the Chinaman in no other light than a piece of machinery, welcome him. Machinery is just what such a Province needs. It can never be developed except by the use of all kinds of labour-saving machines. Of course every new machine, and even every improvement in machinery, displaces labour to some extent. Hardships may have to be suffered by a class for a time; but in the end all will be benefited. Never did five millions of people make greater sacrifices to bind themselves into material unity than Canadians are now making. What is the sentiment that animates us? A faith that the British name and British institutions are worth making sacrifices for. Our flag symbolizes a wonderful past, and the chief glory of that past from the days of Alfred, the Barons of Runnymede, Hampden, or Sydney, is the memory of ancestors who have willingly died for the good old cause of human freedom. We cannot live where men are treated as anything less than men.